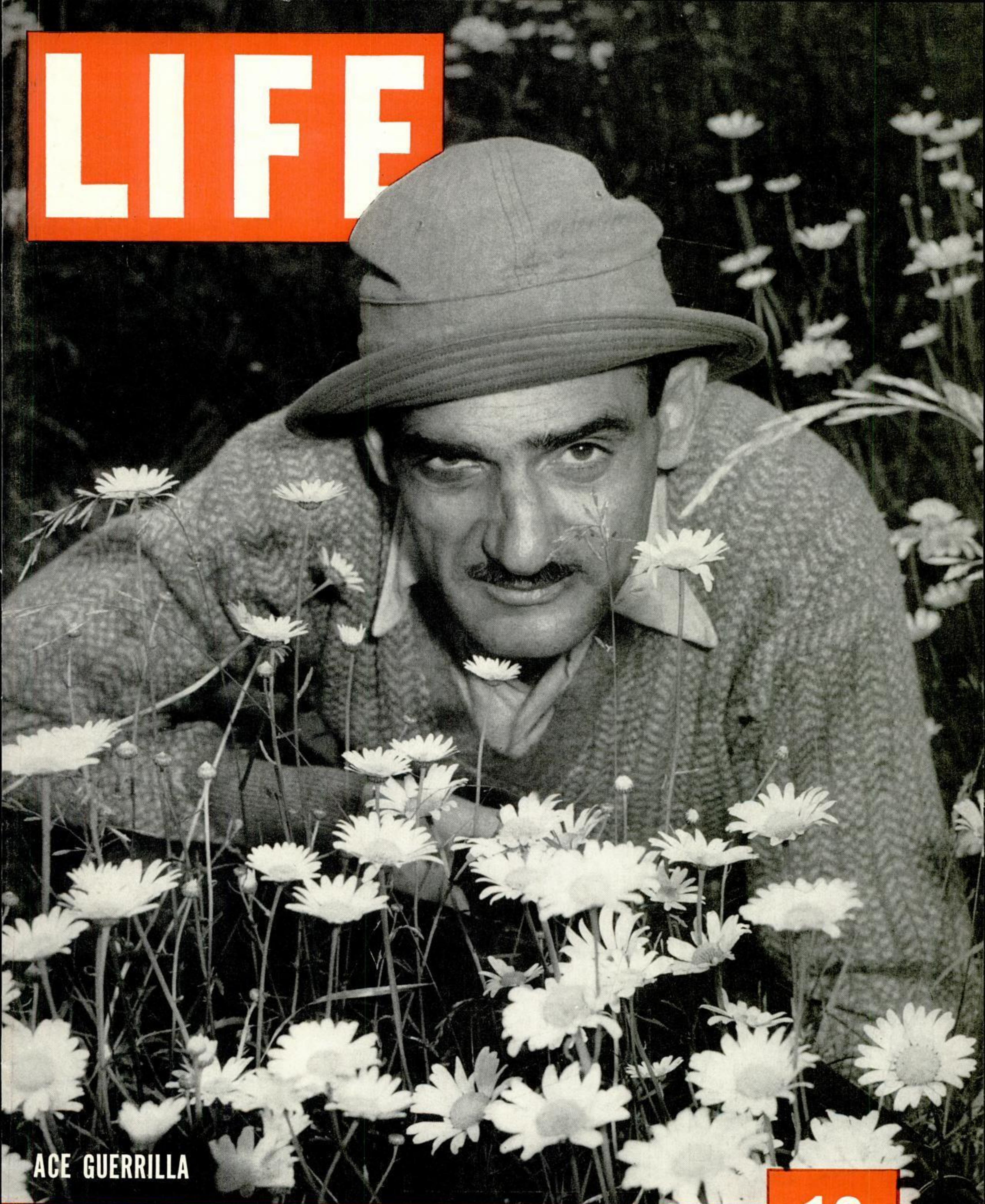


LIFE



ACE GUERRILLA

AUGUST 17, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

A salute to the first "home guard!"



BEING a successful homemaker is a full-time job, yet thousands of patriotic women today have taken on another . . . in canteens, hospitals, Red Cross, U.S.O. centers. Not the least among your new responsibilities is to make the family dollar do extra duty, too. You're saving money for taxes and for War Savings Bonds, so, of course, what you buy must be bought to last. In towels, you want a thirsty terry that dries you quickly . . . and sturdy weaves for endless launderings . . . yet cheerful beauty, too, to remind you of the way of life we love. Which add up to just the reasons why the majority of American homemakers insist on famous-value Cannon towels.



Decorating note. Cannon leads the way in styling white towels with smart new borders that will bring refreshing charm to bathrooms. You'll like their crisp new alabaster look, gay borders, exciting motifs.



Men of the U. S. Navy and other branches of the Armed Forces are using Cannon towels. As we supply America's fighting men we are doing our best to meet your needs, too. But we know you'll understand our war job must have first place on Cannon looms.

TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CANNON
All America's Emblem
... for Beauty, Quality, Value



Cannon Towels
CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY



LOOK AT ME NOW....

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath)*. Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's Your Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to be at your best socially and in busi-

ness, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

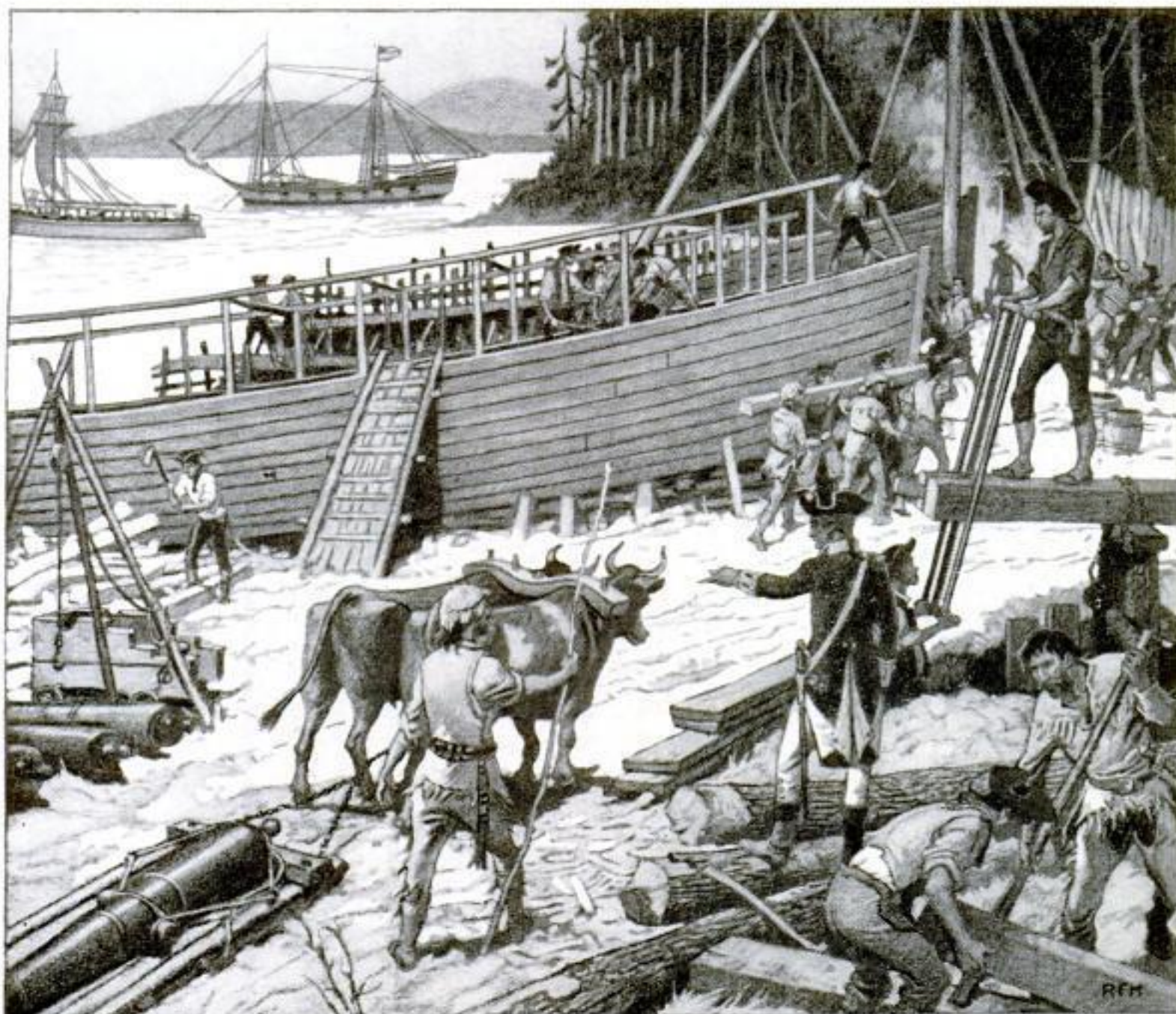
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

This One



RUE8-LW1-WTXN

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Building for Protection— 1776 and 1942

Americans have never allowed difficulties to stand in the way of protecting their homes.

In the summer of 1776, Lake Champlain demanded local sea power and the American Colonists desperately turned the lakeside forest into a defensive fleet. Fifteen vessels of the type shown above went into battle on October 11, 1776, near Valcour Island and fought a rear guard action which was successful in delaying the enemy advance for a full year.

Now that we are again in a great war, thoughtful men consider their life insurance more important than ever before.

In life insurance there are exclusive advantages possible in no other type of investment:

1. Life insurance is the only form of installment buying encouraged by the government to prevent inflation. With the first deposit (the premium) a defi-

nite estate is set up in your name. In the event of your death this estate is automatically paid for; all future installments are cancelled.

2. Only with life insurance can you be certain of a *guaranteed definite income* as long as you live.
3. Only with life insurance can you transfer an estate to your heirs *by contract* rather than by will. You therefore eliminate all administration and transfer expenses, including legal fees. The *entire amount* is turned over to your heirs.
4. Life insurance, when payable to a named beneficiary, enjoys certain specific exemptions from State Estate and Inheritance taxes. No other type of property has such exemptions.
5. With life insurance, you can safeguard your wife and children against unwise investments and loss by instructing the insurance company to pay them a *guaranteed* monthly income as long as they live.

To learn more about what life insurance can do for you, send for the booklet, "Wait Until Dad Comes Home," offered below. Clip and fill in the coupon.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE Insurance Co., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, send me your booklet "Wait Until Dad Comes Home," which shows how to plan for my family's income and for my own retirement income through life insurance.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Business or Home Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HOME FRONT

Sirs:

After reading your account of the Battle of Midway (LIFE, July 27), as a member of the home front I say this: If ever I can't find time to dig out scrap rubber from every corner of our home, if ever I grouse about the income tax, if ever I think anything I do is *enough*, I hope to be shot for treason.

MRS. WILLIAM S. DILWORTH
Winnetka, Ill.

"DEAR ADOLF"

Sirs:

That letter to "Dear Adolf" by Stephen Vincent Benét (LIFE, July 27) appears to sum up the spirit of American *casus belli* better than anything yet. Keep 'em going, Mr. Benét!

E. M. BLACKSHER
Brewton, Ala.

Sirs:

The letter from the soldier on Bataan in "Dear Adolf" was written by my brother, Lieutenant Henry G. Lee, to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Lee, and was received by us on March 24.

Henry went to the Philippine Islands in June 1941 and this letter was the last



LIEUTENANT HENRY G. LEE

we have received. We were notified a month ago that he is "missing in action."

An interesting coincidence is the fact that William Holden, who was the narrator in the radio presentation of "Dear Adolf," is also a South Pasadena boy and attended the same high school as my brother.

Here is a snapshot of Henry at Fort McKinley, P. I. in the summer of 1941.

FRANCES LEE
South Pasadena, Calif.

BURLESQUE

Sirs:

In regard to your article on *Star and Garter* (LIFE, July 27), the name was not the name of a burlesque circuit, but of my father's show on the old "Columbia Wheel" or Circuit, and was produced in Chicago, my former home town, where there still is a burlesque theater by the same name. At that time, approximately 1915 to 1925, Bobby Clark was getting his comedy polishing in Barney Girard's *Follies of the Day* on the same circuit. In this period a "burly" actor was subject to a fine of \$100 or more for using the words damn or hell, and the mere suggestion on my part that my father eliminate the heavy expense of tights and opera, or hip-length, hose for the chorus brought on a rare terrific tirade. He claimed burlesque was the poor people's, not the poor man's, opera and would tolerate not one iota of suggestiveness.

Burlesque is an institution of learning for show business that is hard to replace. Do not forget all the lasting entertainers came through this school—from Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson down to the newcomers such as Abbott and Costello and Rags Ragland.

(continued on p. 4)



**We like to think
of these lives
we help to SAVE**

Most of our fasteners are made for routine workaday uses... But some, as on Navy airplane rafts and preservers, have the tremendous privilege of being able to help in saving brave men's lives. When we hear of the rescues that have already occurred we are proud of our very small part in them—inconspicuous though it is. And we are glad that United-Carr's engineering skill in the design and fabrication of metal fastening devices was there to be counted on at the time and place that needed it most.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.

DOT
SNAP FASTENERS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★

Clear the Lines for the War

★

★ Before you make a Long Distance telephone call today, ask yourself these questions: ★

- ★ 1. Is it necessary? ★
- ★ 2. Will it interfere with war calls? ★

★ The weight of war on the telephone lines is heavier every day. We can't build the new lines to carry it ★

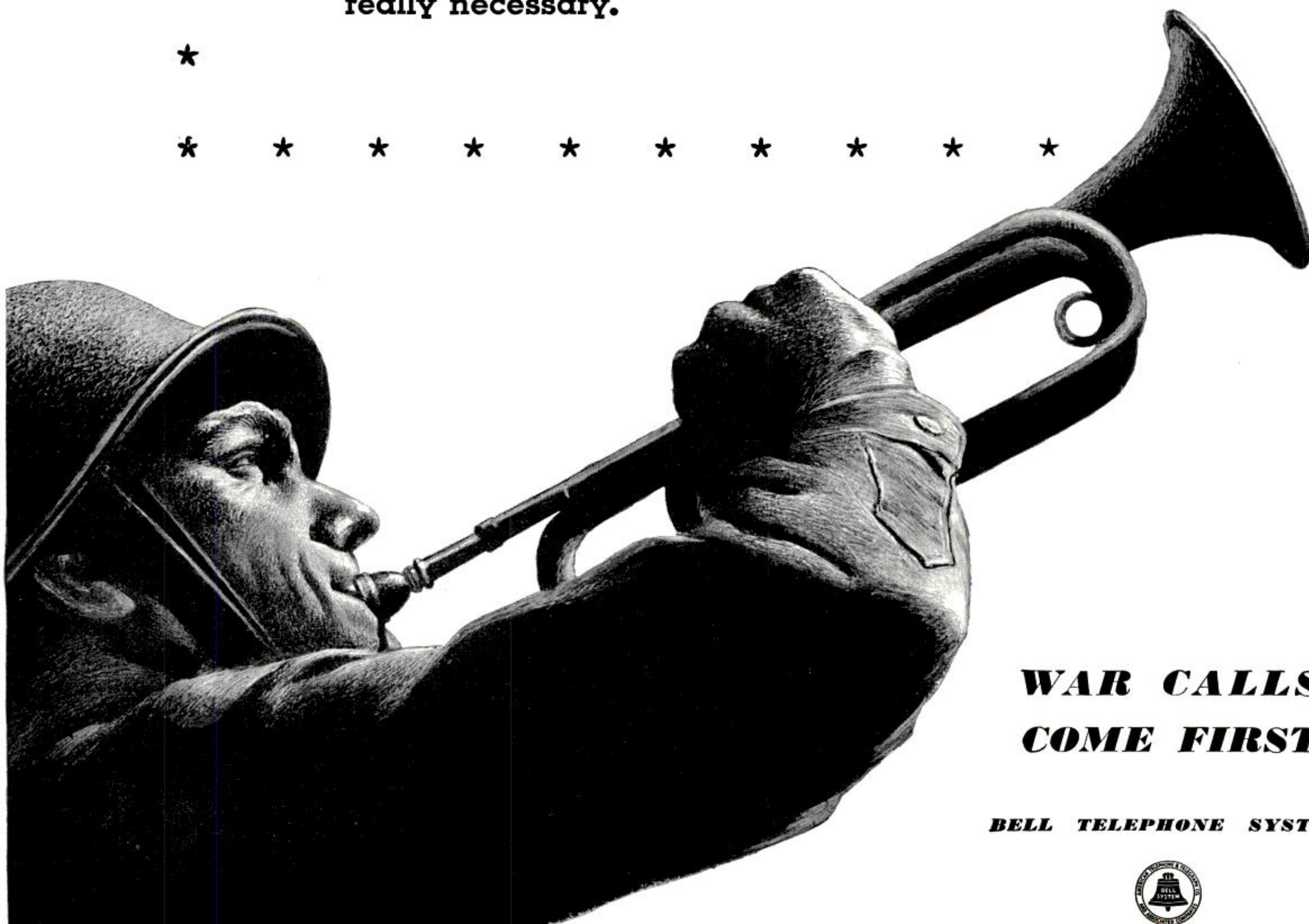
★ because sufficient materials aren't available. We've ★

★ got to make the most of the service we now have. ★

★ Please give a clear track to the war effort by ★

★ confining your Long Distance calls to those that are ★

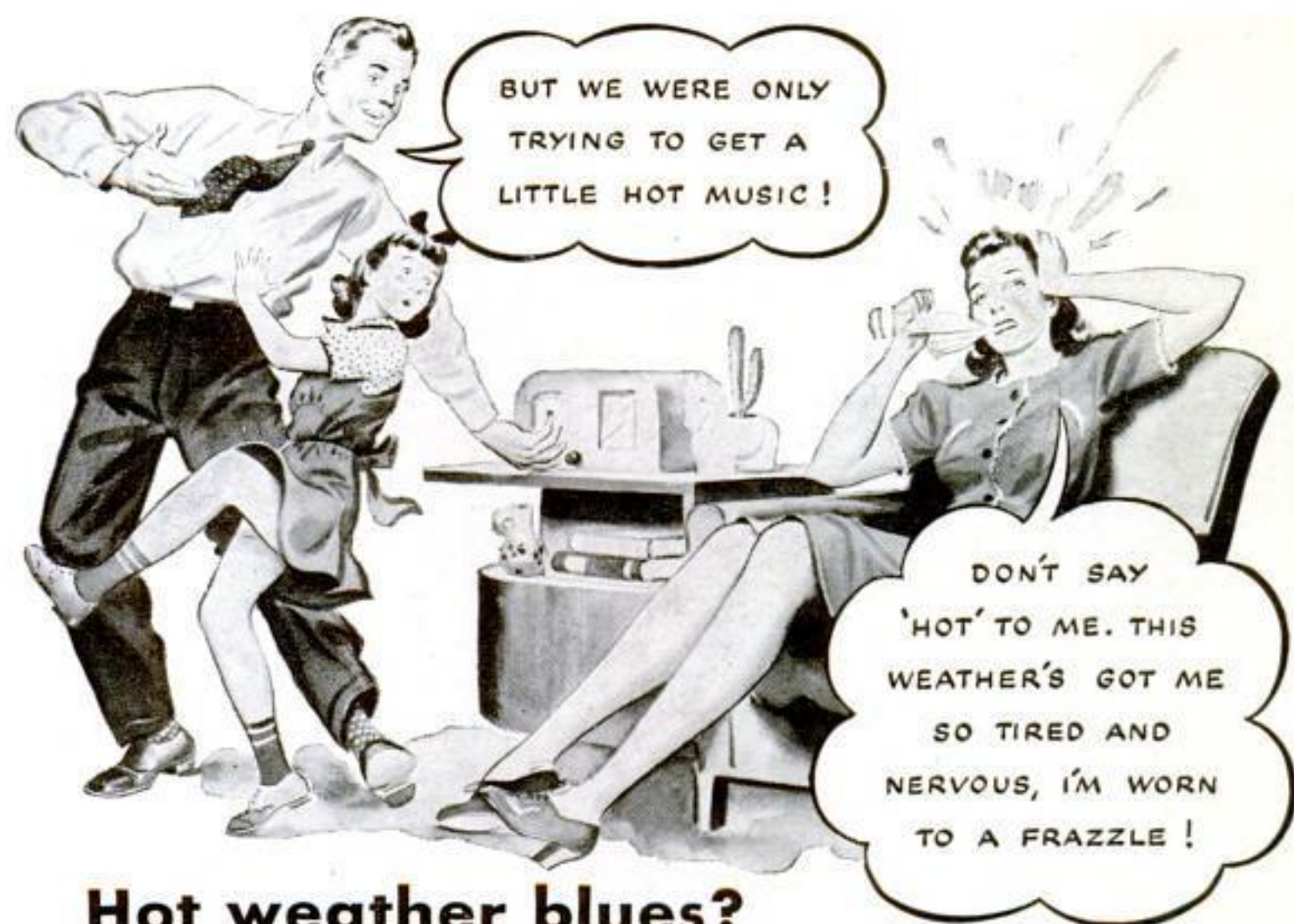
★ really necessary. ★



**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Hot weather blues? Try surprising new VIMMS



"Quick! Tune in on this," said Dad. "Here's one time the commercial is better than the program." Said the radio (with becoming dignity), "Don't always blame the hot weather when you're tired and jumpy. You may be vitamin-starved—3 out of 4 Americans are, according to Government figures. Try the new, low-cost way to get all the vitamins and minerals you may need. Ask for Vimms... V-I-double M-S... at your druggist's."



"Sure vitamins are in season" said Doc Parker, the druggist. "You need 'em all year round, especially in summer. You probably eat less. You lose some vitamins in perspiration, too. And sunshine can't make up the loss. It gives you only Vitamin D. No A, no C, no B Complex, no Iron, and none of the minerals that work with Vitamin D. Vimms do better! They give you all six vitamins U. S. experts say are needed. And three minerals that belong with them."



"That's the whole Vimms team!" he explained. "Nine star players. All 3 essential B Complex vitamins (B₁, B₂, P-P!) Plenty of Vitamins A, C, and D, too. And 3 minerals that belong with them (Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron). That adds up to more for your money than any product I know."

Compare ALL...and you'll buy Vimms



Why buy a product that gives you only two or three vitamins when U. S. experts say six are needed summer as well as winter? And three minerals belong with the vitamins. You break up the team if you leave out any of the nine. Get the product that gives you ALL of them together. No other product at any price can match ALL Vimms advantages. Buy Vimms today.

YOU GET THEM ALL IN VIMMS



"It's great to feel fit!" (as you can see). And if you've been short on vitamins and minerals, you'd better swing over the Vimms way, too. Did we forget to mention that Vimms cost only a few pennies a day? Or that no product at any price matches all Vimms advantages? Or that youngsters say these little tablets taste like candy? Well, it's all true! Get Vimms and see!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY... only
Regular Size,
24 Tablets

50¢

Large Economy Size
96 Tablets, \$1.75
At Your Druggist's

Lever Brothers Company, Pharmaceutical
Division, Cambridge, Massachusetts

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

The *Star and Garter* show at that time was a two-act show and featured "tremendous" olio such as the "Deluge," a scene of women in union suits ("full-length tights") strewn on rocks covering the entire stage and rain (actual water) falling on the rocks of papier-mâché that were made for the original production of *Ben Hur*. At another time there was the "Eagle and the Girl"—a prop eagle that seemed to fly over the audience with a swing in its claws holding a girl singing. The eagle was later changed to an airplane and there is now someone using the same effect with a large banjo.

But today they are giving them, where they can, burlesque as they want it.

PAUL S. WEINGARDEN
Son of I. M. ("Izzy") Weingarden
Baltimore, Md.

MELTON'S MAGIC

Sirs:

Jim Melton must have been spoofing you when he siphoned water from a brook into his car on a bridge many feet above the water (*LIFE*, July 27). This is as good as the Indian rope trick.

FRANK H. FAYANT
Fort Plain, N. Y.

● The siphon is actually a pump, powered by the Stanley's boiler, which lifts water a distance of 15 ft. In parlance of steam-car owners this was called siphoning water.—ED.

FIRST TAXI

Sirs:

Those pictures of the Melton collection of ancient automobiles show one of 1900 vintage "reputed to be the first taxicab" on New York's cobblestone streets.

Herewith is a photograph of two that preceded it. The first automobile taxicab line was in operation when my little bride and I came to New York from



NEW YORK TAXIS IN 1899

Iowa on our wedding trip in January 1899. In these electric-power cabs, modeled after the then-popular hansom cab, we drove about town shopping at Wanamaker's, Tiffany's and Macy's, and to the Metropolitan Opera House and the Museum of Art in Central Park.

CHARLES F. COLLISON
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

TIEBOR'S SEALS

Sirs:

In your article on seals (*LIFE*, July 27) you made me look like a small boy just starting in with the seals, whereas my act, Capt. Roland Tiebor's Seals, is known the world over. You have fea-



CAPT. ROLAND'S FRISCO

(continued on p. 6)

You'll like its

**NATURAL
FLAVOR**



FOUNTAIN
FAVORITE
FOR YEARS

—NOW IN BOTTLES, TOO



Free!

to new LITERARY GUILD members
this new \$2.75 book—a best-seller in every large city!

here is the heart and soul, the gayety
and the sorrow of a people as the
world wants to remember them!



THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

by ELLIOT PAUL, who wrote "LIFE & DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN"

ACCEPT Elliot Paul's newest and greatest book FREE with Literary Guild membership! This is the story of a little street, the rue de la Huchette, not more than three hundred yards long, in the heart of Paris. There, off and on for eighteen years, the author lived as a member of the community, participating in the pleasures and sorrows of his friends, and in the end, witnessing their betrayal. In this 421-page book—tender, humorous, frequently Rabelaisian—Mr. Paul recounts the lives of the men and women who lived on this little street.

HERE are scores of fascinating characters—hotelkeepers, shopkeepers, workers, students, politicians, radicals, conservatives, clergymen; the respectable folk, the shady charac-

ters and the rogues who comprised this France in miniature. The reader will long remember Henri Juillard, the shrewd proprietor of the Hotel du Careau; Georges, the *garçon* who had a mysterious way with the ladies; poor Mary the Greek; Navet, petty conspirator, and his neighborhood henchmen; Milka and Stefan, the Communists; Mariette and her "girls," even l'Hibou, the bum who slept on the sidewalk, and many more. Here is captured the spirit of a happy people before the clouds of political disintegration overshadowed their lives and the invaders trampled their country. Lavishly praised by outstanding critics, this book is selling in the regular publisher's edition for \$2.75, but you may have a copy FREE if you join the Literary Guild now!



"It is a beautiful and bawdy and emotional book. It made me chuckle and it made me gulp... Elliot Paul is at his best in this book."
—Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.
"It is inconceivable that a better book, fiction or non-fiction, will be published this year."—Burton Rascoe, Chicago Sun.



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THE extraordinary savings which you can make on the new books are your best reason for joining the Literary Guild—especially since there are no fees. You can add to your library many of the latest, most important books, both fiction and non-fiction, at a flat price of only \$2.00 each, regardless of the higher prices (from \$2.50 to \$5.00) at which these new books are sold at retail in the publisher's editions.

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only \$2.00 each. This FREE book is always a popular title, selling at retail from \$2.50 to \$5.00!

Magazine "Wings" Free. As a Guild member you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "Wings," which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author.

"Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your approval. "Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail prices.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Guild service starts as soon as you accept Free membership. "The Last Time I Saw Paris" will be sent you immediately absolutely FREE. But you are urged to mail the coupon at once—this offer may soon have to be withdrawn! Literary Guild of America, Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FREE: "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Publishers,
Dept. 8LM, Garden City, New York.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "The Last Time I Saw Paris" (421 pages, retail price \$2.75) absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

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Mrs. }
Miss }

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City and State

Occupation If under 21, Age please

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Screen comedy so gay...drama so thrilling...love so exciting...it will be the talk of YOUR town!



CARY GRANT ★ JEAN ARTHUR

AND

RONALD COLMAN

ARE

The Talk of the Town

A GEORGE STEVENS

PRODUCTION

(he gave you "Woman of the Year" and "Penny Serenade")

with **EDGAR BUCHANAN • GLENDA FARRELL • TOM TYLER**

Screen play by **IRWIN SHAW** and **SIDNEY BUCHMAN**

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

tured my brother's seal, Charlie, as the best and only fast seal in playing the horns. My seal, Frisco, has Charlie beat a hundred ways on the horns.

My brother and I are not connected in any way with our seal acts. I am connected with my father, the original Capt. John Tiebor, who took me on the road in 1917 as his helper, and I was with him for six years learning the seal-training trade. About 1920 my father taught my brother how to train seals.

I believe in giving my father praise for teaching my brother and myself the training of seals, and I don't understand why my brother should get all the glory.

CAPT. ROLAND TIEBOR
Tonawanda, N. Y.

A. V. G.'S OLGA

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see the picture of my sister, Mrs. Olga Greenlaw, in Clare Boothe's story on the A. V. G. (LIFE, July 20). However, I do not appreciate your calling my sister a "White Russian."

Once and for all, my sister is an American, born of American parents, and if



MRS. OLGA GREENLAW

her name and accent confuse anyone I will go into details to put you straight.

Our accent is due to our having been born and reared in Mexico. Olga was named after a dear friend of mother's, Mrs. Olga Monsanto Queeny, mother of Edgar Queeny of Monsanto Chemical Works. Our father, Edward B. Sowers, was English. Our paternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Norris Sowers, was a cousin of Senator George Norris. Our mother is of Spanish, Austrian and English ancestry. This combination of bloods makes us typical Americans.

ALICIA SOWERS SCHWEIZER
Houston, Texas

PRESIDENT'S MAIL

Sirs:

"Dear Mr. President" (LIFE, July 27) made a nice story, but when Miss Rixey said, "All letters are answered," she was very much mistaken. I have written to President Roosevelt six or eight times—always on vital subjects, and always with the respect due to the Chief Executive. I have asked for replies and I have never received any.

HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST
Chicago, Ill.

KING AND FLEET

Sirs:

The Atlantic Convoy pictures (LIFE, July 27) bring back memories of 1917-1918 when the present King George's father greeted the overseas fleet.

Enclosed is a picture of King George



GEORGE V AND U. S. FLEET

V on board the U.S.S. New York greeting the Fifth Battle Squadron late in December 1917.

JOHN M. WYLIE
Rutherford, N. J.

CALL FOR

Perfection of Mildness

86.8 Proof
70% Grain
Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek

Blended Whisky

A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor

Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NO BETTER WHISKY AT ANY PRICE

HARRIET HILLIARD
Singing Star of
RED SKELTON'S
SHOW

"MORE FLATTERING THAN FINEST HOSIERY"

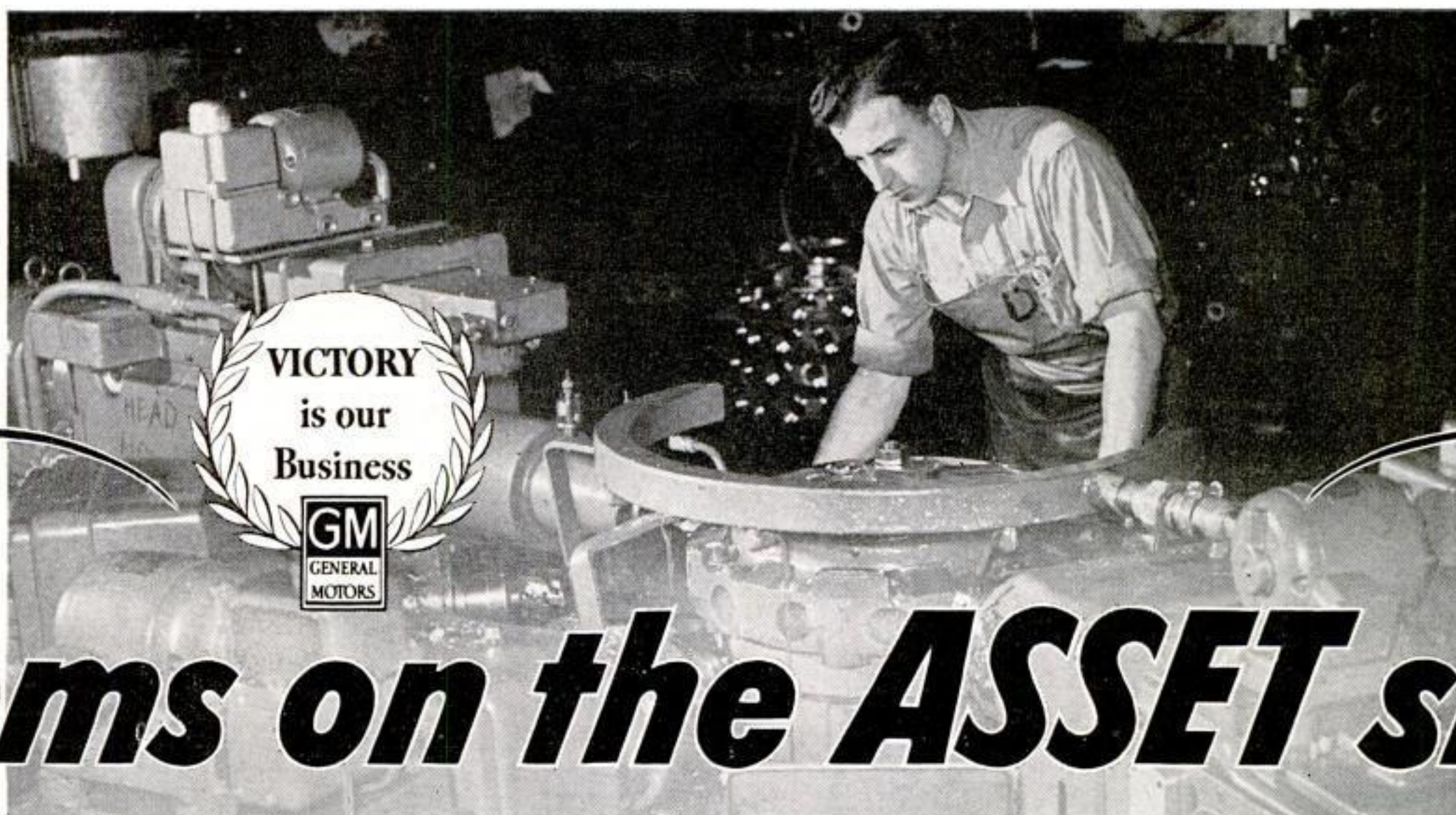
Pretty and patriotic—many smart women say Armand Leg Make-up is more glamorous than sheerest silk or nylon stockings. Goes on quickly—smoothly. You can have the cool comfort of bare legs without that undressed appearance. Several weeks supply costs less than a pair of hose so you'll save extra money for war stamps. At best cosmetic counters.

ARMAND LEG MAKE-UP

Two popular shades—Dawn and Dusk

Armand Cake Leg Make-up. Compact and economical. 3 oz. jar 50c.

Armand Homogenized Leg Make-up. Homogenizing assures easy, even application. 8 oz. Bottle \$1.00



Items on the **ASSET** side

THERE are two ways you can look at what is taking place in busy, wartime American industry.

You can consider, first, the immediate aspect — what is being done to provide the specific weapons which our army must have before victory can be forged.

Or you can take the long-haul view — what is happening that can serve to make life richer and finer once peace is won.

On the first score, news items like these, which could be multiplied many times over, tell the story quickly:

★ "The rate of production on Buick-built airplane engines has for some months been more than a year ahead of original schedules. Quality in these engines has proved to be above what the most optimistic at first thought possible."


★ "One of Buick's newest and most important contributions is the production of large shell casings by a method which permits the use of steel instead of precious copper and brass."

★ "The Buick tradition for building rugged vehicles that can take it is being well maintained by Buick's part in the nation's tank program. Building essential drive parts, Buick is more than meeting requirements of volume while providing precision that is a great factor in our tanks' reputation for dependable performance."

★ "Anti-dive-bomber shells are being produced by Buick in quantities."

★ "Gun mounts, made in one Buick plant, require a freedom from gear play and backlash such as might be expected only from hand-finished laboratory products. Quality-wise, Buick mounts might pass for just that, if steady and voluminous output did not prove them the fruit of established mass production."

The list of such items would be longer if the whole tale could now be told.

The important thing is — America is getting its needed war goods — and while getting them, is acquiring other precious assets for the days to come —for example: 

Such examples we can report from experience without going beyond our own sphere.

We have every reason to believe that other businesses can cite similar accomplishments.

The nation is scoring success in the volume production of wares needed for victory and at the same time marking up home-front triumphs that will remain with us to enrich the peace.

Such things are double items on the asset side — assets *now*, when all that matters is providing our fighting forces what they need to win — assets *in days to come*, when we will have a better world to build.

ITEM ONE: NEW PRECISIONS

Here at Buick we used to pride ourselves on the number of operations we performed within limits measured in ten-thousandths of an inch. Now there is one part we make in steady and considerable volume where a tolerance of twenty-five-millionths of an inch has meant the difference between filling the bill and not.

ITEM TWO: NEW MATERIALS

Faced with material shortages that compelled fast action, America probably has learned more about new materials, alloys, metallurgical formulae, and so on, in the past year than in the preceding five or ten. One thing we have cooking here at Buick, for example, is a new way of toughening steel sans nickel, chrome and other hard-to-get hardening ingredients.

ITEM THREE: NEW TECHNIQUES

Count the items made for all-out war, and you have a close approximation of the number of new techniques America has had to develop to handle this job. Quoting again from Buick experience simply because it's what we know best — we have developed a process of handling steel that permits its use in places where for years only copper or brass would serve.

ITEM FOUR: NEW TRAINING

Skip military trucks, scout cars and like vehicles, and there are very few special skills used in automobile building which are instantly applicable to the making of war goods. Buick alone can now report a record number of men and women retrained for war work, with still more coming along. And we are only one outfit among many who have done the same thing.

war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS** ★ ★ ★

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE AMERICAN FAVORITES



IN 1930, WHEN STRIP BEGAN, DAGWOOD BROUGHT BLONDIE, A FLAPPER, HOME TO MEET HIS FAMILY. HER DIZZINESS UPSET DAGWOOD'S FATHER, A WEALTHY RAILROAD MAN



DAGWOOD'S FATHER CONNIVED WITH BLONDIE TO KEEP DAGWOOD FROM MARRYING HER. DAGWOOD TRIED TO FIND INTEREST IN OTHER GIRLS BUT IT WAS LITTLE USE



HIS STRATEGY A FAILURE, FATHER BUMSTEAD AGREED TO THE WEDDING. DAGWOOD'S REACTIONS TO THE NEWS WERE INDICATIVE OF HIS FUTURE BEHAVIOR AT HOME



BABY DUMPLING, FIRST BUMSTEAD BABY WAS BORN APRIL 16, 1934. CHIC YOUNG VIOLATED CARDINAL RULE OF CARTOONING BY HAVING THE BABY GROW UP NORMALLY



DAGWOOD'S GREATEST FAULT IS HIS OVERPOWERING ATTACHMENT TO BED. IT IS NOT ONLY HARD TO WAKE HIM UP BUT HE SPENDS MOST LEISURE TIME ASLEEP ON A COUCH

Recently, in a poll conducted among newspaper editors by the University of Wisconsin's School of Journalism, *Blondie*, a comic strip, was voted the best circulation builder in the country. The reason for this was simple. Blondie is followed by some 15,000,000 readers almost every day in some 425 papers.

Blondie's last name is Bumstead. She and her bumbling husband, Dagwood, their precocious son, Baby Dumpling, their cute baby daughter, Cookie, and Daisy the dog are the creations of Artist Chic Young who started the strip in 1930. The Bumsteads are simple, well-meaning people who are always getting them-

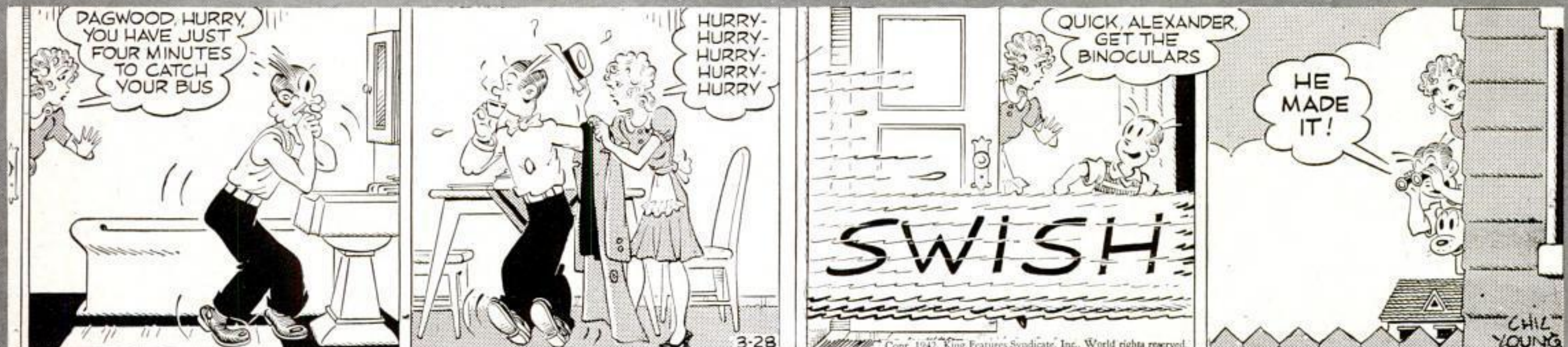
selves into fantastic domestic troubles. Their ability to keep themselves in hot water has made them a big-time radio attraction, a perennial grade-B movie family. Herewith *LIFE* shows something of the history, development and character of this good-natured, warm-hearted commentary on average American home life.



ANOTHER BUMSTEAD FAILING IS DAGWOOD'S ENORMOUS APPETITE FOR MULTIDECKER SANDWICHES. THEY USUALLY ARE CONCOCTED AT NIGHT, GIVE HIM HORRID DREAMS



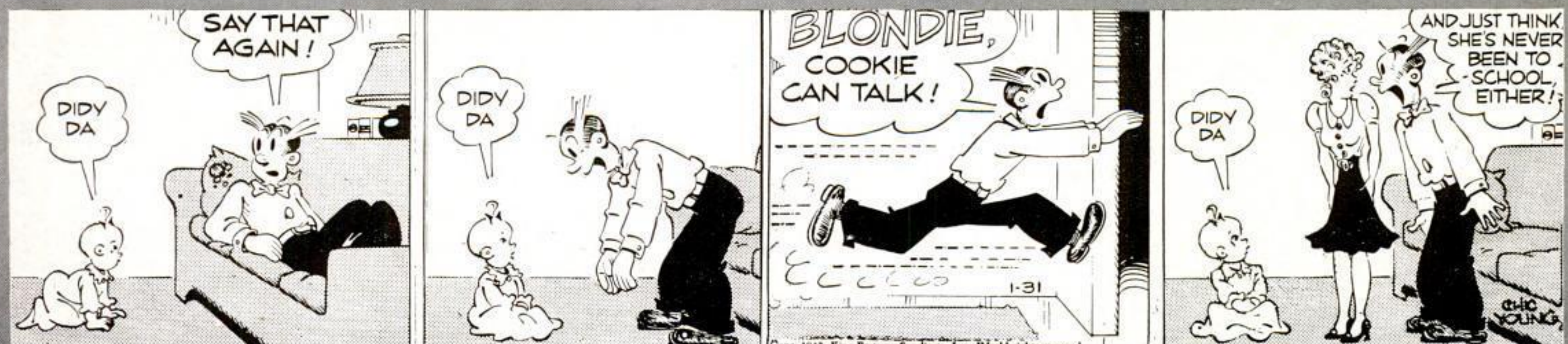
AS IT HAPPENS TO MANY FATHERS, DAGWOOD'S DIGNITY AND AUTHORITY AS HEAD OF FAMILY ARE LARGELY VOCAL. SUCH SCENES PLAY A GREAT PART IN COMIC STRIP



EACH DAY BLONDIE HAS TO HUSTLE HER HALF-AWAKE HUSBAND THROUGH BREAKFAST, HOLD HIS COAT, HOLD THE DOOR OPEN WHILE HE MAKES A FIGHTING TRY FOR BUS



ALTHOUGH BABY DUMPLING USUALLY BEATS HIS FATHER IN FAMILY AFFAIRS, HE SOMETIMES TAKES DELIGHT IN IMITATING THE SHORTCOMINGS OF HIS HARRIED PARENT



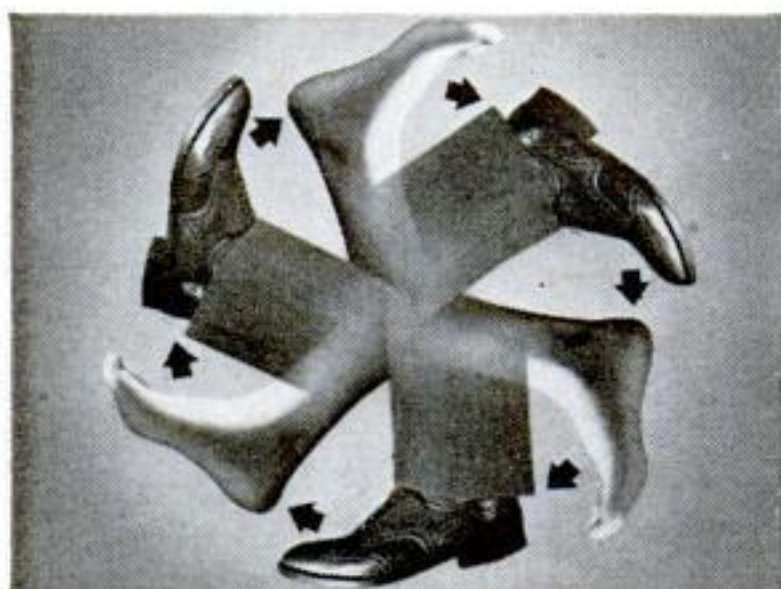
NEWEST ADDITION TO BUMSTEAD FAMILY IS A BABY GIRL, COOKIE, NOW A YEAR OLD. COOKIE'S ARRIVAL WAS A MATTER OF GREAT SUSPENSE FOR BUMSTEAD'S READERS



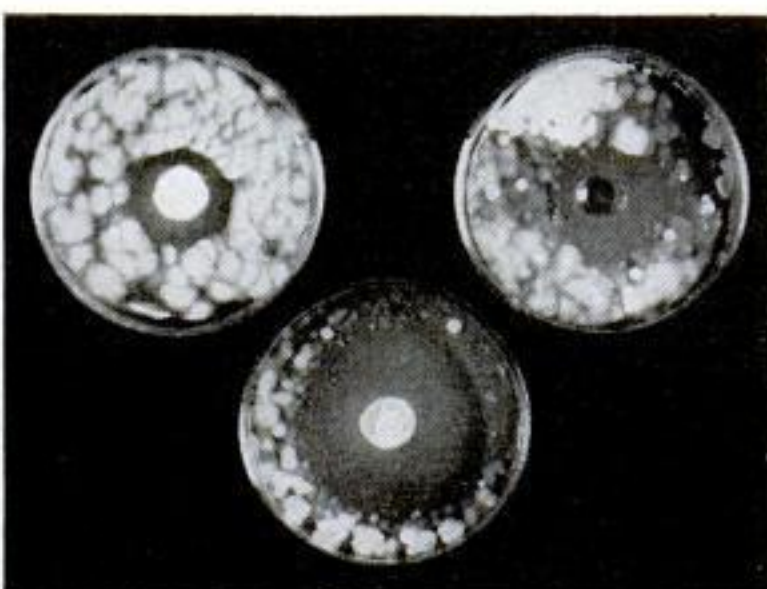
NEW POWDER AIDS WARTIME U. S. AGAINST ATHLETE'S FOOT DANGER



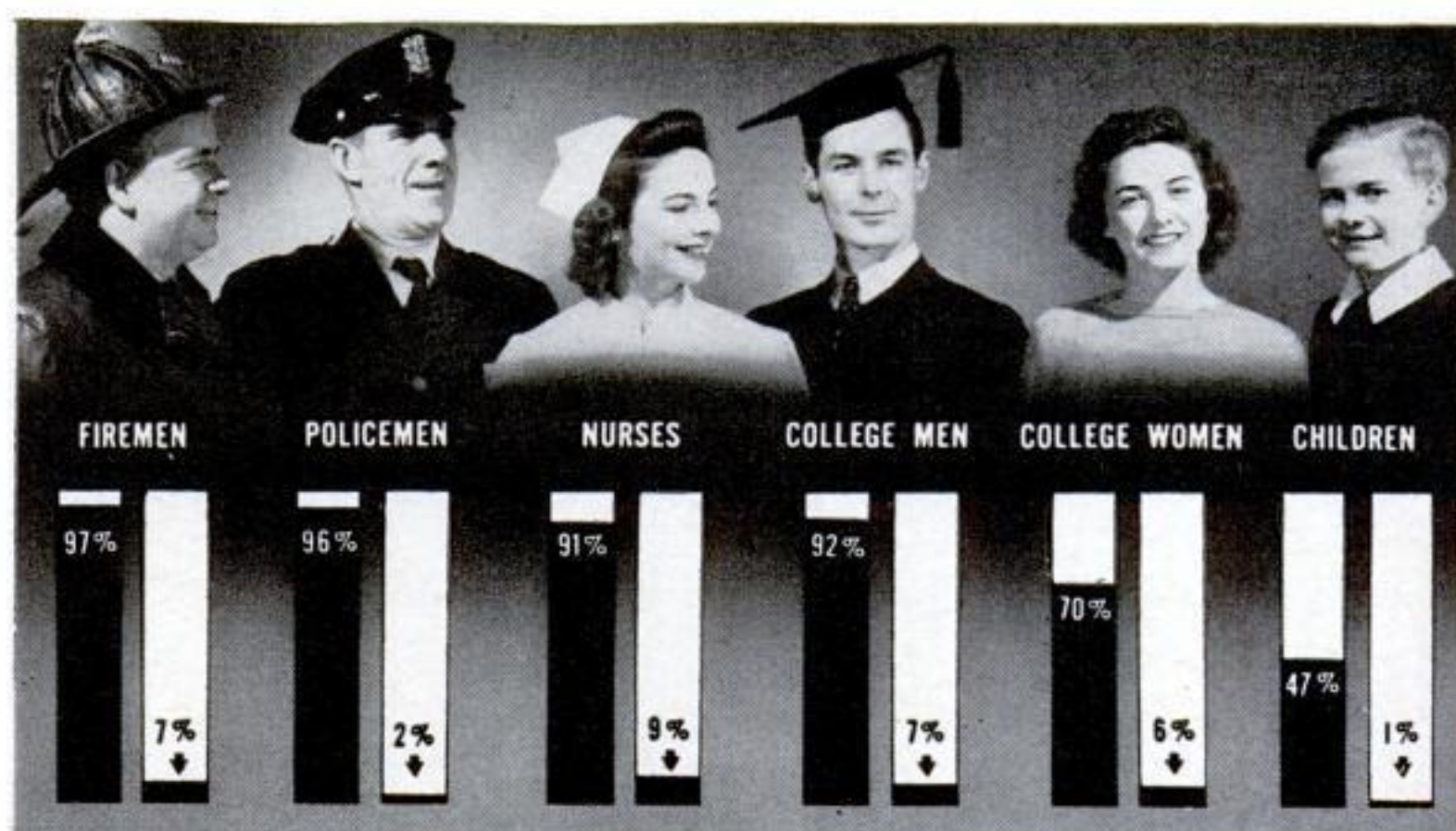
EXAMINATION of persons in all walks of life shows that Athlete's Foot infects more than 7 out of 10 people during the year—a distinct menace to U. S. war effort. But now science is combating the disease with a remarkable powder—Quinsana—produced in the Mennen laboratories. It is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live in an alkaline medium; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings. Sensational results are reported with 2-way Quinsana treatment.



VICIOUS CIRCLE of re-infection is a constant threat. Athlete's Foot fungi may thrive in shoe linings, causing the disease to "keep coming back." Unlike liquids and ointments, Quinsana Powder is used conveniently in shoes, as well as on feet.



COMPARISON OF QUINSANA with two other well-known Athlete's Foot preparations is made in standard test above. Width of dark area around center of plates shows power to prevent fungus growth. Note greater effectiveness of Quinsana—bottom circle.



AMAZING SUCCESS OF QUINSANA in mass test is shown above. The bars show incidence of Athlete's Foot (left) before and (right) after 30 days Quinsana treatment.

Usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot are chronic peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Mild symptoms may suddenly become more serious. Inflammation may mean bacterial infection; see your physician or chiropodist at once.

Athlete's Foot fungi can exist almost everywhere. Everyone should use Quinsana daily, as an aid in prevention as well as relief. *Diabetics* should be doubly sure to use Quinsana regularly. Quinsana is non-irritating, fungicidal, bactericidal, highly absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

**NEW 2-WAY
TREATMENT FOR
ATHLETE'S FOOT**

QUINSANA IS ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION, FOOT-ODOR.



1. USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY AS YOU DRESS; RUB IN BETWEEN TOES.



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50¢ FOR LARGE CAN AT DRUGGISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

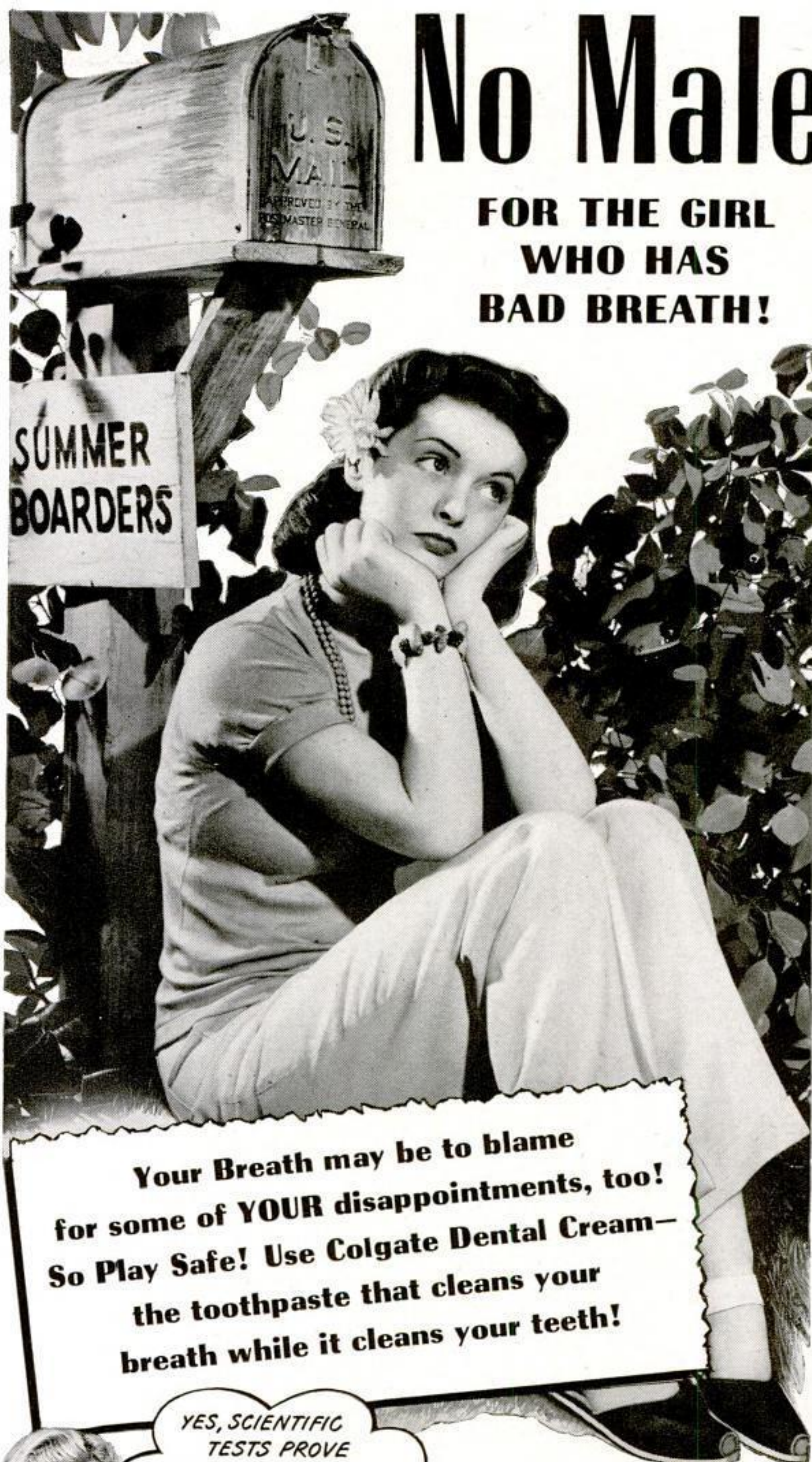
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DOOR SALESMEN, BANE OF DAGWOOD'S LIFE, INVARIABLY GET THE BEST OF HIM

No Male

FOR THE GIRL WHO HAS BAD BREATH!



Your Breath may be to blame for some of YOUR disappointments, too! So Play Safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that are the *cause* of much bad breath.

Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.



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In accordance with U. S. requirements, Gibson's present stocks of refrigerators are reserved for the Army, Navy, Maritime Commission, war housing and public health agencies. Gibson factories are engaged 100 per cent in the production of war materials, to help win Victory and hasten the day of peace.

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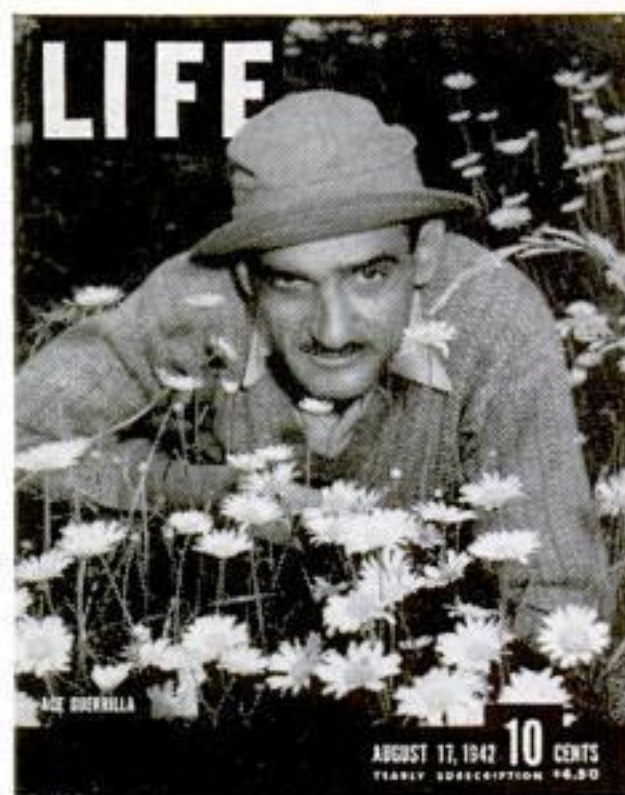
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LIFE'S COVER



The tough-looking hombre peering through the daisies on this week's cover is Bert ("Yank") Levy, one of the world's foremost authorities on guerrilla warfare. Born in Canada 45 years ago, Yank has fought in wars all over the globe. Now he's busy telling others how to take care of themselves in hand-to-hand fighting. For information on how to be a guerrilla, see pp. 40-45.

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*With the armed forces

†Prisoner of war

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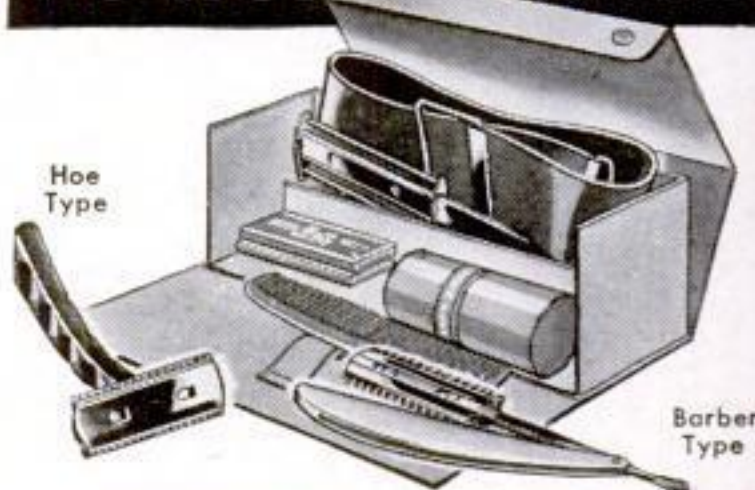
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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer William Vandivert, who returned last spring from a lengthy assignment in England covering the Battle of Britain, pitched a double-header this week—Detroit Is Dynamite, on pages 15-23, and the photographic essay on the Command School, on pages 69-75. While in Detroit, Vandivert visited Ford on his 79th birthday in Greenfield village. Newsreels caught Photographer Vandivert shaking hands with the aged auto-maker.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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2. Type the stencil carefully. You should be able to see through each letter or line you have typed when you hold the stencil up to the light.
3. Learn to make perfect corrections—it doesn't take long and it saves stencils.
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5. Order only the exact number of copies you need. You'll save paper—ink, too.
6. "Gang up" the work when it's practicable—so the operator can run all 3 x 5 cards at one time, letter-size and legal-size materials at other times. This saves time in making adjustments.

Portrait of a Patriot—without uniform...the Girl in an Office

Your uniform is in your heart . . . Your battleground is your office . . . Your weapons aren't guns and grenades, they're your head and hand.

So much depends, these wartime days, upon the girl-in-the-office. She can fritter away precious production minutes out of every working hour, or she can make those minutes count—for her country, her company, herself.

Conservation of everything is in the air. Materials ordinarily wasted can help stretch available supplies and advance the war effort.

Pencils are writing closer to the stub. Clips

are taken off of papers before those papers are discarded. One rubber band is used when one will do the job.

You are typing Mimeograph stencils more carefully than ever. If you handle the Mimeograph duplicator, you're treating it as an appliance almost impossible to replace while we're all at war.

You're doing dozens of things each day, in line of conservation, that your woman's ingenuity is figuring out. We're for you. So is your country. A. B. DICK COMPANY, Chicago.



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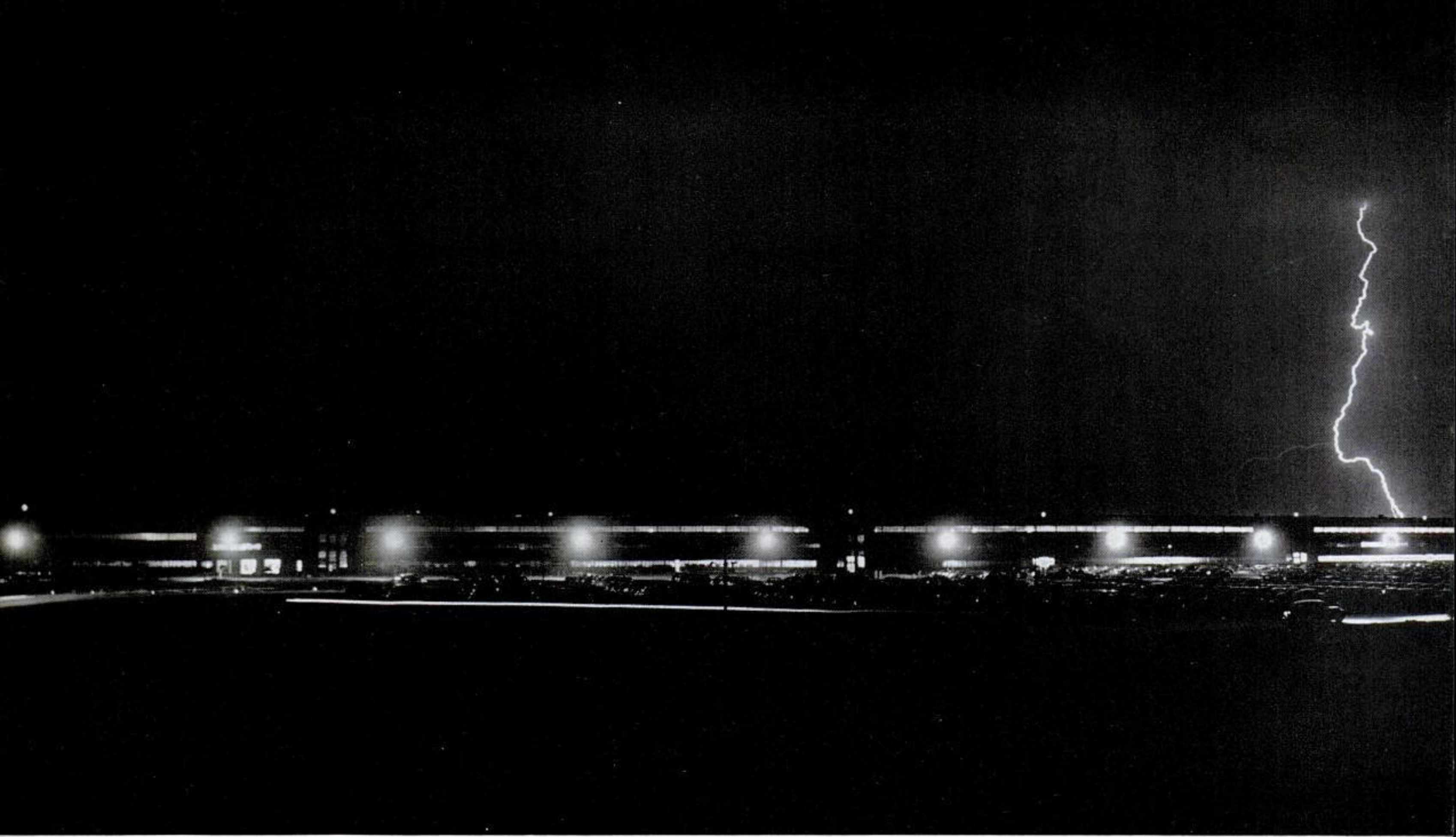


IN WARTIME DETROIT ALMOST EVERYBODY HAS A JOB. NEW JOBS AT \$1.85 AN HOUR, AT \$50 A WEEK AND UP, GO BEGGING ON SIGNBOARDS OF EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES LIKE THIS

DETROIT IS DYNAMITE

The news from Detroit is bad this summer. Few people across the country realize how bad it is. Wildcat strikes and sitdowns, material shortages and poor planning at the top have cut into Detroit's production of war weapons. Detroit's workers, led by the lusty U. A. W., seem to hate and suspect their bosses more than ever. Detroit's manufacturers, who are the world's best producers, have made a failure of their labor relations. And the Government, which is asking Detroit to produce more and more, is divided within itself on how to get the most production.

The result is a morale situation which is perhaps the worst in the U. S. When workers in a great new tank arsenal strike because they can't smoke during work hours; when workers in an anti-aircraft gun plant quit making guns to help win a grocery-store strike; when a worker in a bomber plant tells a reporter: "I'm going to stay home tonight and go fishing; we're not getting anything done over there;" and another worker in the same plant punches 18 holes in a bomber's gas line because he has been called in the draft—when scores of incidents like these happen every week, as they do in Detroit—then it is time for the rest of the country to sit up and take notice. For Detroit can either blow up Hitler or it can blow up the U. S.

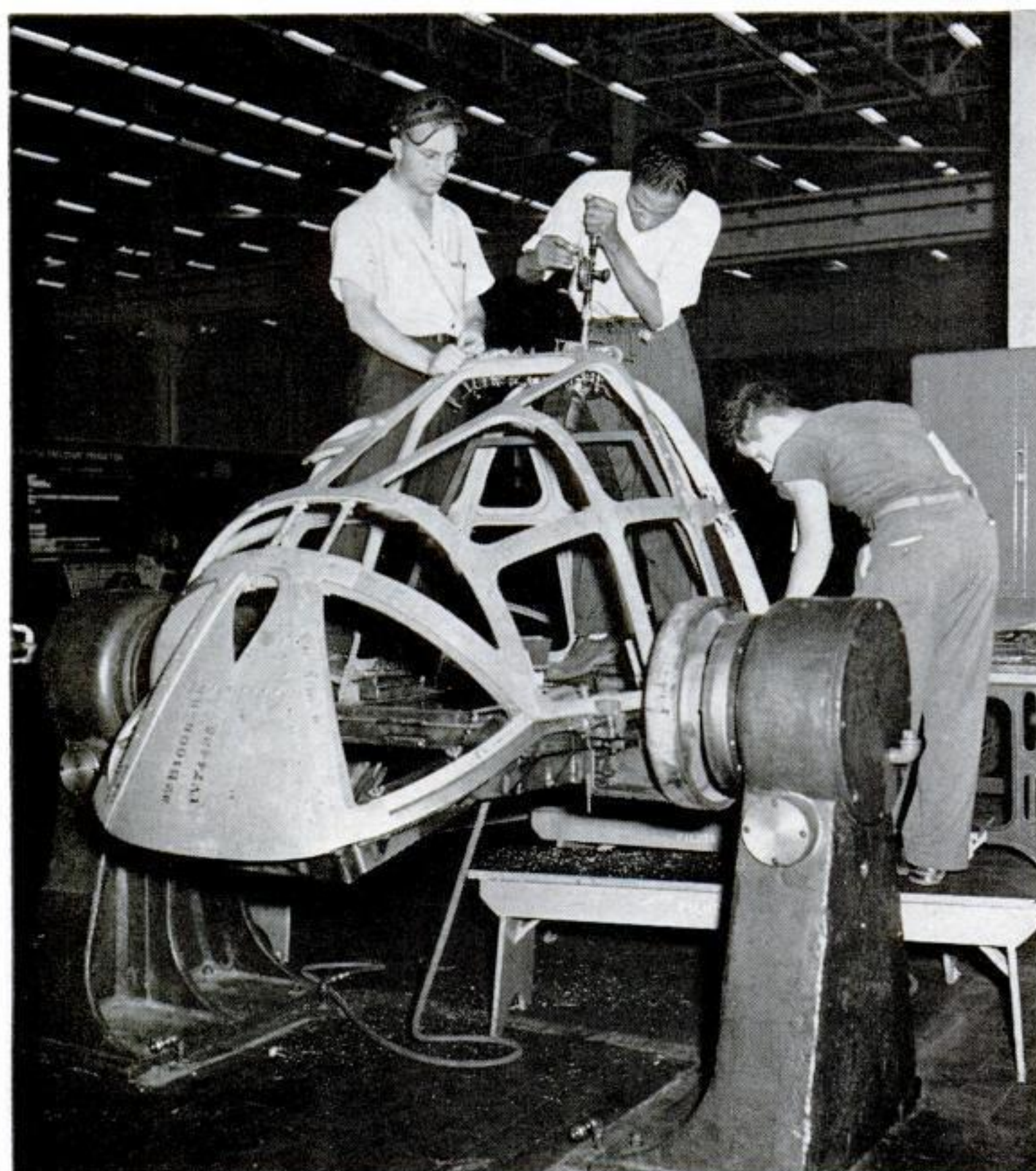


THE VAST PANORAMA OF WILLOW RUN AT NIGHT IS HERE CAUGHT DURING A THUNDERSTORM BY THE CAMERA OF LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER WILLIAM VANDIVERT. WILLOW RUN IS THE

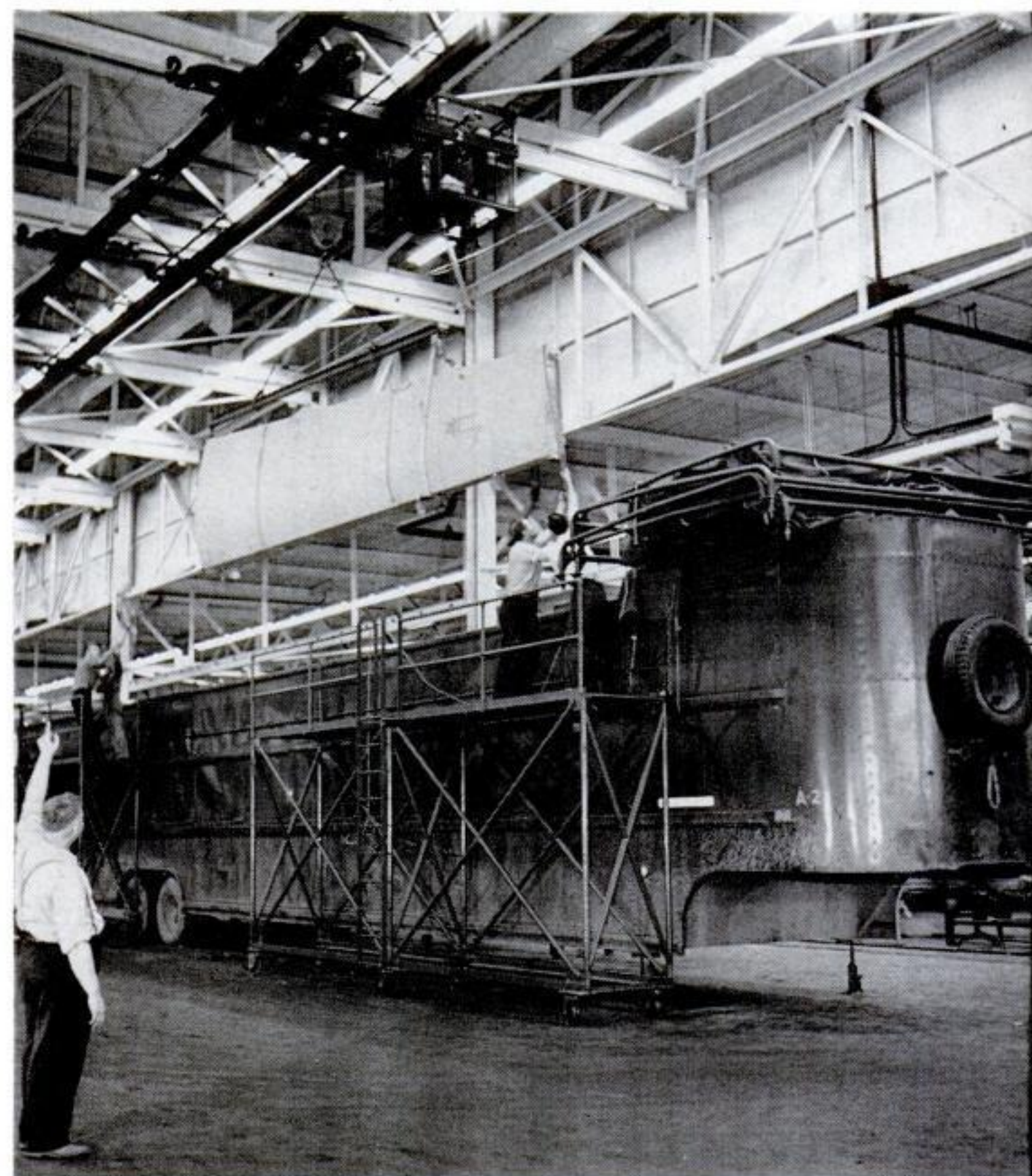
PRODUCTION

DETROIT'S BIGGEST JOB STILL REMAINS TO BE DONE

What the nation pictures when it thinks of Detroit today is a great stream of tanks, guns, engines and bombers flowing off the assembly lines in invincible profusion. But that picture has been achieved to date in only a few plants and a few specific categories. On tanks and guns, Detroit is ahead of schedule. On planes it has scarcely begun. Ford's Willow Run plant (*above*), advertised the world over as a symbol of U. S. industrial might, has not completed one plane on its assembly lines and is working now at a fraction of capacity, making sub-assemblies for other factories. Detroit, which gave the nation its first miracles of production, has worked no



Willow Run workers, two white and one Negro, assemble a nose section for B-24 heavy bomber. Willow Run was originally planned as a feeder plant to make parts for other bomber factories. Its half-mile-long assembly lines are not yet in use. Note worker in center using hand drill.



Huge freight truck is loaded with bomber sections inside the Willow Run plant. Trucks like this one, each carrying as many sections as five freight cars could handle, were designed and built especially for the 1,000-mile haul from Willow Run to the new factories in the Southwest.



WORLD'S LARGEST FACTORY AND IS DESIGNED TO PRODUCE FOUR-ENGINE B-24 BOMBERS AT AN EVENTUAL RATE OF ONE AN HOUR. THIS SUMMER IT IS STILL FAR FROM THAT GOAL

miracles in this war like Henry Kaiser's shipbuilding miracle on the Pacific Coast. Detroit's unsung heroes—technicians and engineers and production bosses who work in shirtsleeves—have worked long and hard but they are caught in the middle of a fierce war between labor and management. Now they are facing other serious troubles—shortages of steel and other materials which have closed some war plants for as long as seven weeks.

In the first six months after Pearl Harbor, Detroit made \$1,400,000,000 in war goods, less than it would have made in autos in a good half year in peacetime. The

rate is now rising fast. In 1943, says Production Boss Donald Nelson, Detroit will have to shoulder a load of \$12,000,000,000 or about one-sixth of U. S. war production.

Few people doubt that Detroit *can* do this colossal job. It has the machines, the factories, the know-how as no other city in the world has them. The weary months of conversion and retooling are over. If machines could win the war, Detroit would have nothing to worry about. But it takes people to run machines and too many of the people of Detroit are confused, embittered and distracted by factional groups that are fighting each other harder than they are willing to fight Hitler (*see next page*).



Production-line workers in the Chrysler-operated Detroit tank arsenal crowd around to receive notices of a temporary layoff in late July. Principal cause of the layoff: a change-over from riveted M-3 medium tanks, shown at left, to the new welded M-4 type at right.



Donald Nelson, civilian boss of war production, climbs into a Chrysler tank during July 10 visit to Detroit, as Chrysler President K. T. Keller (*left*) looks on. Nelson told the auto industry to take "honest pride" in its achievement but that its job was just beginning.



Lieut. General Brehon B. Somervell, Army supply chief (*center, with Chrysler's Keller left*) who would like to get control of the whole armament program away from Donald Nelson, spoke sharply to Detroit on July 4 visit. Not a man, machine or plant in Michigan is producing to full capacity, he said.



Ku-Klux Klan holds meetings in this house on Forest Street, Detroit. The Klan draws its recruits mostly from the 200,000 Southern whites who came to Detroit for jobs in auto plants. It sows dissension in unions and tries to make life miserable for Detroit's Negroes and Jews.



Detroit enemy aliens had these guns until the FBI searched their homes after Pearl Harbor. Last week a German tavernkeeper in Detroit, Max Stephan, was sentenced to hang for treason for aiding an escaped Nazi from Canada. "Victory will be sure. Germany will not let me hang," said Stephan.



Communist James Ford, perennial candidate for Vice President, is here addressing a Communist rally in Detroit's Negro section. Communists are the most all-out war group in Detroit but their political activities are bitterly opposed by militant Catholics and outright Fascists.

FACTIONS

THEY BREED HATRED AND STRIFE IN DETROIT

Detroit is a city of violent extremes. In the 1920's it made so many automobiles that it got rich and expanded beyond its wildest dreams. But in the 1930's it sank lower into the great depression than any big U. S. city. Its large banks were the first to close and its labor wars were the most vicious in the nation. The greatest battle of all, between Henry Ford and the auto-workers union, was hardly over when the U. S. was plunged into World War II.

Now Detroit is flushed with feverish prosperity again but it still seethes with



Negro life in Detroit centers around "Paradise Valley" (above), a district of poolrooms, cheap eateries and third-class hotels near Cadillac Square. Joe Louis was raised in "Paradise Valley." The Negroes have more grievances than any Detroit group and probably care less about the war.



Poles are Detroit's biggest nationality group. At this picnic in Warsaw Park 3,000 Detroiters of Polish descent ate sausages and drank beer, were entertained by radio performers and orations about the post-war boundaries of Poland, heard nothing about the seriousness of the war this summer.

racial, religious, political and economic unrest. More than half its population of nearly two million came to Detroit in the last 20 years. They have no great love for their city and they give their loyalty to their own group, creed or union. Largest single bloc is the 260,000 Polish Catholics, who also dominate the city of Hamtramck (pop. 50,000) which forms a kind of Polish island inside Detroit. After them come the 200,000 Southern whites who have migrated to Detroit with their barbecue stands and tent shouting evangelists, and 150,000 Negroes. The remainder are old-line Detroiters, Canadians, Ukrainians, Germans, Bulgars, Yugoslavs, Maltese, Italians and Syrians.

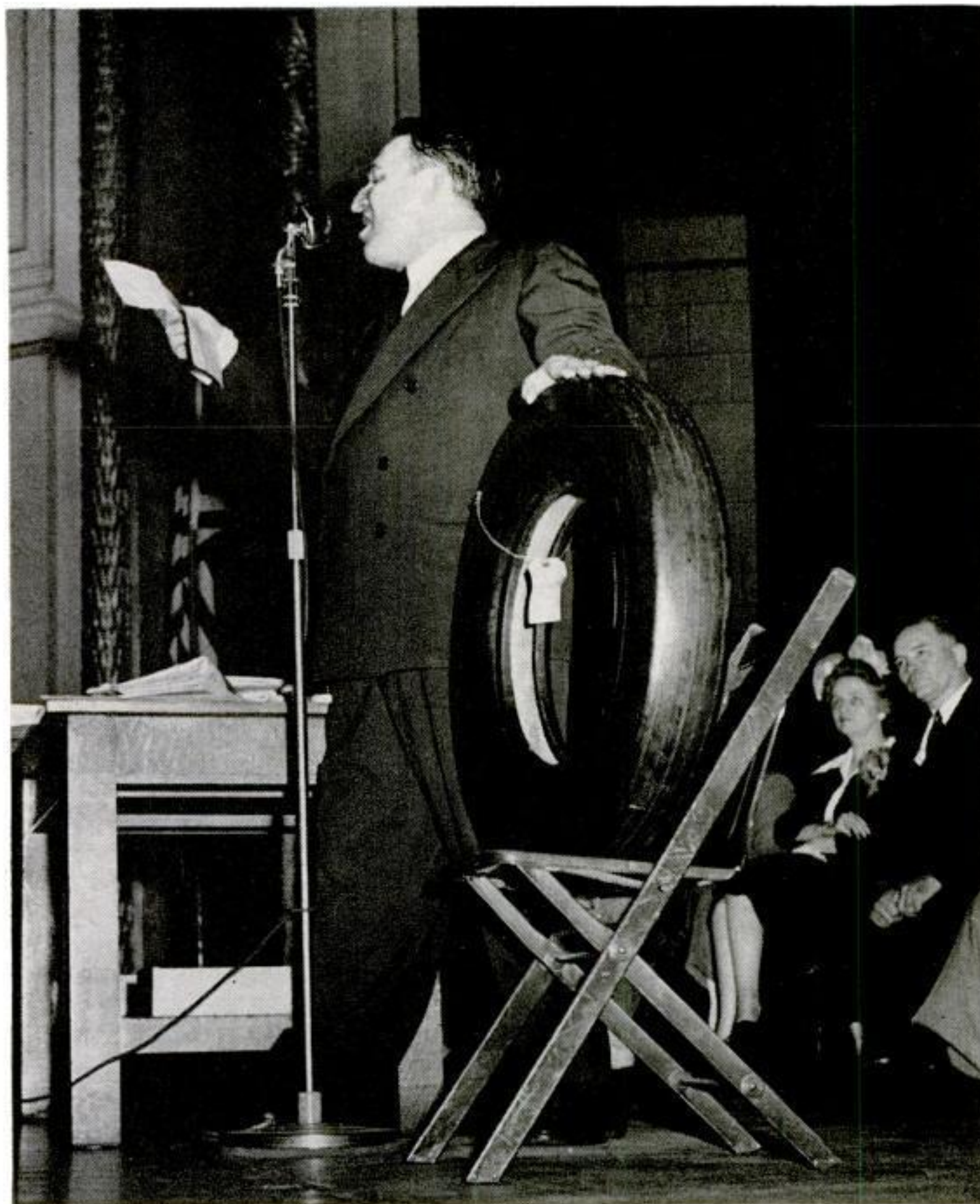
In this melting pot flourish demagogues of every persuasion—Communists, Fascists, Ku-Kluxers, Coughlinites, pro-Nazi leaders of the National Workers League and such recent arrivals as Gerald L. K. Smith (*below, right*). Even the auto-workers union, which fights as a unit against employers, has a constant civil war going on inside its ranks among the Catholics (who form more than 50% of its members), the Communists, the Negroes and a small, fierce Ku-Klux element which has helped foment one race riot in Detroit this year and is attempting to stir up more.



Detroit's City Council (*in session, above*) includes spokesmen for unions and Billy Rogell, former shortstop of the Detroit Tigers (*center, at table*). Detroit's politicians have shamefully plundered the city in the past. The last mayor, Richard W. Reading, is appealing a jail sentence for graft.



Catholic Church is a potent influence which is sometimes missed by Detroit demagogues. This is St. Florian's Church in Hamtramck where, according to editor of local Polish newspaper, anti-Negro handbills were distributed at time of Sojourner Truth race riot last winter.



Gerald L. K. Smith, oldtime "Share the Wealth" spellbinder and lieutenant of the late Huey Long, is running for Republican nomination for U. S. Senate on a platform whose big plank is "Tires for Everybody." Last week Smith unveiled this synthetic tire at a rally in Saginaw.



Federal Housing Administrator in Detroit is Colonel F. Charles Starr, a bald, genteel Bostonian. His men were thrown off Henry Ford's land in June while surveying a housing project. Plans now under discussion call for smaller projects in communities around Willow Run.

HOUSING

DETROIT STILL BICKERS OVER ITS SOREST PROBLEM

One day in June, employees of Henry Ford walked into a Ford-owned field near Willow Run, yanked out stakes planted by Federal surveyors and ordered the surveyors off the land. In Dearborn, Ford announced through his handyman, Harry Bennett, that he would "resist by every legal method" the Government's attempt to build a new "Bomber City" to house about 33,000 Willow Run workers. This ended the most ambitious effort towards solving Detroit's incredible housing mess. As early as April 98.7% of all dwelling units in Detroit were occupied (85% is considered the danger mark). It is now impossible to rent a decent house within 50 miles of the city. Around Willow Run hundreds of tents, trailers and shacks have sprung up in woods, fields, barnyards. Ford objects to a big Federal project on the grounds that: 1) it is a waste of money and materials, and 2) it would concentrate people where they might be bombed.

The foes of Ford say what he really fears are: 1) a change in political control of Republican Washtenaw County, where the Willow Run plant is located, and 2) higher taxes. But aside from Willow Run there are other thousands of war workers in Detroit who can afford good homes but simply cannot get them. Only two small Federal projects (see opposite page) have been completed this year—and one of these was the cause of a race riot in February. A determined, housing program backed by Federal, State and city governments, as well as by industry and labor, would go far toward solving Detroit's morale worries.



Patched-up shack a half mile from Willow Run is home for three male aircraft workers. The interior contains a broken cot, a rag pallet, a greasy oil stove, improvised table and chairs. Note the electric-light connection from pole to roof.



This tent provides living quarters for a Chrysler tank arsenal worker, his wife and their two small children in a field north of Detroit. They sleep on one cot and on

bedclothes spread on the bare ground. There are no toilet or outhouse accommodations, no running water. This war-worker's family has an income of \$75 a week.

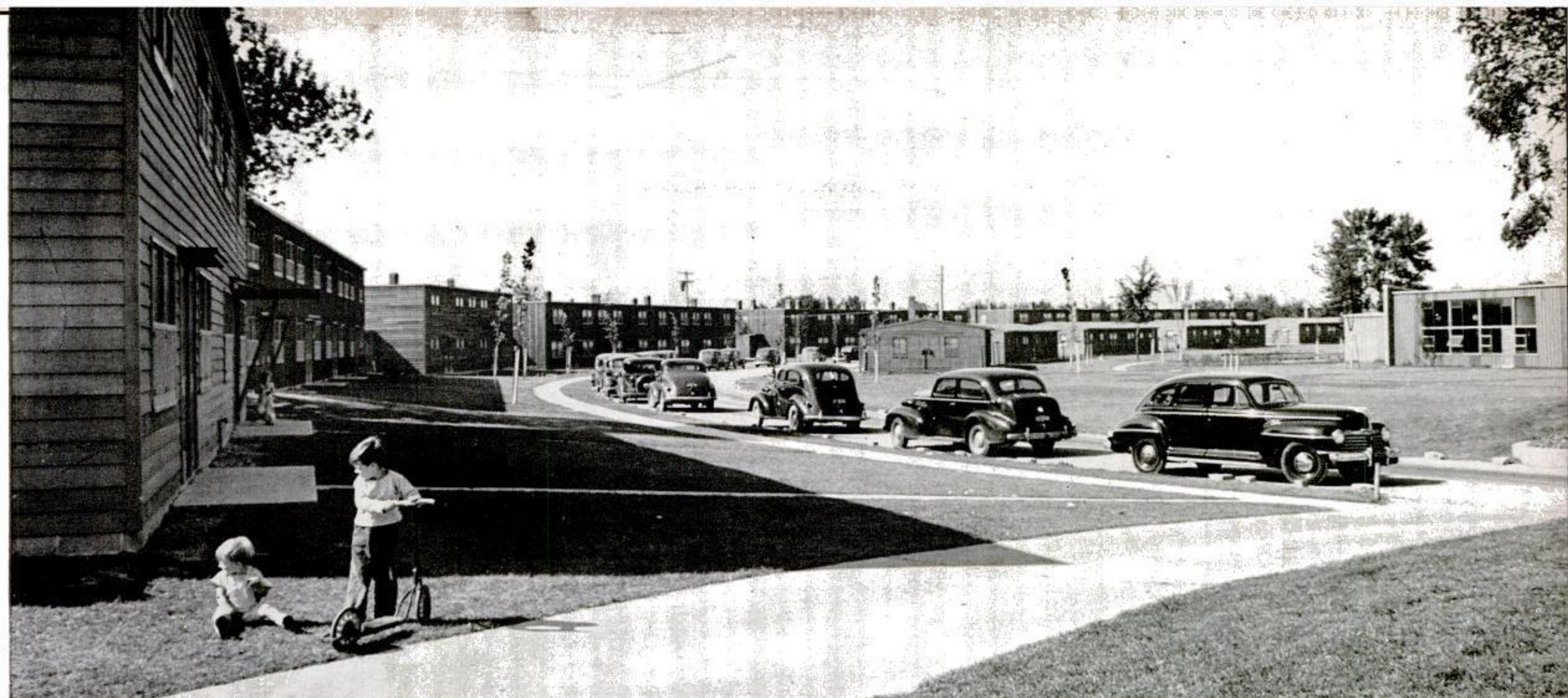


Trailer family stages a spaghetti dinner party for friends in a camp near Willow Run. Colin Humphrey (left) is a former Ford River Rouge worker who now makes \$1.35 an hour at Willow Run as a jig maker, paid \$575 for trailer.



Pike's Trailer Camp, where Humphreys and about 30 other Willow Run families live, has a cinder-block "utility house" (above) where the trailerites bathe, shave, do

their laundry, etc. The Humphreys pay \$12 a month to park their trailer, plus 50¢ a week for electricity. They prefer the trailer to the "dog's life" they used to have.



MODEL HOUSING PROJECT IS THE 476-UNIT KRAMER HOMES IN CENTER LINE (ABOVE), NORTH OF CITY, WHERE WORKERS LIVE IN CHEERFUL APARTMENTS FINISHED IN REDWOOD



ABOVE, WORKER'S SHACK FACES FOUNDATION OF NEW HOME (RIGHT). BELOW, SOJOURNER TRUTH HOUSES NOW OCCUPIED BY 200 NEGRO FAMILIES AFTER RACE RIOT LAST WINTER





Detroit's workers argue endlessly with each other about production troubles. Here James Jones (left), an inspector at Ford's River Rouge plant, says: "The workers want to get things done but the bosses keep saying, 'Things are still in the blueprint stage.'" John Blazevic (center), a Rouge millwright, chimed in: "The big trouble is in supervision—they could make cars blindfolded but it takes more ability to make war goods."



The Reuther brothers, Victor (left) and Walter, are a dynamic part of Detroit's labor revolution. Both worked in Soviet factories in the early 1930's, helped start the infant U. A. W. in 1935. Walter Reuther started the Ford drive by broadcasting from a plane over River Rouge, was beaten by Ford guards in the "Battle of the Overpass," fathered the famed "Reuther Plan" of 1940. Fortnight ago, worried over material shortages, he warned: "We're headed for a shutdown of 96 plants here."

THE MEN

THEY ARE NOT PULLING TOGETHER

Detroit is full of keen, able, honest and sincere men who cannot seem to work together as a team to lick the Axis. Aside from its factions and its crackpot agitators, America's great automobile city is divided sharply into two opposing groups: the men who work in the factories and the men who manage them. The rise of the United Automobile Workers in Detroit in the last seven years is an American success story as dazzling as the rise of the auto industry itself. Today the U. A. W. represents the workers of Detroit, and

its leaders are fiercely proud of what they have done.

On the other hand the men who built the great plants and led the world in mass production have just as much to be proud of. These two groups, teamed together, could produce the weapons of war ten times faster than they have so far. If they can forget the scars of their peacetime battles, and if the Government will do its part by establishing truly national wage policies and keeping both sides adequately informed on the needs and progress of the war, they will do it yet.



Eddie Levinson, former New York labor reporter, is the smart publicity director of the U. A. W., which has won some of its big successes by smart publicity. The union is now thinking of publishing its own daily paper.



A typical Detroit labor squabble on July 31 closed three war plants employing 10,000 workers in Pontiac. The fight started between C. I. O. grocery clerks and A. F. of L. teamsters. The C. I. O. clerks (above) picketed a gun plant, a truck plant and a rubber plant, and the C. I. O. arms workers refused to cross their lines. Unions are against such wildcat strikes but have not been able to stop them.



Sheldon Tappes is recording secretary of Local 600, U. A. W., at Ford Rouge plant. Local 600 has 80,000 members and is the largest union local in the world. The U. A. W. has been trying to eliminate discrimination against Negroes in Detroit, but in some locals discrimination exists.



Vice President Charles E. Sorensen of Ford Motor Company is a production expert who is appalled by the current confusion in Detroit. "There has never been anything in industry like it," he says. Sorensen believes that production will win the war and the labor picture will "straighten itself out." "Hell, we want 'em to complain," he says.



President Jack Reese of Continental Motors is a shirt-sleeve executive who wears four-bit suspenders. His company was almost bankrupt a year ago, is now humming with war orders. He pays his men bonuses, recently saved Government \$40,000,000 by renegotiating contracts. "We haven't got started yet," he says of Detroit production.



President C. E. Wilson of General Motors is a top statesman of auto industry, one of few who has debated publicly with Walter Reuther. Says he: "The workers don't know what they're talking about when they say we're not producing. They are not conscious of the planning period. We're more than doubling our production every six months."



Henry Ford is still the greatest man in Detroit. This picture of him was taken on his 79th birthday, July 31. He was as optimistic as ever when he talked to reporters that day. One quoted him as saying the war would be over in a few months, but perhaps that was a misun-

derstanding. He said nothing about labor morale in his plants, which is worst in Detroit. He said nothing about the housing project he had blocked (*see p. 20*). He did not mention his vast war factories. But he said the world is bound to become a better place, when the war is over.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Paducah, Ky. Sounds the Tocsin: An Open Letter to Mr. Roosevelt

Last week Elmer Davis, chief of the Office of War Information, made his first "review of the general situation." It was an amazing document—original, simple and truthful. The people pricked up their ears. Nothing like this had come out of Washington since the war began. We are not winning the war yet, Mr. Davis said. Production of fighting planes, tanks, most types of artillery and naval vessels is behind schedule. We are only ankle-deep in the war. "We never have lost a war, but it has been remarked that this means only that our ancestors never lost a war. . . . We could lose this war."

Hungry for realism, the people applauded Mr. Davis. Nevertheless, there was one important note, which, in the very nature of his job, he could not sound. Millions of Americans feel that they are ready to go all-out. They want to get into the war up to their necks. But they feel that Washington has failed time after time to lead them in. They will do anything, sacrifice anything, provided only they are told what to do or to sacrifice. They want instructions, even commands, and those commands and instructions must be clear and they must be applied—like the draft—to everyone alike. If the country isn't all-out against Hitler, the fault, these people think, lies with its leadership.

In Paducah, Ky., just a few days before Mr. Davis' report, this mood was acutely observed by the *Sun-Democrat*, whose associate editor, Edwin J. Paxton, Jr. sounded the tocsin with an open letter to President Roosevelt. This letter says so well what so many millions of Americans have been trying to say that LIFE is turning over the Newsfronts page this week to Editor Paxton.

Paducah Speaks

"Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

"We are writing you because we are tired.

"We are tired of writing headlines like 'Allies Destroy Six Jap Planes' and 'Navy Promises Better U-Boat Control Soon' while above we must place banners reading 'Soviets Withdraw Further Before Nazi Onslaught.'

"For ten years we have supported you and the vast majority of your policies and undertakings. In three successive Presidential campaigns we urged your election, because you offered the best quality of leadership at a time when the country desperately wanted and needed the best of leadership.

"We thrilled at your words at your first inauguration: 'This country has but one thing to fear, and that is fear itself.'

"We have endorsed from the beginning your efforts to rebuild the neglected Army and Navy of the nation. We have found your

judgment sound right along on the dangers to the American way represented by the rising tide of ambition on the part of the dictators. We have found comfort in your unflinching realism in recognizing the futility of appeasement in international relations.

You can't blame the people

"And finally, with our entry into the war which had become inevitable through no fault of your own, we were grateful that America had such a man as its leader in such grave times. With the rest of the people we took determination from your words, and jumped at the chance to do our small part in carrying out the great victory program you laid down.

"But those headlines we mentioned being tired of writing indicate that, eight months after we entered the war, the victory program still isn't shaping up. We can't blame our Allies, all of whom are doing more fighting than we are and all of whom are beginning to level some pretty bitter criticism at our war effort. We can't blame our own fighting men, who in every branch have fought bravely and died bravely where they had a chance to meet the enemy.

"We can't blame the people of the country, either, Mr. President. You are noted for your remarkable ability to keep in close touch with popular opinion, and you must know, as we do, that all Americans are dead-set determined that we must win this war, and are not only willing but calling aloud for a chance to do the working, sweating, tax-paying, sacrificing, fighting they know must be done to win.

"But the people are tired of reading those headlines which we are tired of writing. They feel that they might be reading a different sort of headline if they were led courageously in the doing of those things they know must be done.

"They haven't had the chance to do those things yet, and it's up to you to give it to them. It's up to you, Mr. Roosevelt, to display the same profound faith in the character of the American people that you demonstrated in launching your New Deal in 1933.

"Your Congress has been severely criticized this year for petty things like the pension bill and the X-cards. But Congress has voted you every appropriation and every executive authority demanded of it for the prosecution of the war. We feel the criticism of Congress reflects a great and growing disappointment on the part of the people in their war leadership. And it is not Congress which must lead in war, Mr. President. It is yourself.

"We firmly believe that you head the toughest, most dangerous, most determined people any leader ever had behind him in a war. If freedom didn't encourage and enhance such qualities there would be no free peoples on earth, and our people happen to have been free longer than any other. But even Americans must have leadership that

comprehends their wishes and their capabilities, and acts accordingly.

"Our people are tired of defeats, but they are not discouraged. They know reverses are inevitable until the country can be fully geared to war. And they will go on enduring them without complaint, if they see that their incalculable strength is being mobilized and brought to bear against the enemy. Losses, defeats, disappointments will not cause our people to waver. They will merely strengthen their terrible determination to destroy every enemy who stands against them.

"But indecision, temporizing, and delay in telling the people to do what you have told them must be done have disturbed us deeply, and have disturbed all the people.

We want action

"On the home front we want action.

"We want drastic action against inflation, in strict wage control, in firm regulation of farm prices along with those of all other goods, in taxation that everybody will feel and feel acutely.

"We want drastic action to provide all the raw materials our war industry needs, the steel for ships and aluminum for planes; cut civilian production to half or less the present level, but give us the tools of war.

"We want drastic action to guarantee adequate rubber for our war machine, regardless of its effect on any motorist.

"We want an end to monkey business in letting of war contracts, so that excessive profits and commissions are denied to anyone.

"We want drastic action to prevent strikes in war industry, and a manpower policy that will guarantee that every working man and woman is put in the job where the best results will accrue for the war effort.

"On the diplomatic front we want action.

"We want drastic action against Finland, to stop the bombings of convoys from Finnish soil which are killing American fighters and sinking goods we are shipping to our Allies.

"We want drastic action against Vichy, to make it no longer possible for the Nazis to use against us a people who in their hearts are our Allies.

"We want positive steps to help the friendly people of Argentina to change their unrepresentative government which is acting as Hitler's Vichy in the Western Hemisphere.

"We want positive action to prove to Gandhi and India that America, while determined that Indians too shall enjoy complete freedom, will stand for no more of the foolishness which is an open invitation to Japan to come in and use Indian resources against us.

"These are the things the people want done, and you have the guts to do them. Give us these things to write headlines about, and you will soon give us great American military victories to write about.

"In your own words, Mr. President, we have nothing to fear save fear itself."

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

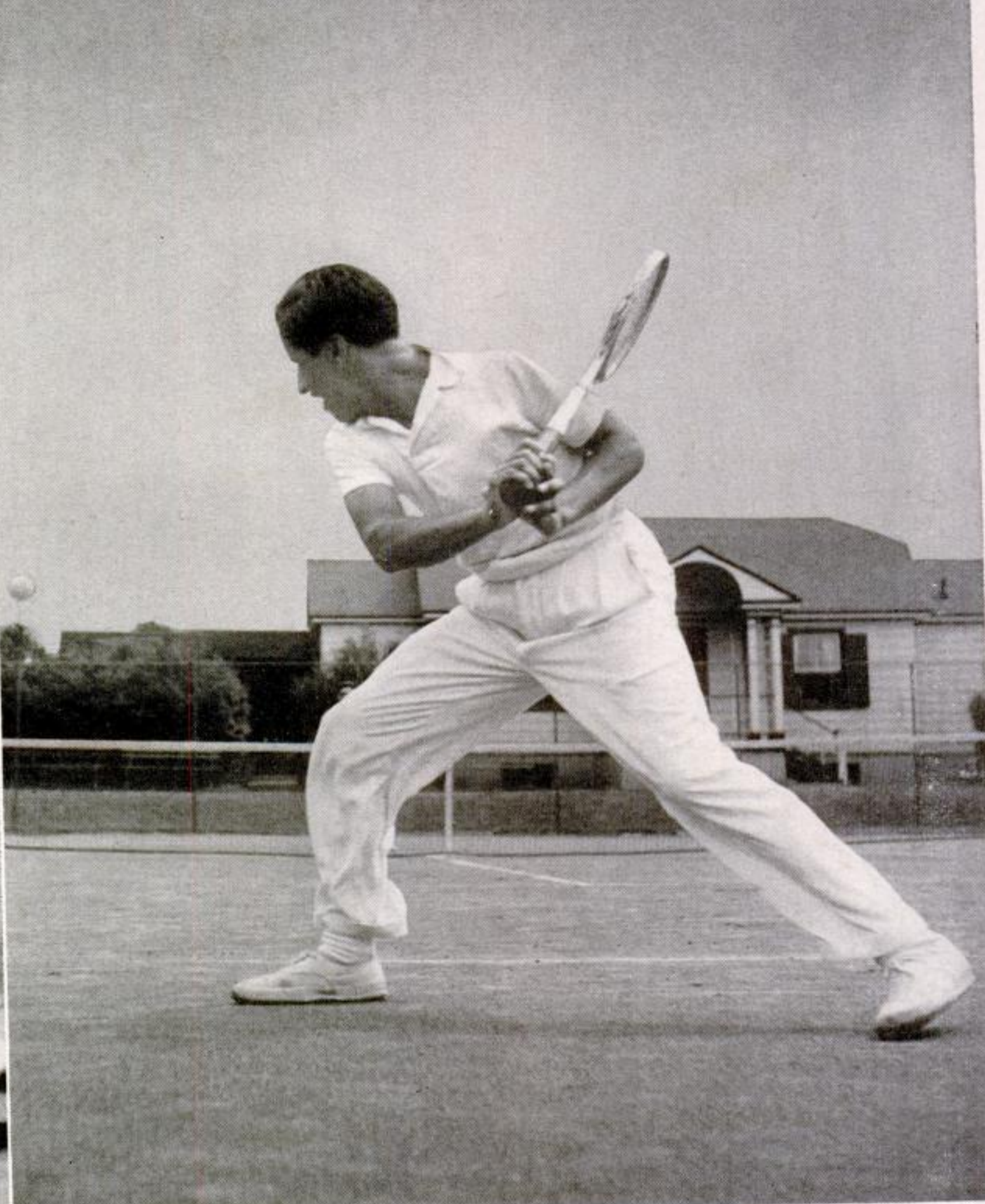
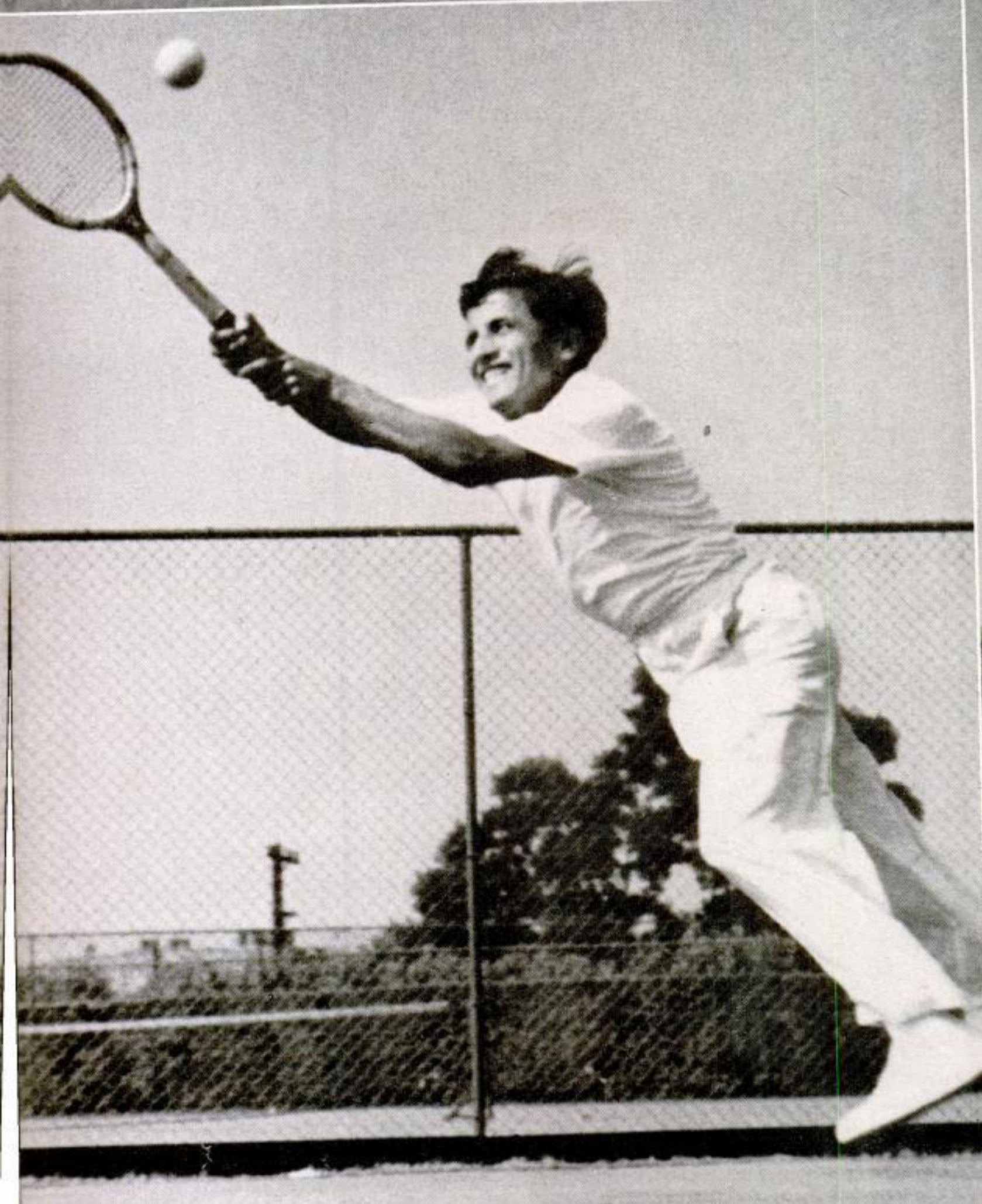
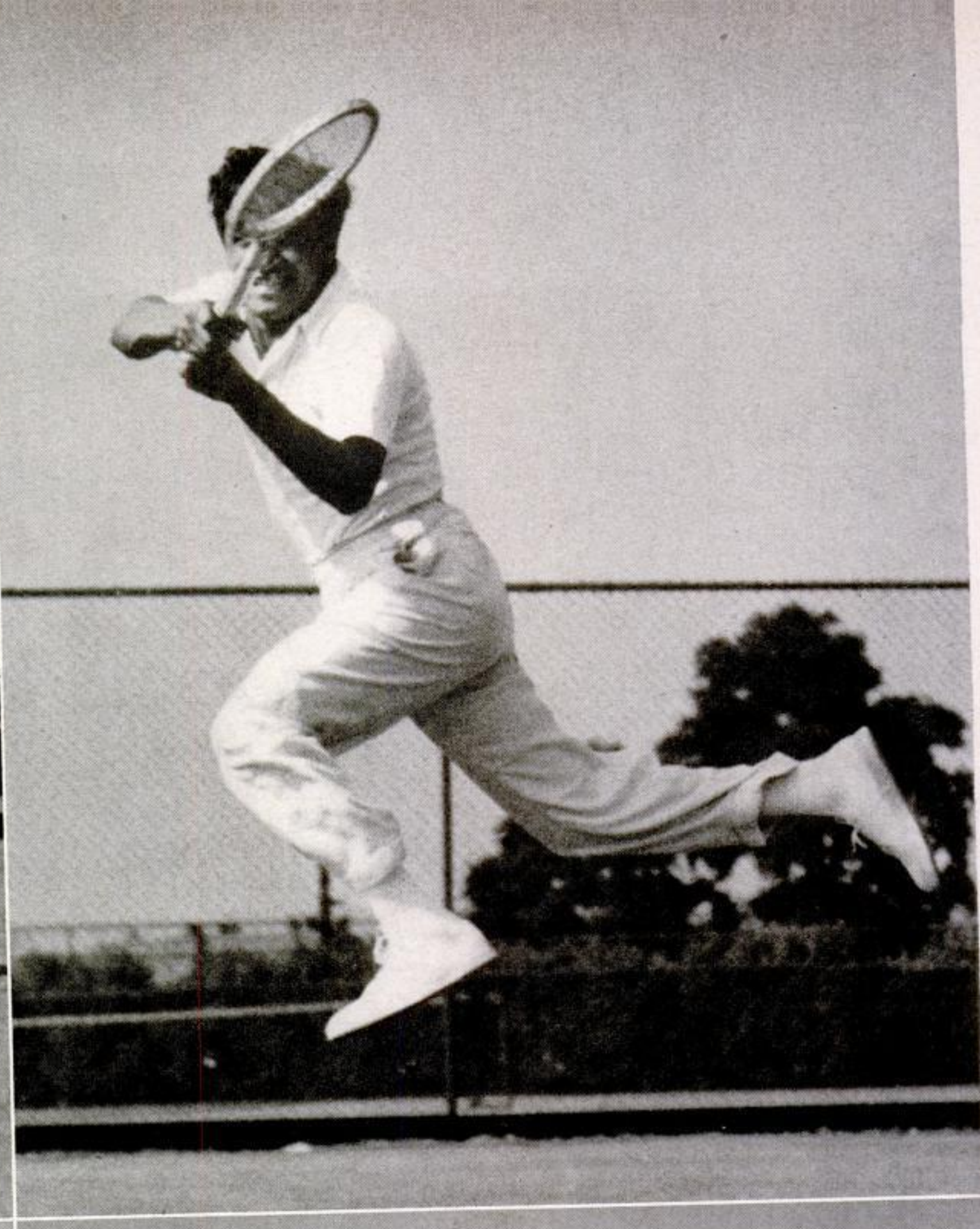
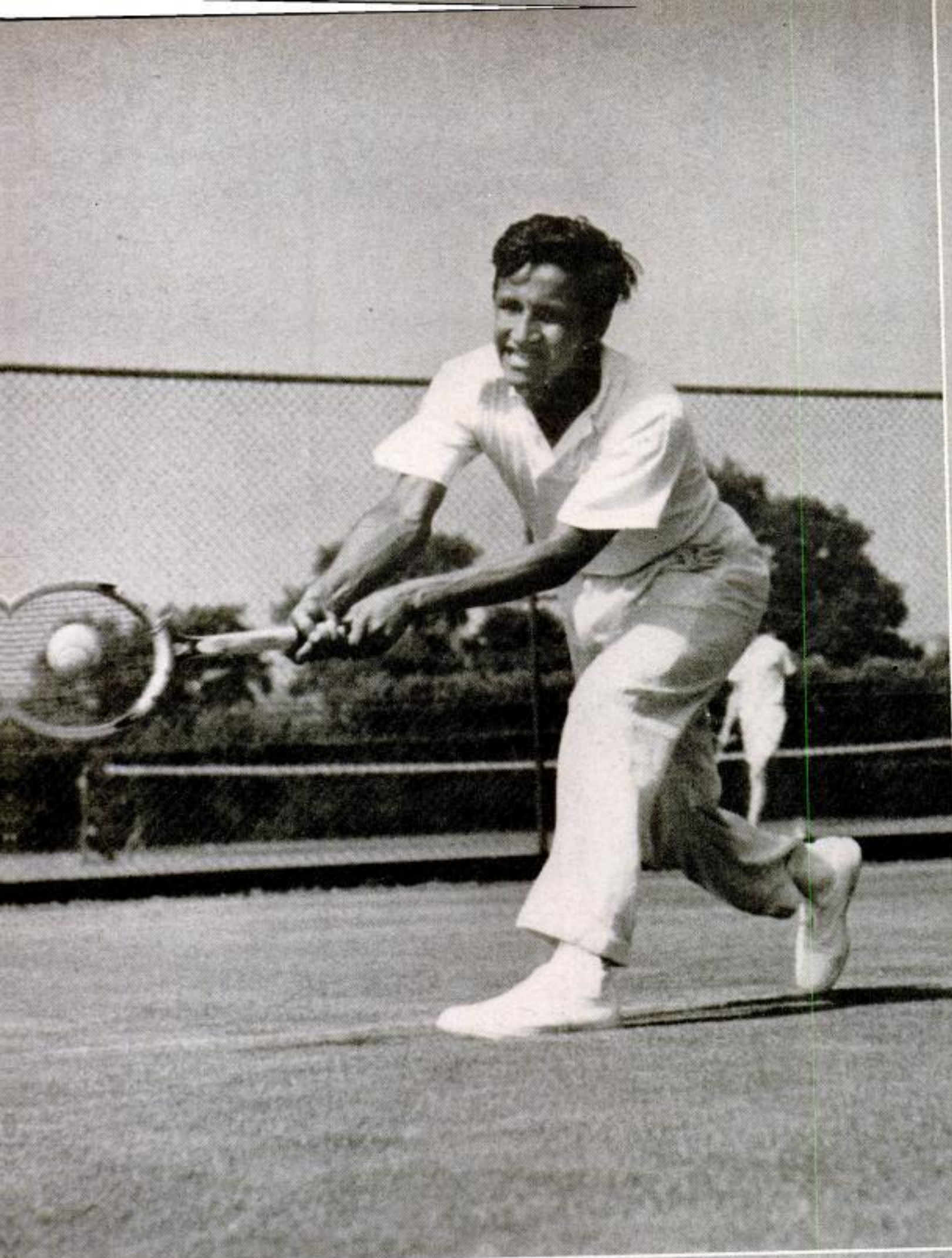
This meeting between the King of England and a very soulful pig took place when His Majesty recently checked up on his own contribution to war

economy. Here at Windsor Farm, where the great deer park is turned to corn and carriage horses are used for mowing, the King's famous livestock is

rapidly being reduced to a few prize specimens for breeding. Pigs that don't go to market must feed solely on royal garbage from the castle kitchen.



Britain's monarch inspects the royal piggery at his farm at Windsor



Francisco ("Pancho") Segura, the slight, dark-skinned Ecuadorian, is the best tennis player ever developed in South America. He is also the brightest splash of color on the tennis

scene in many seasons. On the court his quick, catlike reflexes, his uncanny stamina and his astounding ability to hit out against bigger, stronger opponents remind fans of Jean Boro-

tra, the Bounding Basque. With his two-handed forehand (above) Pancho can execute a sizzling drive or deceptive drop-shot. His weakest stroke is an orthodox backhand (lower right).

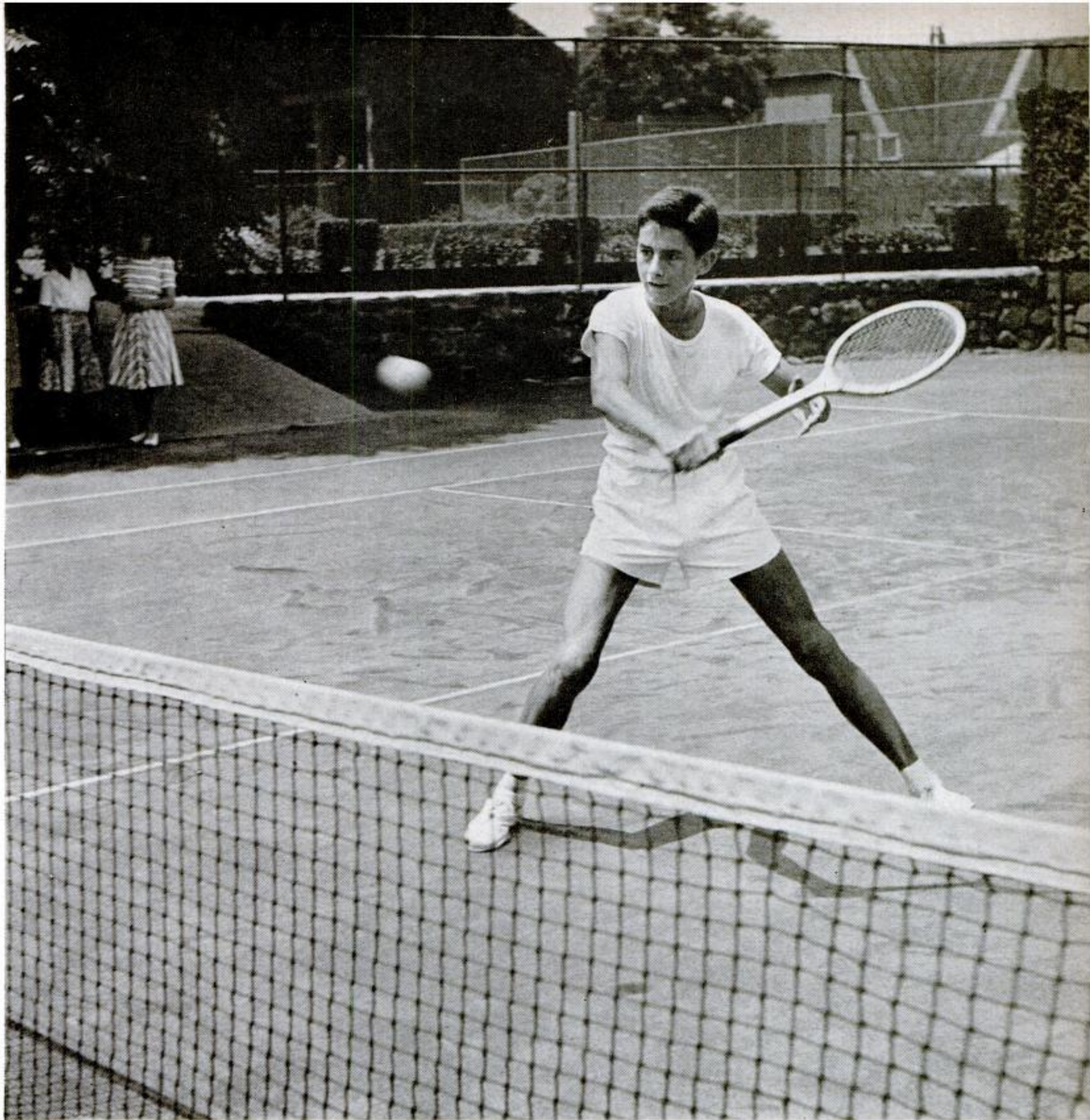
TENNIS

GLAMOR GIRL'S BROTHER REACHES FINAL ROUND OF JUNIOR TOURNEY

Tom and Bobby Falkenburg are the kid brothers of that fabulous female, Jinx Falkenburg. More importantly, they are up and coming young tennis players who last week at Culver, Ind. had half of the semifinals of the National Junior (16-to-18) Championship to themselves. National Boys' Champion in 1940 and 1941, Bobby at 16 had within the month won the Eastern and Western Junior Championships and the National Interscholastic. But in the semifinals at Culver, Tom, his senior by a year, upset him 9-7, 8-6. In the final on Aug. 8, Budge Patty, another California prodigy, cleaned up on Tom for the title, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

The Falkenburg boys come from a tennis family. Their parents still compete in California tournaments and Jinx might have gone far in women's tennis if she had spent more time with a racket and less with a make-up kit.

Another strange new star in amateur tennis this year is tiny Francisco ("Pancho") Segura (*see opposite page*) who has been winning consistently on clay courts but went down in ignominious defeat on grass at Rye, N. Y. last week. This 20-year-old Ecuadorian with the two-handed forehand is the most interesting foreign invader since the days of Cochet, Borotra and Lacoste. This year Pancho astounded experts by winning the Eastern Clay Court Championship. In the final of this tourney he whipped Ted Schroeder, the nation's top-ranking active amateur. If Pancho ever learns to play as effectively on grass as he does on clay, he will be a real threat for the U. S. singles title.



Sister Jinx (*below*) receives a kiss from Tom and Bobby to celebrate a doubles victory. Above, Bobby practices his short-court game. Until Tom beat him last week, Bobby had

romped off with three consecutive junior tennis trophies. His game is less slam-bang than Tom's, and usually his greater steadiness helps him turn back his blond older brother.



Overhead smash is a strong point in Bobby Falkenburg's game. Usually he and his brother Tom prefer to split up in doubles, but recently they teamed to win the Eastern Junior doubles title.





IN A SLIT TRENCH SCOOPED OUT OF DESERT SAND, RINGED BY SANDBAGS AND SHELTERED BY A TENT, GEN. FREYBERG LIES WOUNDED, WAITING TRANSPORT TO A BASE HOSPITAL

NAZI SHELL IN EGYPT WOUNDS ONE OF BRITISH EMPIRE'S MOST FABULOUS SOLDIERS

At the battle of Matruh in Egypt at the end of June, a Nazi shell exploded near Major General Bernard Cyril Freyberg, commander of the New Zealand forces in North Africa. A fragment lodged in the general's neck. Hastily treated on the battlefield (above), he was flown back to a base hospital.

That stray piece of shell almost ended the career of one of the Empire's most fabulous soldiers. Born in London in 1890 and taken to New Zealand as a child, Freyberg started out to be a dental mechanic. Instead he went to Mexico, became a captain in Pancho Villa's revolutionary army, lit out for London when the World War started. Stranded in Los Angeles, he earned fare to New York by winning a swimming

meet. Stranded in New York, he earned fare to London by winning a prizefight. Unknown in London, he earned a lieutenancy in the naval reserve by accosting Winston Churchill and demanding a commission.

Sent to Gallipoli, Freyberg literally earned himself immortality with a feat of personal bravery which Sir James Barrie chose as an example for his classic essay, *Courage*. Night before the British attack on Gallipoli, Freyberg swam ashore from a destroyer, towing a raft loaded with flares. He set off the flares in the water and along the beach, reconnoitered, swam back to his ship. When the Turks rushed over to repulse what they thought was a big landing force, the British landed further down the peninsula. For

this feat, Freyberg got the D.S.O. In 1916, for leading a charge although wounded four times, he won the Victoria Cross. In 1917, already a living legend, he was made brigadier general.

After the war, Freyberg lived in England trying unsuccessfully to get elected to Commons and to swim the English Channel. Once he almost made the Channel, missing by only 400 yd. In 1939, he was made commander of the 2nd New Zealand Expeditionary Force, was head of Allied armies at Crete where the Germans claimed to have killed him. But they didn't get him at Crete and they didn't get him at Matruh. Last week, his neck bandaged, General Freyberg was up and around the battlefield again.



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15 Vegetables in Rich Beef Stock — Campbell's Vegetable Soup Gives You Nourishment, Saves You Precious Time

You couldn't make a better choice for the one hot dish of this summer's meals than this good vegetable soup of Campbell's. Its colorful inviting look gives your spirits a lift. The first taste puts an edge on your weary appetite.

You taste how vigorous and full-flavored a soup can be when fifteen

different garden vegetables are mingled in a rich simmered-down beef stock. There's hearty pleasure in this bowl of soup, and before you're through with it you'll find deep-down satisfaction, too. It's so full of sound sustenance and nourishment that many women call it "almost a meal in itself!"

In strenuous times like these it does you good more ways than one to sit down to a bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Why don't you do that, soon?



I dig and sow
And weed and hoe
The foods I know
Will make me grow!

Campbell's **VEGETABLE SOUP**

LUNCH FOR TWO ON THE PORCH

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Fruit Salad with Honey Dressing
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Iced Tea

SUPPER FOR A BUSY FAMILY

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Club Sandwiches
Fresh Sliced Peaches with Cream
Iced Tea

COOL DINNER WITH ONE HOT DISH

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Sliced Ham Loaf—Stuffed Eggs
Bread and Butter
Fresh Green Apple Pie
Iced Coffee or Milk



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WORST CIRCUS FIRE IN YEARS BRINGS DEATH TO 36 ANIMALS IN CLEVELAND

In Cleveland on Aug. 4, a couple of hours before the matinee was to go on, a 16-year-old Negro boy who had run away to join the circus and had been fired for laziness, set fire to a pile of straw near the animal tent of the Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey circus. Flames flared across the sawdust and roared through the cages. The animals began to scream with jungle terror.

Their worst nightmare come true, roustabouts, trainers, performers, freaks rushed to fight the fire. A group of camels, chained together, were burned to death. Two dozen elephants, skin hanging in burnt shreds, were led out. They seemed calmer than their trainers. By the time the worst fire in modern circus history was over, 36 animals were burned to death or mercifully shot to death by submachine guns. Among them were two elephants, eight zebras, two giraffes, four lions, two tigers. The \$200,000 loss was not insured.

The carcasses were hauled to a reduction plant, turned into the most expensive soap ever made in Cleveland. The young arsonist, Alamandris Ford, said a disgruntled roustabout had told him to start the fire. "I felt pretty sorry when I saw all those dead animals lying around," said Alamandris.



When the horror was over, smoke and smell of burning flesh hung over the menagerie. Circus men stood around, sad and dazed. Fire did not touch the big top, whose flags flutter in rear.



Badly burned elephant, its thick skin scorched ashy white, marches obediently away following the orders of its trainer.



A singed two-humped camel, frightened and hurt, is dragged away from the burning tent by a trio of excited and hurrying circus men.



A rescued camel is comforted by the circus veterinary as a trainer brushes its skin with special soothing preparation.



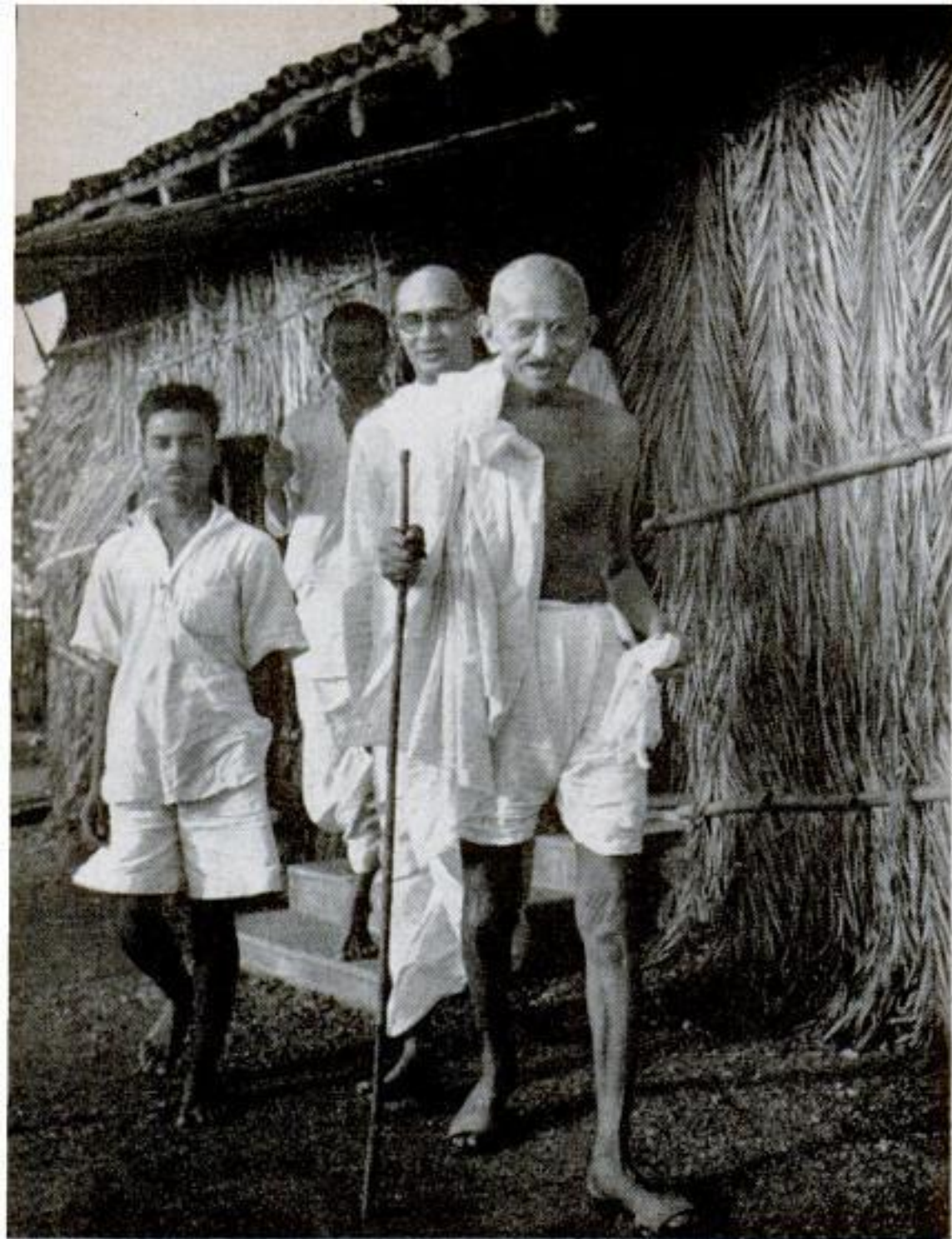
A caged lion, which was unable to escape the bars, was saved by the firemen's hoses but only after having been pathetically burned.



A girl circus performer gave way to hysterics. Hardened roustabouts and trainers wept like little children.



A frizzled ostrich got a bloody head from butting about crazily at the end of its leash, banging up against everything within reach.



GANDHI AT HOME

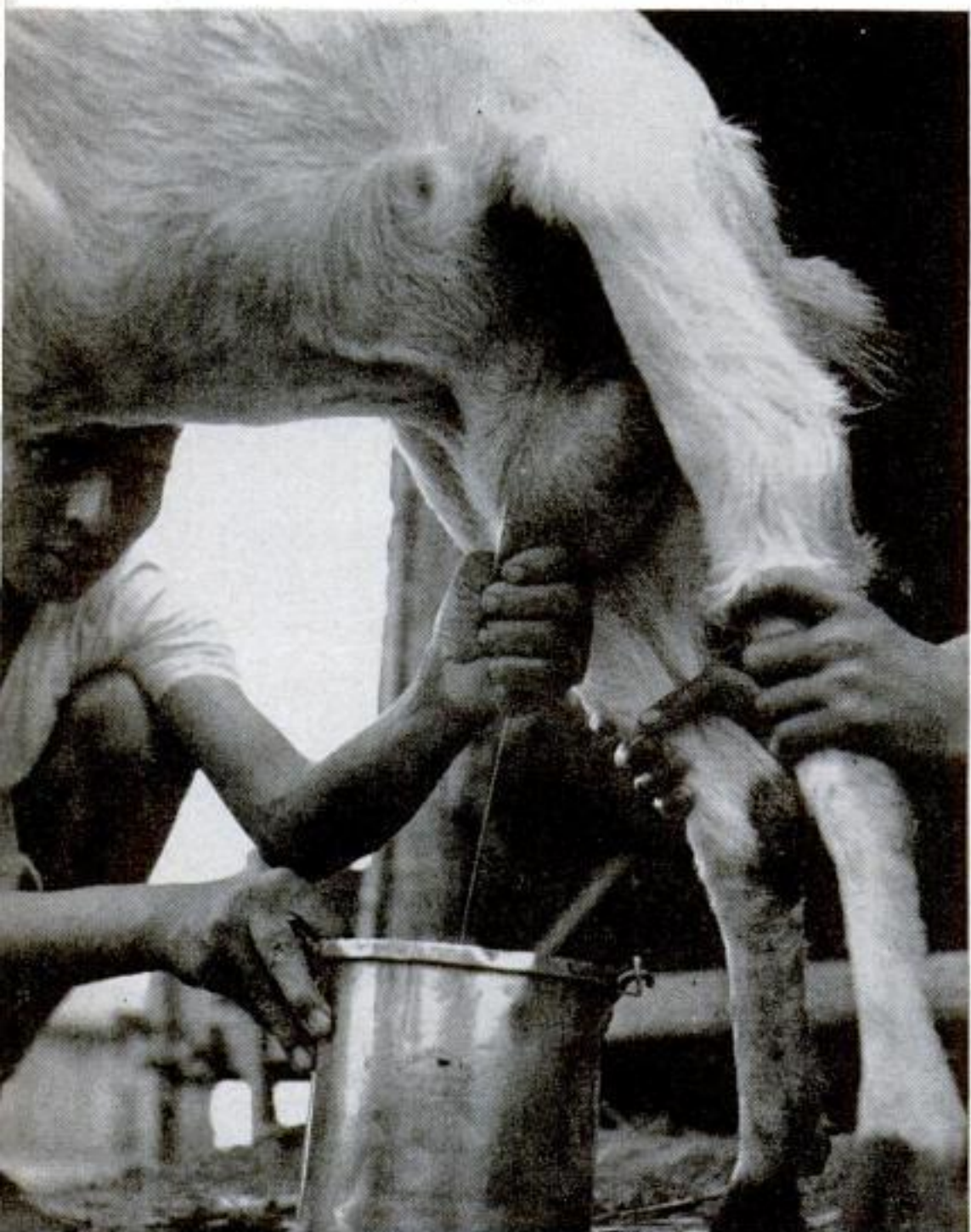
by WILLIAM E. FISHER

With Japan at its gates, India has been paralyzed by a tragic deadlock between Britain and Indian nationalists. Only the U. S. might, by its good offices, have broken that deadlock. But the U. S. failed to act and last week India reached a crisis. Gandhi's Congress, meeting at Bombay, authorized

a civil disobedience campaign to force immediate independence. A few hours later the British arrested Gandhi.

Shortly before his arrest LIFE's India correspondent visited Gandhi at home. This is his report on the little old man in the loincloth who made the Indian problem what it is today.

Gandhi leaves his office, a straw-&-stucco cottage in remote central India. Last week, following his arrest, he was "jailed" in the magnificent palace of the Aga Khan at Poona.



Milk for Mahatma comes from a herd of goats. Fruit, nuts and a touch of garlic after dinner round out his diet. Below: Gandhi's wife, Kasturbai, who married him when he was 13.



The two major sights in India are Mahatma Gandhi and the Taj Mahal, the latter preferably by moonlight. Mr. Gandhi, who lives precisely in the middle of India, is more difficult to reach. It requires countless hours of traveling to get to him, whether you start from Calcutta, Delhi or Bombay. India's trains, which combine Victorian discomfort with the world's worst climate, bring most people to Gandhiland in a mild state of collapse. This splendid isolation helps to protect Mr. Gandhi from several of his more important phobias, which include modern inventions, sex and the British Empire.

His secretary wrote saying I could come any day except Monday, the Mahatma's traditional day of silence. I took the G. I. P. express from Delhi and reached Wardha after undergoing a terrific amount of India's dust and geography. One might think the Mahatma's presence there would have resulted in such amenities as have sprung up around the Dionne quintuplets. But Wardha doesn't even have a second-rate hotel. I found quarters in a bungalow, a Kiplingesque affair with a tame snake in the rafters for the purpose of eating insects.

Next morning somebody found a taxi, a 1919 model held together with baling wire. After an arduous 14 miles I reached the Ashram, Gandhi's little settlement, shimmering in the relentless Indian sun. It is a modest collection of gray mud buildings with red tile roofs. The country all around is flat and almost naked of trees and you somehow get the same feeling of continental vastness that Nebraska gives you.

The car emitted one last explosion as we whirled through the gate. A tall Indian dressed in a white dhoti and sandals emerged from one of the houses. He explained that most Ashramites were having their siesta but he would be glad to show us around. As a matter of fact, he explained, he himself wasn't an Ashram member but a businessman from Bombay. He liked to come down sometimes, put on a dhoti and live with Mr. Gandhi. It gave him a sort of peasant feeling, he said.

While the businessman showed us around, he described life in the Ashram. There are usually about 25 people around the place, including several young ladies from foreign countries. Everybody was expected to do some work and the businessman said, "Mr. Gandhi even made me clean out my own night-soil bucket." The Ashram has its own workshops, vegetable garden and other simple amenities. There is a well with a bullock walking round and round turning the water-wheel. We stopped and watched this for a while and the businessman said it just went to show that Mr. Gandhi didn't hate machinery as much as some people thought he did.

Everybody in the Ashram calls Mr. Gandhi "Bapuji," which means father. Mr. Gandhi runs everything around the place, and is constantly giving Ashramites pep talks. He controls their diet and their private lives; the businessman confided that he had been given a couple of pretty good scoldings by Gandhi during the last two days.

While we were walking over for the interview

with Gandhi, the businessman told me how methodical Mahatma was about his daily program. Bapuji and everybody else get up at 4 o'clock in the morning for prayers, after which there is a fruit and milk breakfast. After that, Mr. Gandhi goes for his morning walk and then comes back for 45 minutes in the W. C. Bapuji does most of his newspaper reading during this interim. Then comes massage, another 45 minutes for his bath, which Gandhi uses for his book reading, then comes lunch and rest.

Mr. Gandhi's working day begins in the afternoon, which he spends in the house dictating letters, granting interviews, and generally running the vast temporal domain of countless millions of India's Hindus. He is one of the most powerful men in the world; he is the only Indian leader who has caught the imagination of the masses; and he still runs the Indian National Congress although he is not even a member. Compared to him, other Indian political leaders are as dwarfs to giants.

Indian politicians come to Ashram from all over the country, and Gandhi maintains an enormous correspondence. Otherwise news reaches him via the telephone, about the only gadget he allows around. He hates radios and has never seen a cinema. The businessman said that Mr. Gandhi rounds out his day with the evening meal attended by all the Ashramites, followed by a long walk and evening prayers.

Bapuji under a towel

By this time we had reached Gandhi's house which isn't so primitive as the newspapers would have you think. Its walls are sort of mud stucco with neat bamboo grills serving as windows. We left our shoes on the porch and, at exactly the appointed time, stepped over the threshold. Bapuji was lying on a pallet, naked to the waist, a wet towel wrapped around the upper part of his face. A youth was sitting at the foot of the pallet pulling a punka back and forth. There were a number of other Ashramites sitting about.

It was a neat little room, by no means uncomfortable. Within easy reach of the pallet stood a bookcase with the usual reference books. There were a clock, pens and pencils and piles of notes. Covering the entire floor was a nice clean mat on which we sat cross-legged, waiting for the great Hindu to speak. I could just barely discern two little eyes looking out from under the towel.

There was a sharp cackle and Mr. Gandhi piped, "Well, what can I do for you?" I began asking questions mostly referring to the Far Eastern crisis and India's position in relation to it. Bapuji would have none of them. Shrill protestations came from under the towel. "Go to practical politicians!" cracked Bapuji. At this point an Indian woman came in with a cold pack and applied it to Gandhi's stomach. The businessman took over the punka rope from the youth and began pulling fast. Gandhi did not mind indulging in a little banter, although he was anxious to avoid specific questions. He is a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

SOLDIERS' SHOES!



Just what distant lands these heavy army brogans are bound for is a military secret.

But one thing is certain. When they step off the train at camp or embarkation point, the men who wear them will be rested and ready for action. On long, cross-country trips, troops are *going Pullman!*

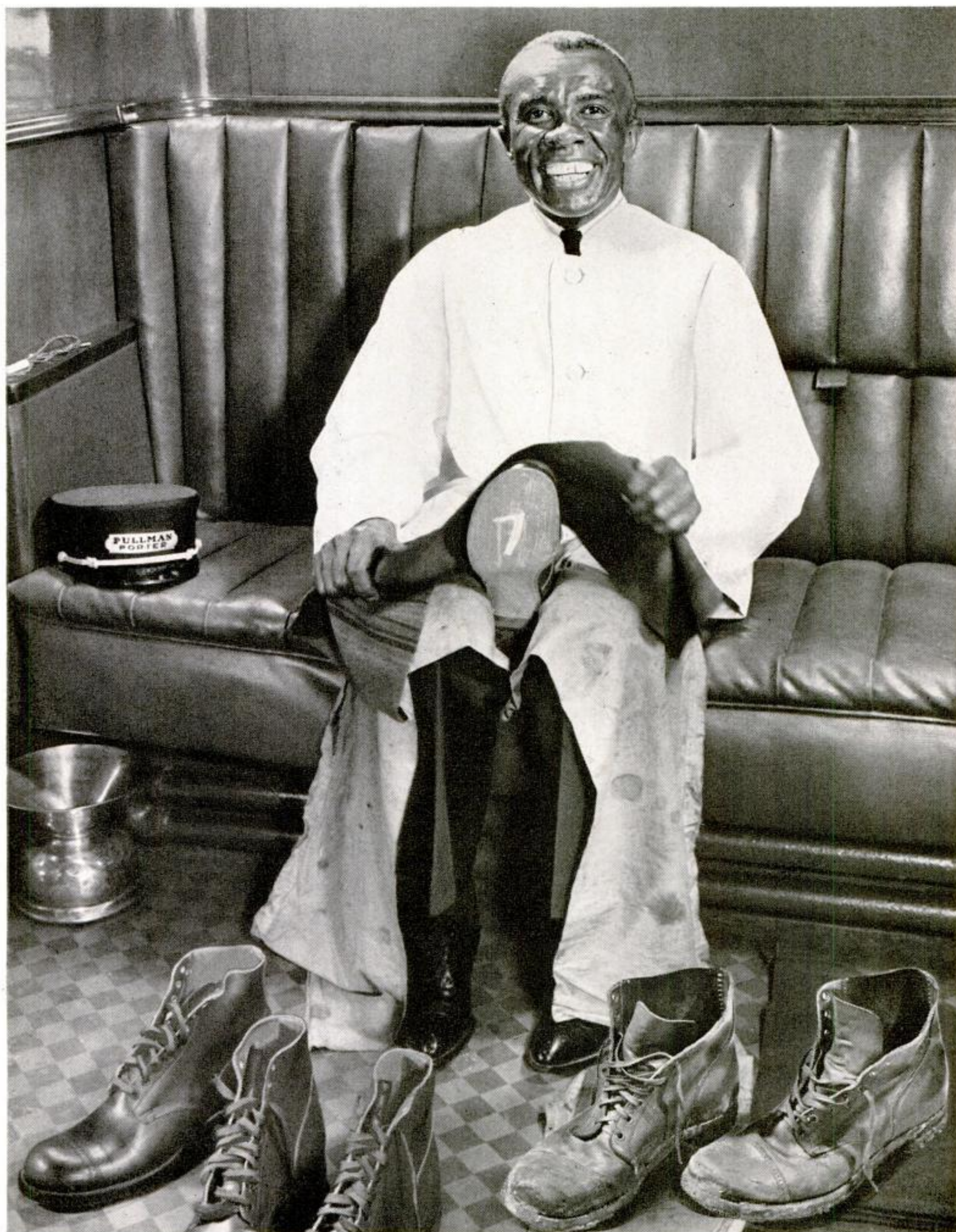
During the first six months of 1942, more than 3,000,000 soldiers, sailors and marines traveled in Pullman sleeping cars — 565,200 of them in June alone. That keeps a lot of Pullman cars in constant military service, with lots more standing by for orders day and night.

So far, Pullman has been able to handle its military duties without seriously disrupting civilian passenger service, even with troop travel at an all-time high and civilian traffic running 30 percent ahead of 1941.

But a word of caution is in order. The extent to which Pullman can *continue* to serve civilians depends considerably on *your cooperation*. For example, you can help tremendously if you will follow these four simple *wartime travel rules*:

1. *Make your Pullman reservations early.*
2. *Cancel your space promptly if plans change.*
3. *Ask your ticket salesman on what days travel is lightest and try to go on those days.*
4. *Take as little luggage as possible.*

We believe you will agree that these are sensible and necessary suggestions . . . easy for most



travellers to observe. When you do so, you help make *capacity use* of all the Pullman sleeping cars that remain available for civilian service after troop train requirements have been supplied. And

that means, you help *all* wartime travelers—yourself among them—get the “*sleep going*” they must have in order to “*keep going*” at the pace they must maintain.

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◀ “**It's sleep that counts!**” says this experienced Pullman passenger. “These days, I don't always get the exact *type* of Pullman space I ask for. But I *do* get privacy and the sleep-inviting comfort of a full-sized Pullman bed, whether I travel in an upper, a lower, a section or a room.”

**SLEEP GOING—
TO KEEP GOING—
GO PULLMAN**

KEEP YOUR PLEDGE TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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THIS FINE SHAVING CREAM NOW CONTAINS LANOLIN

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soften the skin

LANOLIN closely resembles the natural oil of the human skin. It is not a synthetic compound, but is derived from soft fleece.

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Williams Shaving Cream with Lanolin has all the fine features that men have learned to rely on in Williams shaving soaps. It has the rich, dense lather that wilts whiskers completely soft. It holds water through the slowest of shaves. And it lets fast shavers zip safely along.

You get all these advantages of Williams Shaving Cream—*plus* Lanolin. The Lanolin helps relieve the taut, sore feeling that so often follows a close shave. It leaves your face feeling softer and supple... soothed and refreshed.

THE FINEST CREAM WE'VE MADE

This new Williams Shaving Cream with Lanolin is not just another shaving cream. So definite are its advantages that we feel we can sincerely call it the finest shaving cream to bear the Williams name. And Williams has meant *quality* for over 100 years.

Try this improved new Williams Shaving Cream right away. See if you don't get closer shaves without irritation. Actually *feel* how the Lanolin soothes your face... leaves your skin feeling pleasantly softer and smoother.

Ernest B. Hurlburt
PRESIDENT



BORIS KARLOFF



PAUL LUKAS



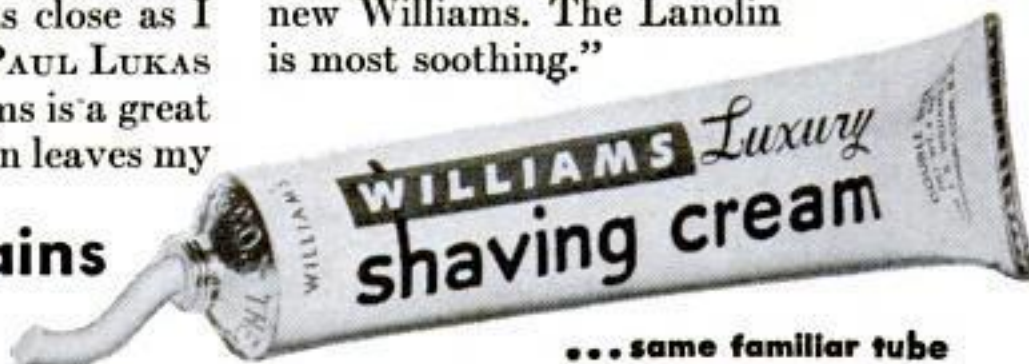
C. AUBREY SMITH

ACTORS' FACES ARE EXTRA SENSITIVE

Removing make-up punishes the skin, yet actors *must* be clean-shaven. BORIS KARLOFF says: "The new Williams lets me shave as close as I like without irritation." PAUL LUKAS tells us: "The new Williams is a great improvement. The Lanolin leaves my

skin feeling soft, smooth and pliant." C. AUBREY SMITH says: "I can shave closely with comfort when I use the new Williams. The Lanolin is most soothing."

NOW contains
LANOLIN



... same familiar tube

GANDHI AT HOME (continued)

genius in the use of English, has a tongue that can cut like a razor and a moment later turn a singularly beautiful phrase. He is Bernard Shaw one minute and St. Francis the next. In a few minutes he had everybody in the room laughing, and sometimes he did quite a lot of cackling himself from under the wet towel. His secretary and an Indian woman, closely related to the ruling maharaja of an Indian state, sat by the pallet taking everything down until the interview came to an end.

I was invited to stay for the evening meal which was held on a long porch by the communal kitchen. The whole of Ashram attended, everybody sitting cross-legged in long rows. Mr. Gandhi sat in the most prominent position, where he could see everything going on. He directed operations even to the point of telling a couple of lady guests that if they wanted to eat with their dog they would have to go somewhere else. They quickly removed the dog.

Gandhi seated me next to a very beautiful Indian girl who in turn was sitting next to him. She told me she was a Ph.D. Some men in dhotis passed around with big copper cauldrons filled with raw and cooked vegetables, mostly carrots, and trays of coarse brown bread. We also had nuts, goat's milk and oranges. Every few minutes Mr. Gandhi would peek around the girl and urge me to make greater exertion with my vegetables. Pointing an accusing finger he would cackle: "Mr. Fisher, Mr. Fisher, you aren't eating your carrots."

The only one among us favored with anything else was Gandhi's wife, Kasturbai. She sat next to him, a tragic shriveled-up little creature, eating some special American tonic preparations. I was told she had been very ill, this being one of the first meals she had taken with the others for a long time. She had, I think, one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw, a face filled with devotion and kindness. Gentle and enduring spirit seemed to shine through her wrinkles.

Resemblance to Mickey Mouse

But Gandhi comes almost as a shock to anyone with preconceptions. There is little that attracts you about his face except perhaps when he smiles. It is sharp and there is a surprising hardness in it, asceticism plus shrewdness. His little eyes move behind large silver-rimmed glasses. His nose is large and beaky and his bald pate flanked by outsized ears. One member of the Congress Working Committee thinks Gandhi looks like Mickey Mouse.

After the meal is over, everybody is supposed to go walking with Bapuji. That night as usual he took the lead, leaning on two people, with all the Ashramites following behind. The sun was going down and the gaunt and barren countryside took on an almost friendly appearance in the rose-tinted light of departing day. Gandhi made jokes and ripples of laughter ran through his band of disciples. It is an unforgettable sight, this little man in a loincloth with his followers about him here in the heart of India. His name will never be forgotten, in India or beyond her borders.

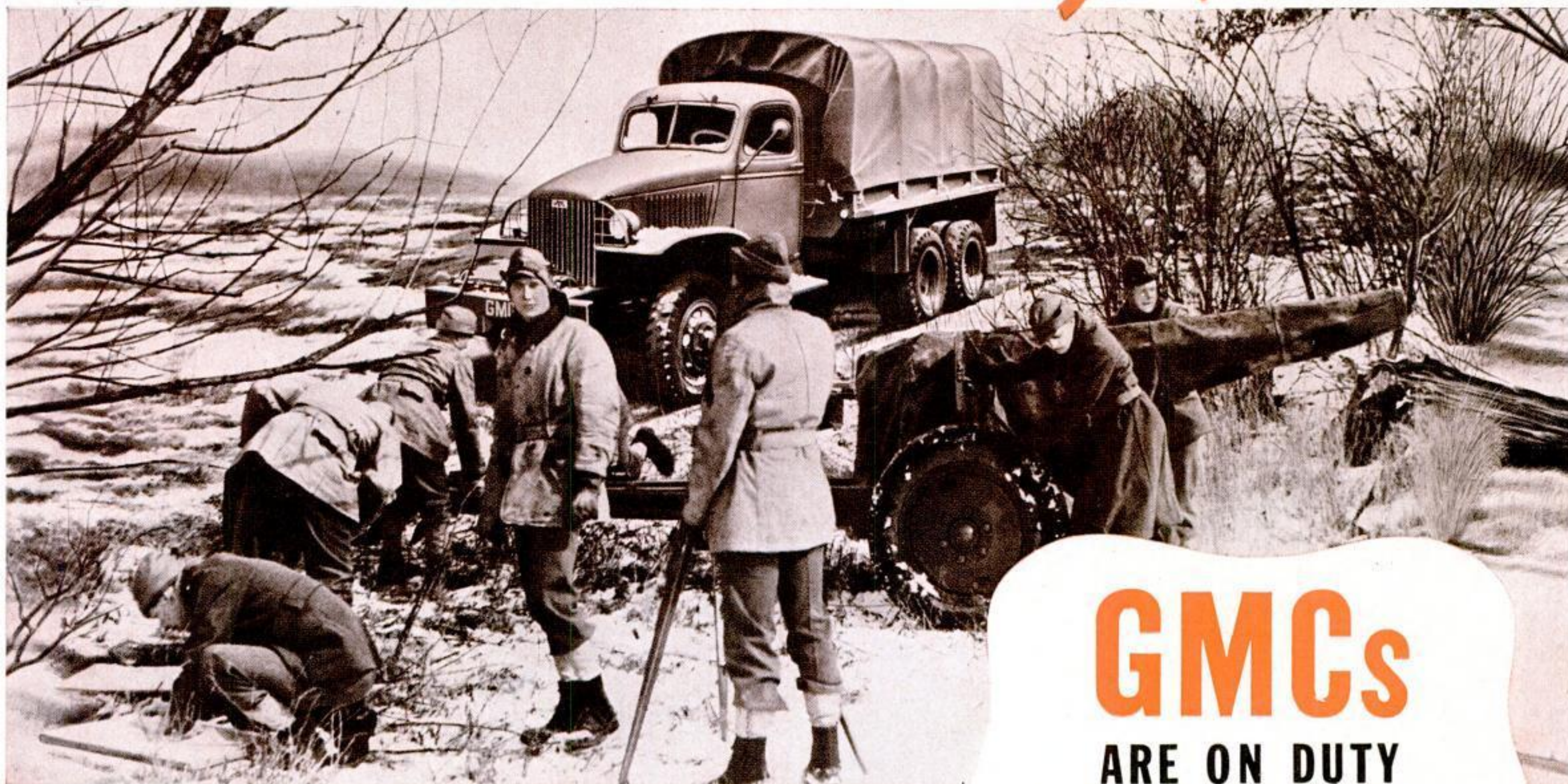
After the walk we all came back to Ashram for prayers. The sun had gone down, people brought lanterns and sat on the ground. Gandhi, wearing a white scarf, sat apart facing the Ashramites, his back against a wooden support. They chanted and sang, and after it was all over names were read out and each reported how much spinning he had done. It was time to go and after saying goodbye the Ashramites stood and watched the miracle of my departure in our foolish little car. We negotiated the gate with a spectacular series of explosions and clattered down the road to Wardha. A little later I looked back and could see the lights of the Ashram twinkling out one by one under the great bowl of the star-flecked Indian sky.



On his daily walk, Gandhi enjoys company of young girls who come to live in the great man's rural colony. Alone in center is Madeleine Slade, his English disciple.



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In Army Camps from Maine to California . . . on battle fronts from Iceland to Australia . . . GMC military vehicles, thousands strong, are pulling guns, transporting troops, moving munitions and supplies. And at home, vital loads of war goods and war weapons are rolling, in

larger quantity than ever before, on GMC commercial trucks. GMC-built Yellow Coaches, too, are doing their part carrying thousands of war workers to hundreds of war production plants. GMCs are on duty for the duration, on war front and on home front!

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Picture of a
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Riding Home to
toast America with
a drink of the Best
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OF EVERYTHING!



THE BEST OF THE TIMES... and the Best of Products in every field, including the World's Best Whiskey! From Schenley's vast reserves, the largest in the U. S. A. — you get the best whiskeys from Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Maryland — blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness. It's unique — it's America's Best — try it tonight!

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GINGER DRESSES UP AS A 12-YEAR-OLD IN STATION



SHE FINDS A "FATHER" TO BUY HER HALF-FARE TICKET HOME



ON TRAIN SHE MEETS A MAJOR WITH EYE TROUBLE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Major and The Minor

Ginger Rogers wows 300 cadets

"Ever hear of Stevenson, Iowa? Nobody ever has. Dull. People there just walk around on two legs. Cars run on four wheels. The grass is plain green."

With this comment on her home town, pretty Susan Applegate decides she is fed up with New York and is going back to Stevenson, green grass and all. At the station Susan whips out her exact train fare, \$27.50, which she has hoarded for a year, only to find fare has been raised. So smart Susan dresses up like a 12-year-old girl, starts home on half fare. And thus begins Paramount's *The Major And The Minor*.

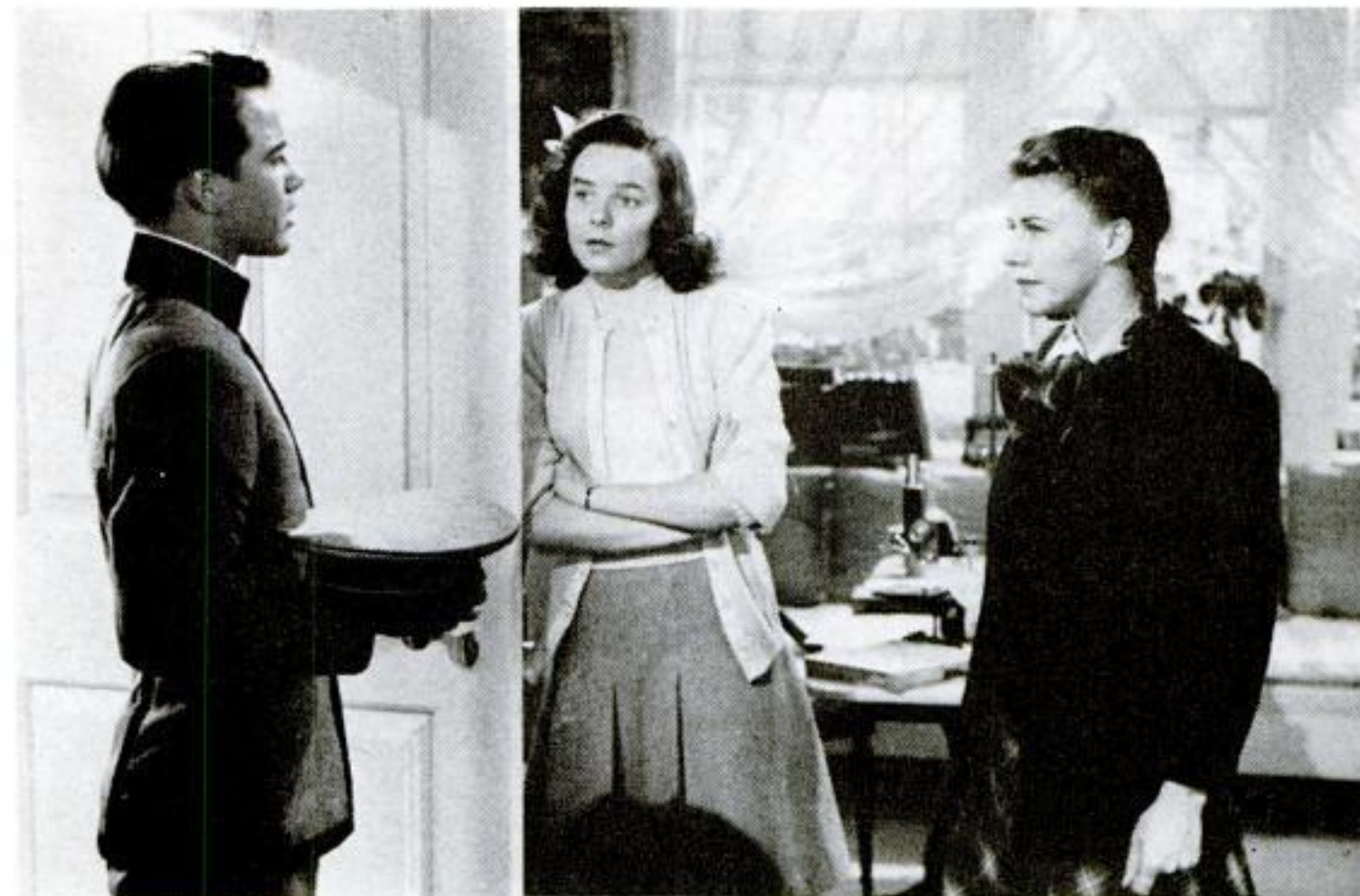
The major in this case is Ray Milland, the minor

is Ginger Rogers. They meet on a train when Ginger, running from a suspicious conductor, breaks into the major's compartment, says she is sick at her stomach and soon has him telling bedtime stories. Later, when train is stalled, the major offers to send a wire to Ginger's mother: "Met your daughter on train and looked out for her last night. . . . As we cannot proceed on account of high water, I am taking her home with me. Don't worry." Says the major, "Will that fix it?" Says Ginger, "It'll certainly fix Mother."

Ginger's later mix-ups in a kids' military school make one of the year's freshest and funniest movies.



To a boys' military school Ginger is taken, after her train is stalled, by her major friend who turns out to be an instructor. Still posing as a kid, she sinks deeper into hot water.



Cadet Lieutenant Anthony Wigton Jr., in the full dignity of his 15 years, comes to date up Ginger who is rooming with the little daughter (Diana Lynn) of an official at the school.



"Do you know you're very cruel?" accuses a very romantic young cadet, spurned by Ginger on a bike ride. In kindness she admits, "I did like the way you can wiggle your ears."



Explaining the facts of life, the flustered major (Ray Milland) warns Ginger against junior wolves, tells her she is like an electric light bulb with swarms of moths flapping around her.



It's the trained man who does most to "keep 'em flying"! Would modern training make you a better soldier on the industrial front? Mail this coupon for free booklet.

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Popular Hollywood Star

It is a **WOW**—made with **FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE**

And here's all you do to make this zesty, appetite-tickling drink: To each glassful plain tomato juice add a little salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix—serve cold. You'll enjoy the rich, new flavor this famous Worcestershire gives! Start your meal right—tonight—with a **WOW!**

Top-Notch Quality at half the price



"The Major And The Minor" (continued)



Ginger learns about love from smooth Cadet Wigton (Raymond Roe) whose routine is practiced by all junior wolves. It starts innocently when he deplores the futility of stationary defense. Then Wolf Wigton really warms up: "Want to know how Sedan was taken? (He points to her lips.) This is Sedan . . . weak link between



the big Maginot Line and the little Maginot Line. (He extends his right arm.) Now, the flank of the German Army swung around through the Netherlands and Belgium. (He swings arm around.) Then a panzer division smacked right through here." (He kisses her.) Ginger, in a surprised adult voice: "Why, you little devil."



THE VERONICA LAKE INFLUENCE SWEEPS THE MEMBERS OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL WHO COME TO A PARTY WHERE GINGER IS QUEEN



Unwilling Saboteur

• No one has whispered to him, "Slow down, Jack." He just hasn't heart left to keep up the pace.

Last week he was top producing punch press operator in a bomber plant—like every good American, doing more than his share. Then driving home one night his tired eyes fluttered shut . . . opened a split second too late . . . and that oncoming car was a twisted wreck. Now gnawing worry is making Jack an unwilling saboteur. He's wasting precious man hours for bombers. He can't keep his mind on his work.

His treasured savings will pay a small part of the stiff judgment against him. But what about the rest? His earnings will be mortgaged for years to come . . . because he thought he didn't need insurance on his car.

What happened to Jack is happening every day. It can happen to you . . . if your car is not insured.

**Now More Than Ever, You
Can't Afford Needless Risks**



explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Insurance Co.

"Never before has insurance protection been more important, whether you drive a few blocks or many

miles. Yet many drivers are still risking their security by being without this protection.

"For 20 years we at State Farm have believed that auto insurance is so important it should not be expensive. So we pioneered economies that we figure have saved State Farm insured drivers over \$50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance.

"For example, we save you money by *renewing* your State Farm Mutual policy every six months (so long as the risk remains the same), instead of *reissuing* it. You pay the acquisition cost of your policy not once a year, but once in a *lifetime*, and your premiums are easier to meet, too.

"Because we offer *more insurance for your money*, over a million drivers have availed themselves of State Farm protection. State Farm Mutual is now the largest automobile casualty company in the world! We do business in cities and rural areas in 40 states, through 7,000 licensed representatives. *State Farm offers similar economies in life insurance too.*

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan*. Just mail the coupon today."

Booklet also covers State Farm's popular 80% Collision Plan, Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service, and 3-Way Savings in Car Financing.

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Please send me your booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.



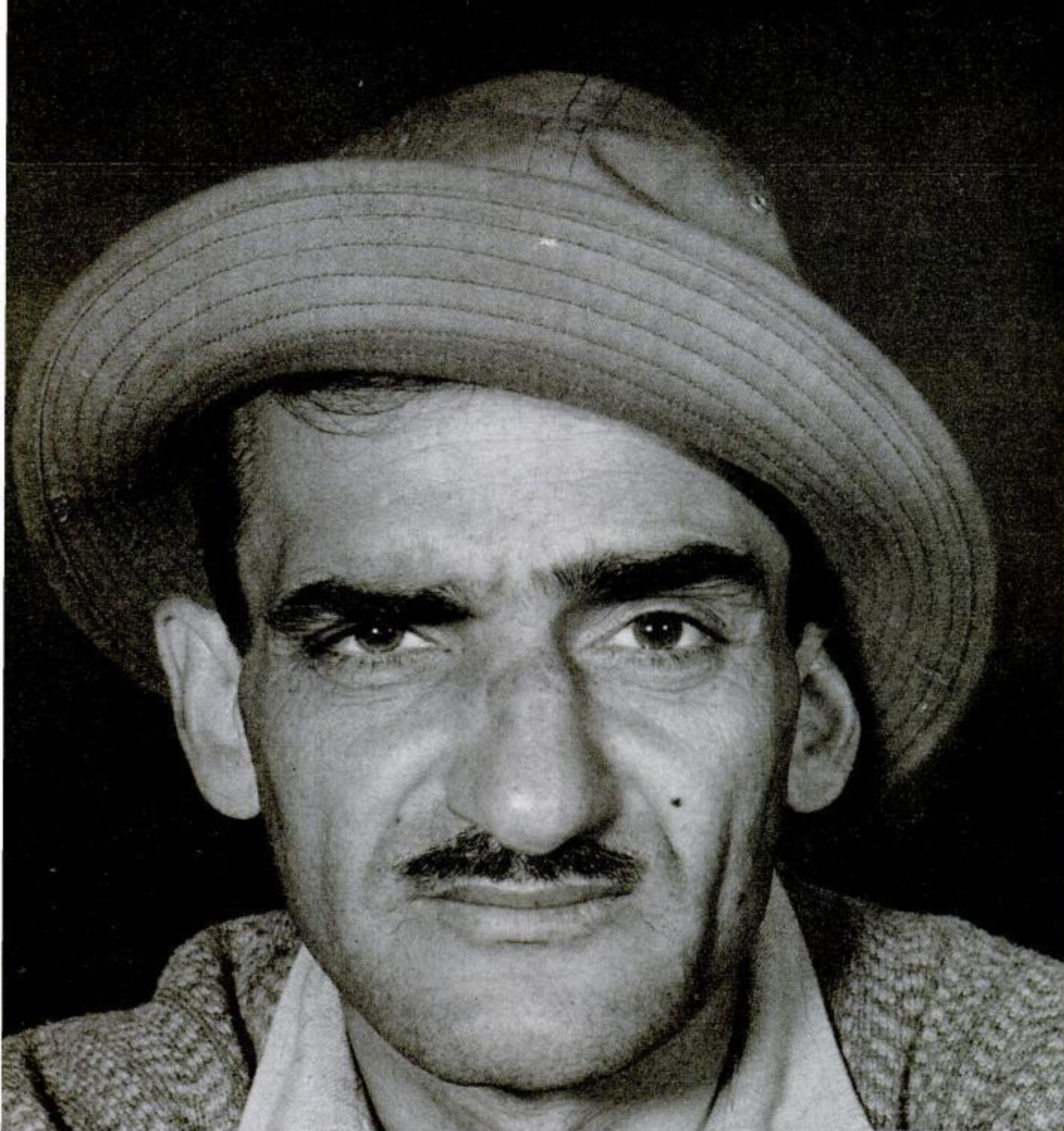
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BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!



HOW TO BE A GUERRILLA

"Yank" Levy preaches the art he has practiced

The first U. S. training school for teaching guerrilla fighting was inaugurated this summer at Concord, Mass. under the supervision of Gen. Sherman Miles, commander of the First Corps Area. The job of instructing 76 middle-aged State Guardsmen and 30 Army men was given to scrappy Bert ("Yank") Levy (left), 45-year-old Canadian-born soldier of fortune. Yank, a veteran of four wars and author of a textbook on guerrilla fighting, last year served on the staff of a British Home Guard school, and was recently asked by the British War Office to resume this post.

Guerrilla warfare is the term used to describe all the impromptu methods of fighting employed by people who live in an area occupied or surrounded by the enemy. Its tactics embody all the harassing, irritating, hit-and-run kinds of fighting which irregular troops and civilians have utilized to sting and slow the organized machinery of the Axis in China, Russia, the Philippines and Occupied Europe. According to Yank, the specific objectives of guerrilla warfare have been summed up best by the leader of a nation which is daily proving the value of behind-the-lines fighting, Joseph Stalin. In an order of the day broadcast to the Russians after the Nazi invasion, Stalin proclaimed: "In areas occupied by the enemy, guerrilla units must be formed . . . to blow up bridges and roads, to damage telegraph and telephone lines, to set fire to forests, stores and transport. In the occupied regions conditions must be made unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices. They must be hounded and annihilated at every step and all their measures frustrated."

Most of Yank Levy's hand-to-hand fighting methods violate the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Guerrilla warfare is neither easy nor pleasant. It is more exhausting mentally, physically and nervously than any other form of combat. A good guerrilla must be cool when the going is hottest. He must weigh obedience, teamwork and initiative at every turn. Besides knowing how to fight, he must know when and where so that he strikes against whatever the enemy lacks most. To survive he must know every inch of his territory by day and night. Against a better-equipped enemy he must always make the most of his three intangible weapons: caution, invisibility and surprise. Pictures on how a guerrilla learns to use these weapons follow.

Yank Levy looks tough, is tough, fights tough. A thin little black-haired man with a bombastic voice and a broken nose, Yank has made a career of the quick, quiet kill. He has fought in Palestine and Trans-jordan, Mexico, Nicaragua and Spain. On his record as a Loyalist guerrilla leader he became a Home Guard instructor in Britain and the U.S. Below, Yank shows how to attack an enemy sentry from behind.



Knives are indispensable tools of the guerrilla's trade. These are part of Yank Levy's collection. In a fight, he carries one under his sleeve, one suspended from his neck.



Antitank trench, camouflaged from the front, can be manned by one guerrilla armed with grenades. He can retreat into any corner after lobbing grenade at close range.



Side crawl for moving secretly and silently is demonstrated here by Yank Levy. The muzzle of the rifle is held in his right hand, the stock resting against the left thigh.



Cat crawl on all fours is faster. Yank has the trainees practice this crawl by creeping through a low wire tunnel which soon cures any tendency to carry the rear end high.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PREM: *1 minute*

NEXT: *Good old potato salad*
(GARNISHED WITH TOMATOES, WATERCRESS)

WHEN? *When company comes hungry*



Sugar-cured
BY THE MAKERS OF
**SWIFT'S PREMIUM
HAM!**



That's the beauty of Prem. It is company-quality meat ready to serve! And you can always have it on hand.

Prem is made of fresh lean meat. Its flavor secret? Not spices, not heavy seasonings, but sugar-curing in the exclusive Swift's Premium way.

Prem is highly nutritious. Hot or cold, it makes *satisfying*, quick meals at little cost. Get some extra cans for *when company comes*.

SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

SERVE THIS ROYAL DESSERT—



without unlocking
your **Sugar Bowl!**



RECIPE

ROYAL MOCHA-CHOKLIT CREAM

- 1 package Royal Chocolate Pudding
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup strong Chase and Sanborn Coffee
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Next time it's special-treat time, put on a one-woman exhibition of sheer wisdom with this Royal Mocha-Choklit Cream! It's luscious velvety Royal Chocolate Pudding, plus the rich, heady flavor of coffee. And, lady, you'll never serve anything that will win you more praise per serving!

Mix Royal Chocolate Pudding with milk. Add coffee and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until it comes to a boil. Cool. When cold, fold in whipped cream (to which salt has been added (re-serve a little whipped cream for garnish)). Arrange 4 vanilla cookies in each serving dish, pour in pudding. Chill. Before serving, garnish with whipped cream. 6-8 servings.

The whole family will bless you with every spoonful! Like all Royal Puddings, it's a perfect cinch to make—and costs right next to nothing!



Want a Book Load of Sugar-Savers?

Send for Royal's grand NEW Recipe Book with over 50 dessert recipes that don't need one grain of added sugar! 171 unusual recipes altogether for everything from soup to nuts! Just send 10¢ to Standard Brands, Dept. M., 691 Washington Street, New York City. (While they last!)



Women buy more
ROYAL puddings
than any other kind!

How to be a Guerrilla (continued)



Electrified fence is presented as a tactical problem to guerrilla trainees. They decide safest way to surmount the obstacle is to throw as many men as possible over top.



Hidden in a foxhole, this sentry is keeping a sharp eye on the highway ahead for enemy movements. He often listens, ear to ground, for sounds of approaching troops.



To get a message lying across a theoretical "bottomless canyon" (between strings), guerrillas are taught to make a long pincers by tying sticks or branches together.



Road block to delay motorized units is built by Engineers Corps as trainees watch. Barbed wire, wound around stout poles, stretches across the road like an accordion.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

★ RENÉE OF HOLLYWOOD ★



Renée looked swell in a sweater,
She was Campus Queen—Hooray!
She said—"ACADEMY'S BALANCED SUPPORT
Made me what I am today!"

Renée then worked in an office,
Full of youth, appeal and vim.
She won her boss over completely,
'Cause **ACADEMY** kept her so trim!



Renée took up Fashion Modeling,
She posed in sheer silks and furs.
'Twas **BALANCED SUPPORT** made others say,
"Oh, for a figure like hers!"

Renée has Movie Stardom now,
Millionaires pay her their court.
Her future is in the making—
A gift of **BALANCED SUPPORT**!

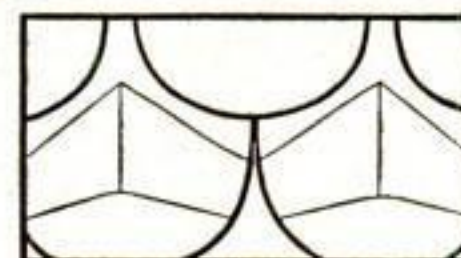


★ Thus ends our little story,
We hope you like it too.
Since **ACADEMY BRA**
Did that for Renée,
What won't it do for YOU!

See **ACADEMY** at your
favorite brassiere counter

RENÉE OF HOLLYWOOD
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—an exclusive discovery, by Renée of
Hollywood, makes straps and bra body
inseparably one—equalizing bust
weight and pull, supporting and sepa-
rating the breasts naturally, with
comfort and fit never before achieved.
*Pat. Pending



New! Red Heart 3-flavor Dog Food Now Dehydrated!



Each package contains 12 oz., equal in food value to 2½ cans of canned Red Heart

The Same Well-balanced, Basic Formula as Canned Red Heart

Over 50% Meat and Meat By-products —
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Let your dog judge! Watch him go for new Red Heart—the genuine dehydrated dog food in 3 flavors. Actually contains 50% or more wholesome, federally inspected meat and meat by-products—more than enough to satisfy every dog's "meat hunger." Requires no supplementary feeding!

Scientifically Dehydrated

New Red Heart is a genuine dehydrated dog food—not to be confused with dry dog food or dog biscuit meal. Moisture is scientifically extracted at low temperature. This costly process retains the rich, natural taste and original aroma of the meat. No artificial flavorings or preservatives have been added!

More Vitamin Benefits!

Red Heart DEHYDRATED is laboratory- and kennel-proved. Provides an abundance of all essential

vitamins and minerals—even more per carton than canned Red Heart. Prepared to the same well-balanced, basic formula as canned Red Heart, with moisture removed.

A Thrifty Buy!

In food value each carton of Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food actually equals 2½ cans of canned Red Heart. Packed in 12-oz., moisture-proof cartons to assure most possible food value in smallest possible package... to comply with Government conservation program. 3 cartons (Diets A, B, C) feed 20-lb. dog over a week!

Easy to Feed

Just add water. Absorbs water instantly—no waiting! The speed with which Red Heart DEHYDRATED absorbs water is proof of genuine dehydration. No refrigeration needed. For taste variety feed 3 flavors in rotation.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FREE! Popular RED HEART DOG LOCKET

Don't lose your dog! Send for handsome, NEW, IMPROVED Red Heart Identification Locket. Has space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. Absolutely free! Just send one label from a carton of Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 48, Ottumwa, Ia. This introductory offer expires Sept. 30, 1942.

RED HEART

DEHYDRATED
THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD
FEED IN ROTATION

How To Be a Guerrilla (continued)



Scouting truck is protected against grenades by a chicken-wire covering. The men in the lorry are searching for enemy parachutists who are usually armed with grenades.



Smell tests are given to blindfolded trainees by H. Wendell Endicott and Yank Levy. An acutely developed olfactory sense is invaluable to guerrillas for night fighting.



Homemade grenades are essential weapons for partisan warfare. About 14 in. long, they are easily constructed with commercial blasting glycerin as the explosive base.

*"He said, 'Mother,
you never looked
nicer' . . .*



*"And all the time I was
wearing **elastic
stockings!**"*

Many women have this experience . . . with Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings. These perfectly made stockings are not conspicuous—even under sheer chiffon hose.

These fashioned-to-fit "Lastex" stockings have two-way stretch, are light, cool and comfortable. In addition, they have an exclusive fashioned instep that helps prevent unsightly wrinkles.

If your doctor has prescribed elastic stockings, see these Bauer & Black Stockings at drug, department or surgical supply stores. 7 styles for men and women. Accepted by American Medical Association, Council on Physical Therapy.

*Comfortable relief from
surface varicose veins!*



FREE! . . . INTERESTING BOOKLET ON ELASTIC STOCKINGS! Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. EC-56, 2500 S. Dearborn, Chicago. (In Canada, Leaside (Toronto), Ontario.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



SNAKE LAYS EGGS

Last spring, just after hibernation time, a male blue racer in Texas sidled up to a female blue racer and rubbed his head fondly along her back. In due time, the two snakes mated and then the male, like most snakes, went off and forgot all about the female. A few weeks later, the female's body was bumpy with big eggs (*see picture at left*). She coiled up in a corner of her cage and, as Fritz Goro took this unique set of pictures, she began to lay her eggs. It took her almost all day, the 28 eggs emerging at irregular intervals.

The eggs were ovoid in shape and had tough elastic shells. When laid they were about two-thirds the size of chicken eggs but, like many snake eggs, they grew a third in size during incubation. Most snakes are hatched in late summer or early fall, giving them barely time to get used to life before cold sets in and they hibernate.

Female snakes lay their eggs in warm places. They do not hatch the eggs but sometimes stay around to guard them. When ready to emerge, a baby snake pierces its shell with a sharp "egg tooth" on the tip of its snout. Many U. S. snakes—rattlers, copperheads, moccasins, water snakes, garter snakes—bear living young, each baby being born enclosed in a transparent sac. Very few snake mothers pay any attention to offspring once they have been born.





CALIFORNIA'S SHASTA DAM will create a 35-mile-long lake . . . and spill over its rim a man-made waterfall three times the height of Niagara!

"Mix well...and set aside 100 years to cool"

THE "RECIPE" for building such a structure as Shasta Dam would read something like the above—if there were no means to cool the setting concrete *artificially*.

For a cubic yard of concrete must give off tens of thousands of B.T.U.'s of chemically generated heat before it becomes a stone monolith. And 6,000,000 cubic yards of concrete are being poured.

The U. S. Government wants Shasta in a hurry—it will generate 375,000 kilowatts of electricity, power that can speed war production. America can't wait 100 years . . .

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories where 1481 scientists and technicians are at work, they found how to get

anhydrous ammonia from petroleum gas and air. This is being supplied by Shell to the contractors building Shasta Dam—as it was supplied for Boulder Dam.

The concrete, as it is poured, is laced with iron pipe—hundreds of miles of it. Through this pipe, ammonia-chilled water is pumped in a rushing stream, carrying away the billions of B.T.U.'s of surplus heat which must be dissipated before the dam is usable.

Ammonia produced by Shell, by chemical sleight of hand, from petroleum gas, is the key to this vast cooling system.

Horizons widen through Shell research. The knowledge of petroleum molecules necessary to get ammonia from petroleum, "comes home"

to you in scores of other ways: It has led to better food crops, better clothing at lower cost, more effective drugs—even beauty aids and toilet accessories . . .

You get a share of this advancing knowledge of Shell scientists with every purchase of Shell gasoline or motor oil

Oil is ammunition - use it wisely.





A TANKER IS SUNK

Just before dawn one day last May, a loaded tanker from Texas was off the coast of Florida, headed north with her valuable and inflammable cargo of oil. Her crew was restive and uneasy. Ever since leaving their Gulf Coast port, they had been alert. Now the strain was beginning to tell. Axis submarines had begun to stalk the sea lanes of the Gulf and Florida coasts in force. They were looking for just such a tempting prize as this—a 10,000-ton tanker slogging steadily, but too slowly, along the coastal waterways—and the crew knew it. Some of them lay in their bunks below decks, trying to get a little sleep to quiet their tight-strung nerves. Others watched valves and gauges, bearings and dials in the hot engine room. Some leaned over the rails in the close, gray dawn and waited.

Suddenly it came. A gigantic sledge hammer crashed through the starboard plates,



slightly forward of the bridge. A submarine's torpedo had struck at last and the stricken tanker belched great clouds of oily smoke from her forward tanks. It was useless for the Navy gun crew to man their gun on the stern. The submarine lay in the darkness from which the torpedo had come. And now great waves of blistering heat began to make even breathing impossible. The heat seared lungs and singed hair, it beat like surf on the dazed men running up from below decks. There was nothing to do but leave and so the lifeboats were lowered, circled the ship to pick up men struggling in the oil-scummed water, then pulled away from the burning hulk and the shipmates who would never sail again.

A few hours after the torpedo struck, an Army plane from a Florida air base on early morning patrol sighted the towering column of smoke and flew over the tanker.

In the plane was LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel, and as it swung over the wreck he leaned out and took pictures of its distress. He noted the empty davits, the forlorn gun on the stern, the gaping hole into which the sea was pouring, forcing out thousands of tons of burning oil. His plane circled for a few minutes, continued its patrol and then returned to the field. There Kessel obtained permission to fly back to the ship and take a color picture of its death throes. Late in the afternoon he took off again and after searching for a few minutes found it some miles from the spot where it had been torpedoed. Now, after twelve hours of fire, the flames were lower but they still licked malevolently along the plates. Coming in close, he got this remarkable picture of the deserted, dying ship, drifting hopelessly in the blue evening sea, waiting for the water to fill her shell and send her decently to the bottom.



"I'm going to learn First Aid, if it kills you!" beamed Elsie

"DO I HAVE to lie here trussed up like an infernal mummy for the rest of my life?" bellowed Elmer, the bull.

"Be patient, Elmer," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Everything has to be exactly right, you know."

"Couldn't you be wrong . . . just once?" sighed Elmer.

"Of course not, the Borden inspectors wouldn't let me," laughed Elsie. "Their whole job is to see that my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* and all the grand things made from it are as nearly perfect as possible."

"Perfection, bah!" snorted Elmer. "In about five minutes . . ."

"In five minutes, any woman can make perfectly marvelous chocolate frosting with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*," interrupted Elsie.



"Eagle Brand is the short-cut way to make loads of delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar. Don't wiggle, Elmer, I'm tying a square knot."

"I was trying to say," yelled Elmer, "that in about five minutes, I'll need an ambulance! Ouch, that's too tight! Dear, have you ever thought of taking up some *other branch* of war work?"

"I've not only thought of it, I've done it," answered Elsie. "Our army uses carloads of my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* and so do our allies. It's so very



digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And it gives both soldiers and ordinary citizens the smoothest cream soups and the fluffiest mashed potatoes you ever saw."

"To get back to First Aid," said Elmer hastily, "how about letting me try a few bandages on *you* . . . just for a change?"

"One of the very nicest changes I know," enthused Elsie, "comes over youngsters and oldsters when they start drinking HEMO — Borden's new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. HEMO tastes like a super-elegant malted milk, and it does wonders for folks who need more vitamins and minerals."

"For the last time," rumbled Elmer, "will you let



me do some bandaging? I've got rights. You can't treat me like this! I . . ."

"I know a wonderful way for a wife to treat her husband," chuckled Elsie, as she started to untie Elmer's bandages. "Treat him to golden *Borden's Chateau*. M-m-m, what a ripe, mellow cheese flavor! And *Chateau* is only one of the distinguished family



of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* . . . there, I've untied the last knot. Now, you can try bandaging."

Elmer started thumbing through the First Aid Book. "I wonder how you start," he mumbled. "A-a-h, here it is. Let's see . . . 'First, keep perfectly cool' . . ."

"It's fun to keep cool," smiled Elsie, "when you keep cool with a plate of smooth, mouth-watering *Borden's Ice Cream*. This luscious treat is more than



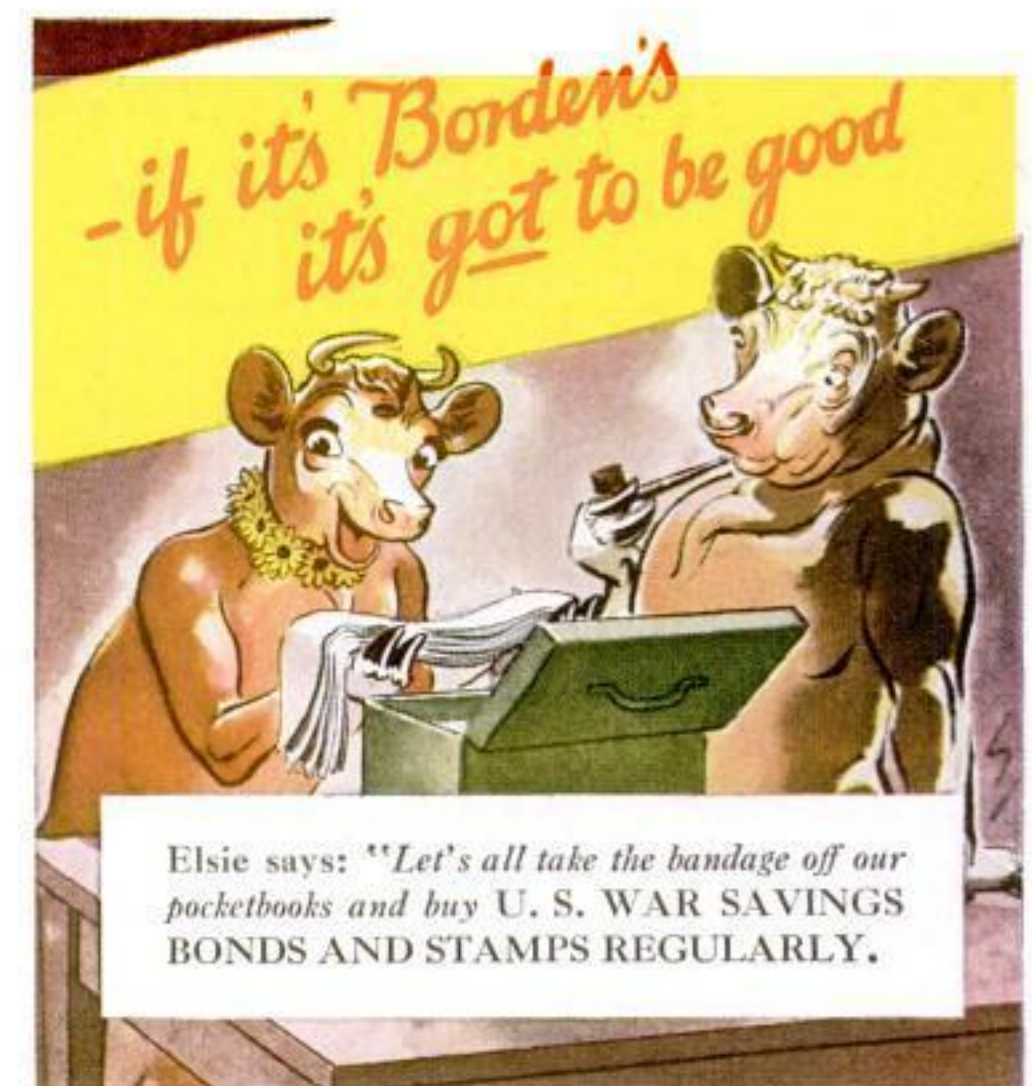
fun — it's a valuable food! . . . Why, Elmer, that's quite a neat bandage. What's it for?"

"It's a fractured tail bandage," boomed Elmer triumphantly. "See, it's just like diagram 41 in the book."

"So it is," gasped Elsie. "Elmer, this is really wonderful!"

"Aw, it's just a bandage," protested Elmer, puffing up with pride.

"But, don't you see?" said Elsie. "When *you* can make a bandage like this, it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that 'If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'"



© Borden Company



IN PAINTING FACTORY FOR WAR SUBJECTS, MACARTHUR IS THE TOP-SELLING HERO

A curious new war industry is represented by the line of California artists pictured above. They are members of a Los Angeles unit of the Federal Art Project who were ordered to paint only war subjects after Dec. 7. "Your job now," said their supervisor, Lorser Seitelson, "is to make the boys happy."

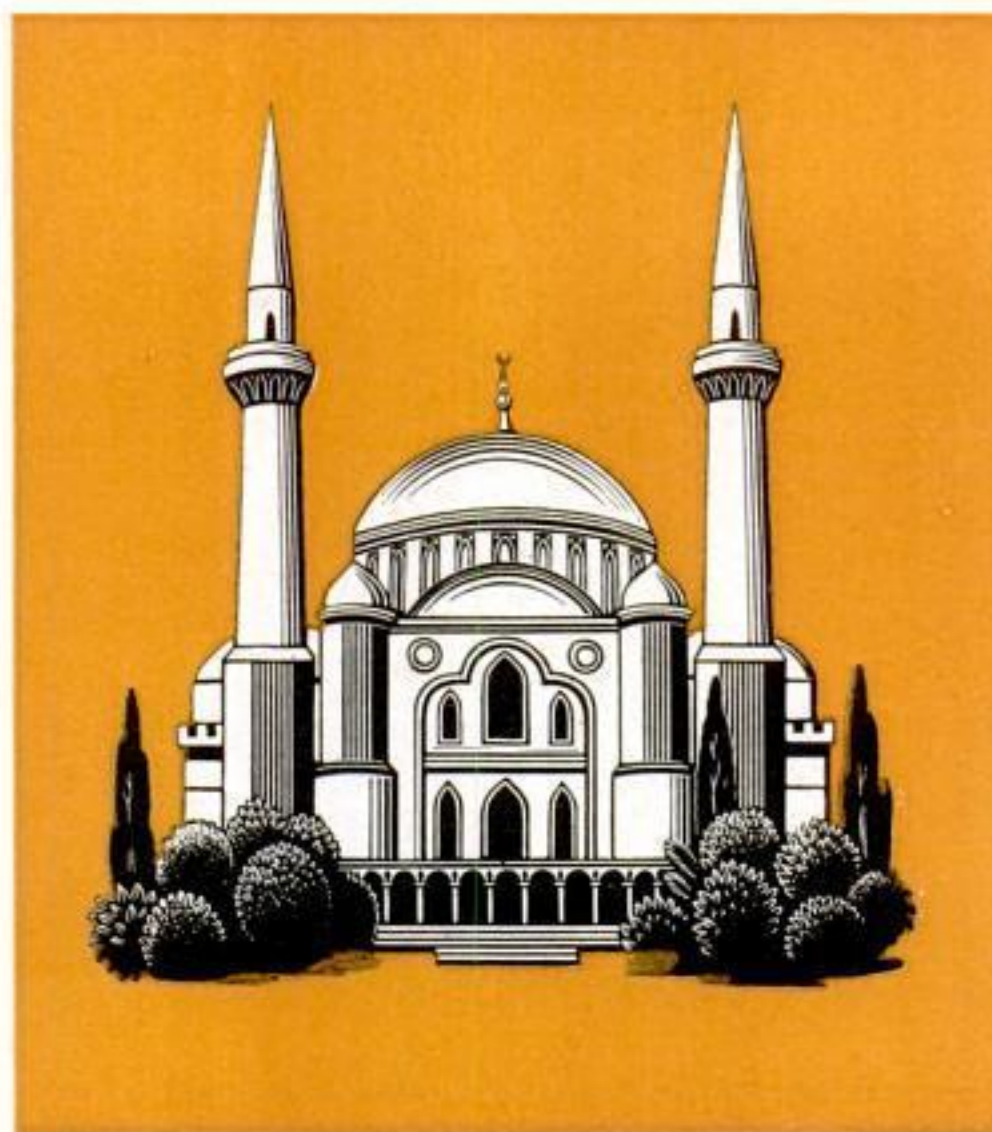
Over 800 requests came in from Army camps, Marine bases, Air Corps Training Schools. Most popu-

lar subject was General MacArthur who was ordered 35 times and delivered without charge. As you see above, there were ten MacArthur portraits in the works at once. Roosevelt was painted twice. Lincoln and Washington were painted six times apiece, and Benjamin Franklin rated three orders. Because his artists work to exact specifications, Supervisor Seitelson refers to them proudly as "esthetic engineers."

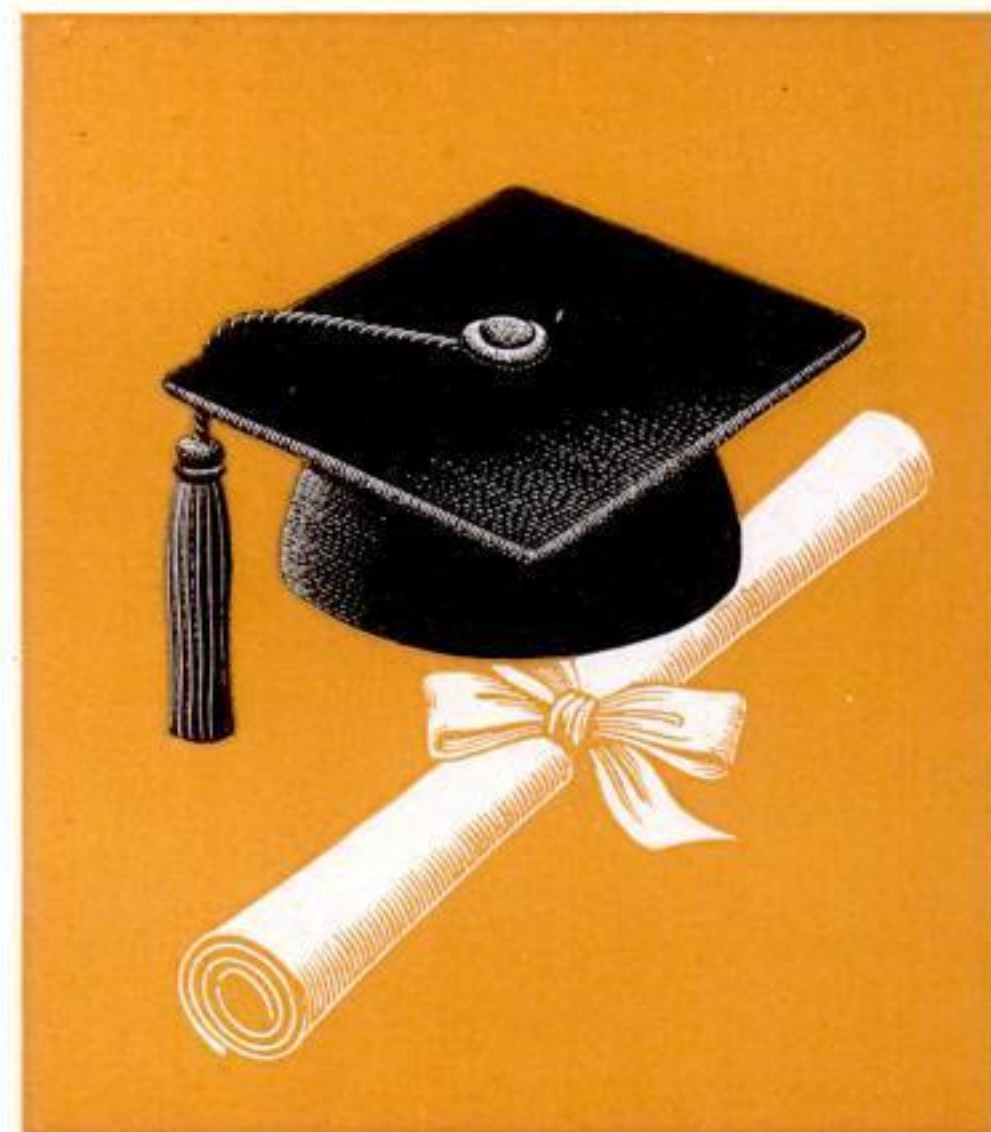
Know your M's



1. This is a M_____



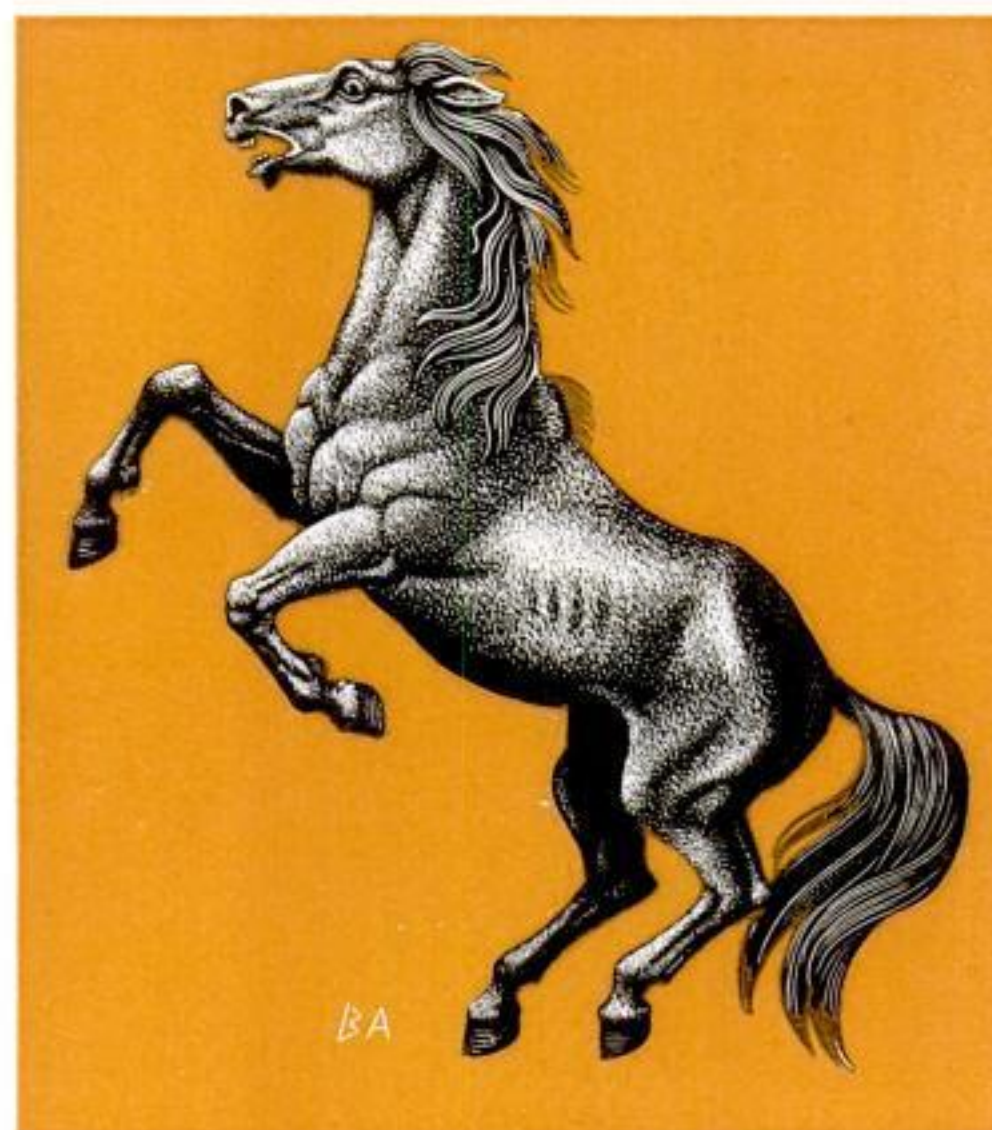
2. This is a M_____



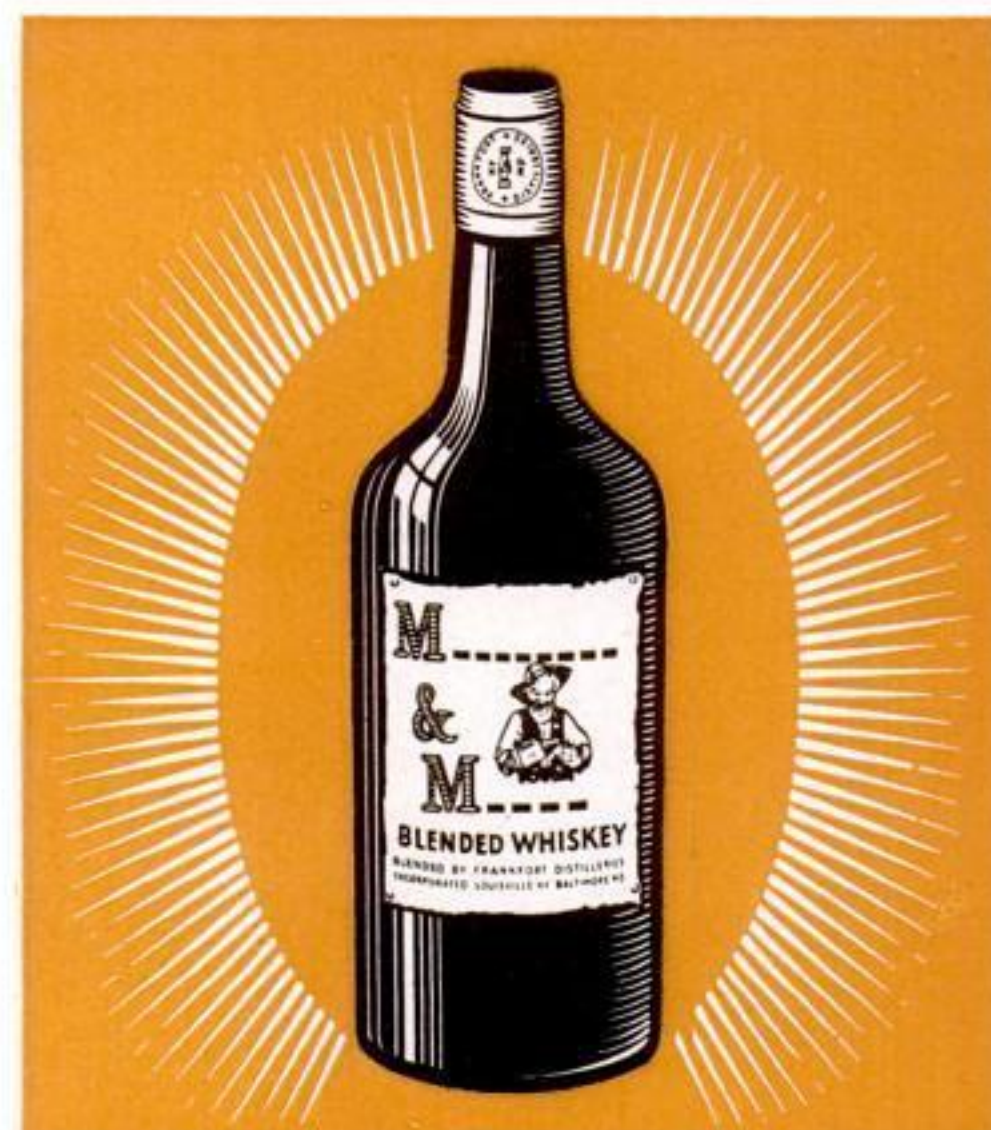
3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M_____



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M_____ & M_____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

DON'T LOOK NOW and we'll tip you off to the answer to number 6. And if you got it right, you're a man of wisdom and sound judgment, regardless of the rest of your score. It's *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

Now here's how to score:

All six right, you're a superman; five, amazing; four, superior; three, above average; two, average; one, you could do better, unless, of course, it was *M & M* you picked right. Here they are...

ANSWERS: 1, *Magician*; 2, *Mosque*; 3, *Mortarboard*; 4, *Microphone*; 5, *Mustang*; 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

-Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—60% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Blended Whiskey—72½% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



TOWER BELL'S ACTRESSES COOL OFF IN THE FOUNTAIN OF THE ELEPHANT POOL. THE MISCHIEVOUS MASTODONS HAD GREAT FUN SPRAYING THE GIRLS WITH MUDDY WATER

OOM'S ANIMALS

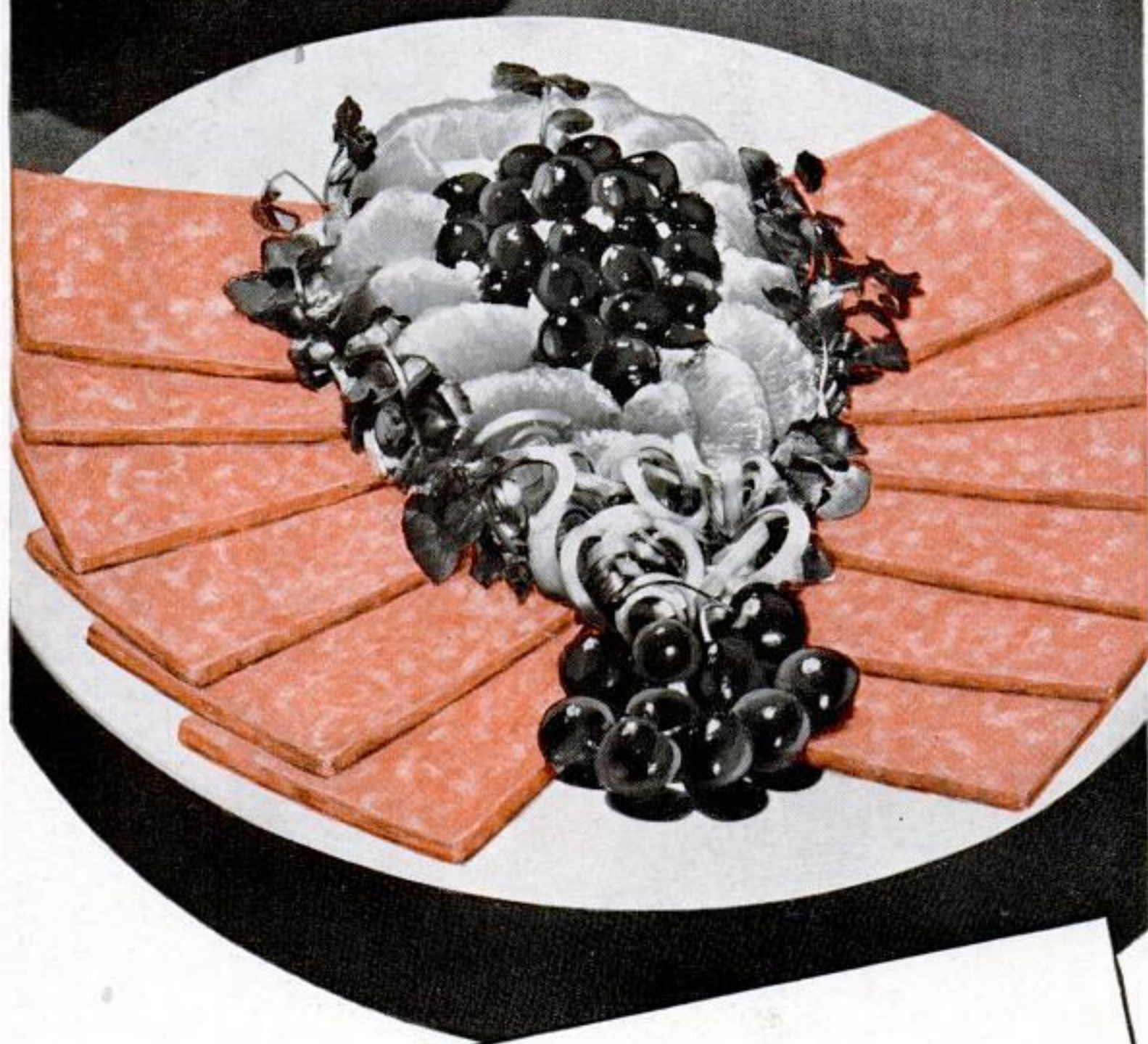
Nyack summer theater performs
in Yoga disciple's private zoo

Summer theaters have had a bad season but the Tower Bell Theatre in Nyack, N. Y. at least had an interesting one. Tower Bell performed outdoors at a country club owned by Dr. Pierre Bernard, known as Oom the Omnipotent in days when he was involved in a so-called love cult and was a disciple of Yoga. Dr. Bernard, today a highly successful businessman, is still a disciple of Yoga whose exercises he is glad to show off to friends and nearby acquaintances.

At his club, Dr. Bernard keeps a small menagerie—seven elephants, a lion, a chimpanzee, a llama,

others. Most of the beasts have the run of the place and they distract the actors. The elephants would sneak behind players who were off in solitude learning parts and frighten the lines out of them by tearing up surrounding shrubbery. A monkey constantly disrupted rehearsal by dropping down out of a tree on to the stage. In one play, Actor Will Geer was beaten and had to shout with pain. Every night when Geer began to yowl, the lion roared, the elephant trumpeted, the chimpanzee hooted, the peacock screeched, some dogs howled and the audience grew faint with laughter.

FOOD VALUE AND EATING FUN



Menu

(Nutritionally Balanced)

SLICED MOR (The wide way)
COTTAGE CHEESE
HARD ROLLS
SUMMER FRUIT SALAD
BUTTERED GREEN BEANS
RICE PUDDING

—RECIPE—

TO ASSEMBLE PLATTER: Slightly above center of round platter, place mound of cottage cheese. Cover with grape or cherry halves, cut side down. Around cheese and grapes, arrange row of peach slices, or citrus wedges and, as an outer border, arrange overlapping slices of MOR sliced the wide way as illustrated. Garnish with greens and rhubarb curls.



The unusual flavor and tender texture of MOR will meet your family's complete satisfaction. There's also half a day's supply of Vitamin B₁ for 4 people in one can of MOR. You'll like it.

George Rector

Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

HOT or cold, MOR is a thrifty meat for wartime budgeteers. It is juicy, tender, cured chopped pork—temptingly spiced for delicious flavor. No bone or gristle. NO WASTE. Each can makes 8 dinner-size slices or 16 sandwich-size slices. Nutritious, full of energy, rich in Vitamin B₁. Try MOR today.



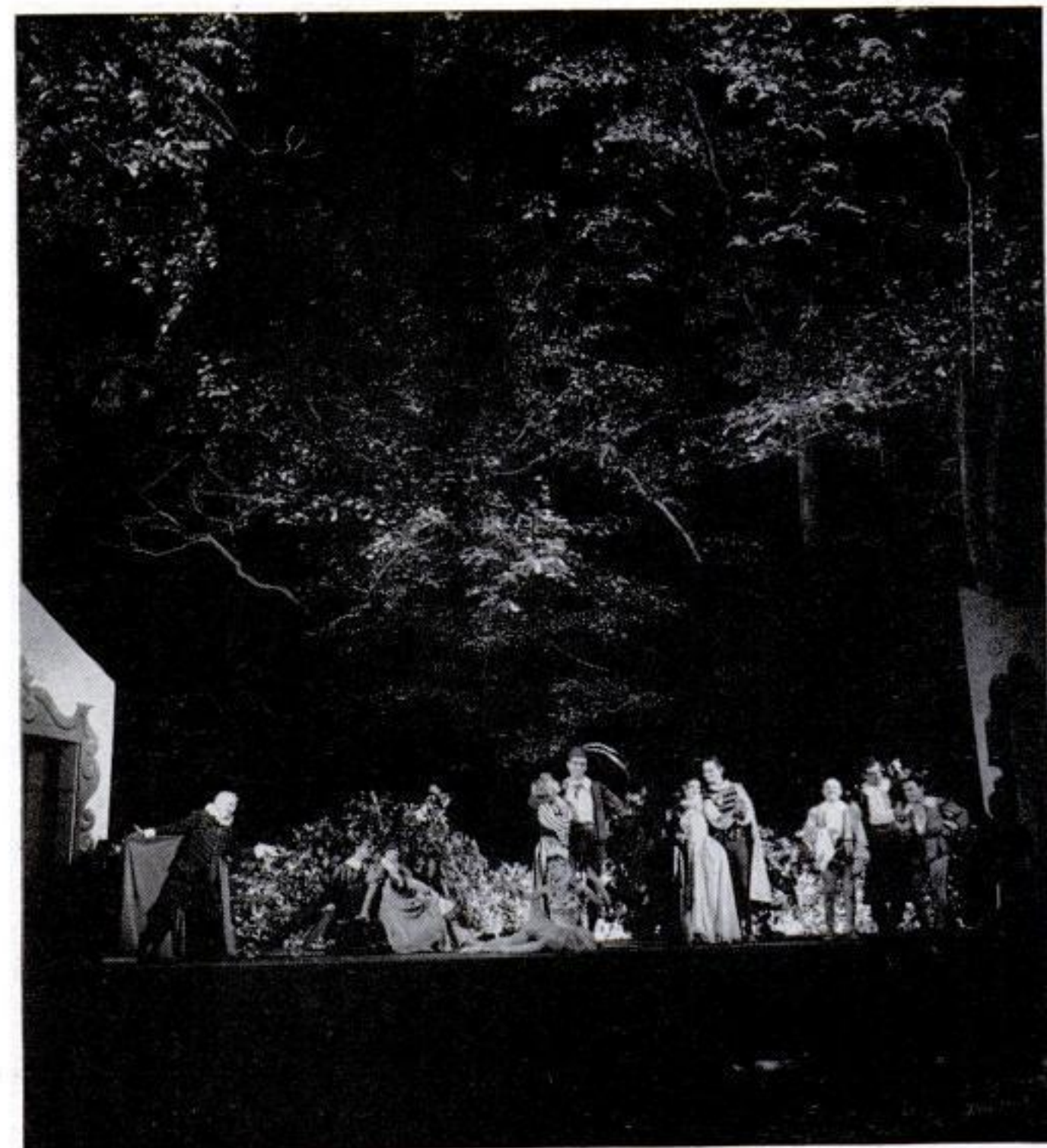
CONTENTS
WITH JUICES
12 OUNCES AVD.

The Wilson Label protects your table

Oom's Animals (continued)



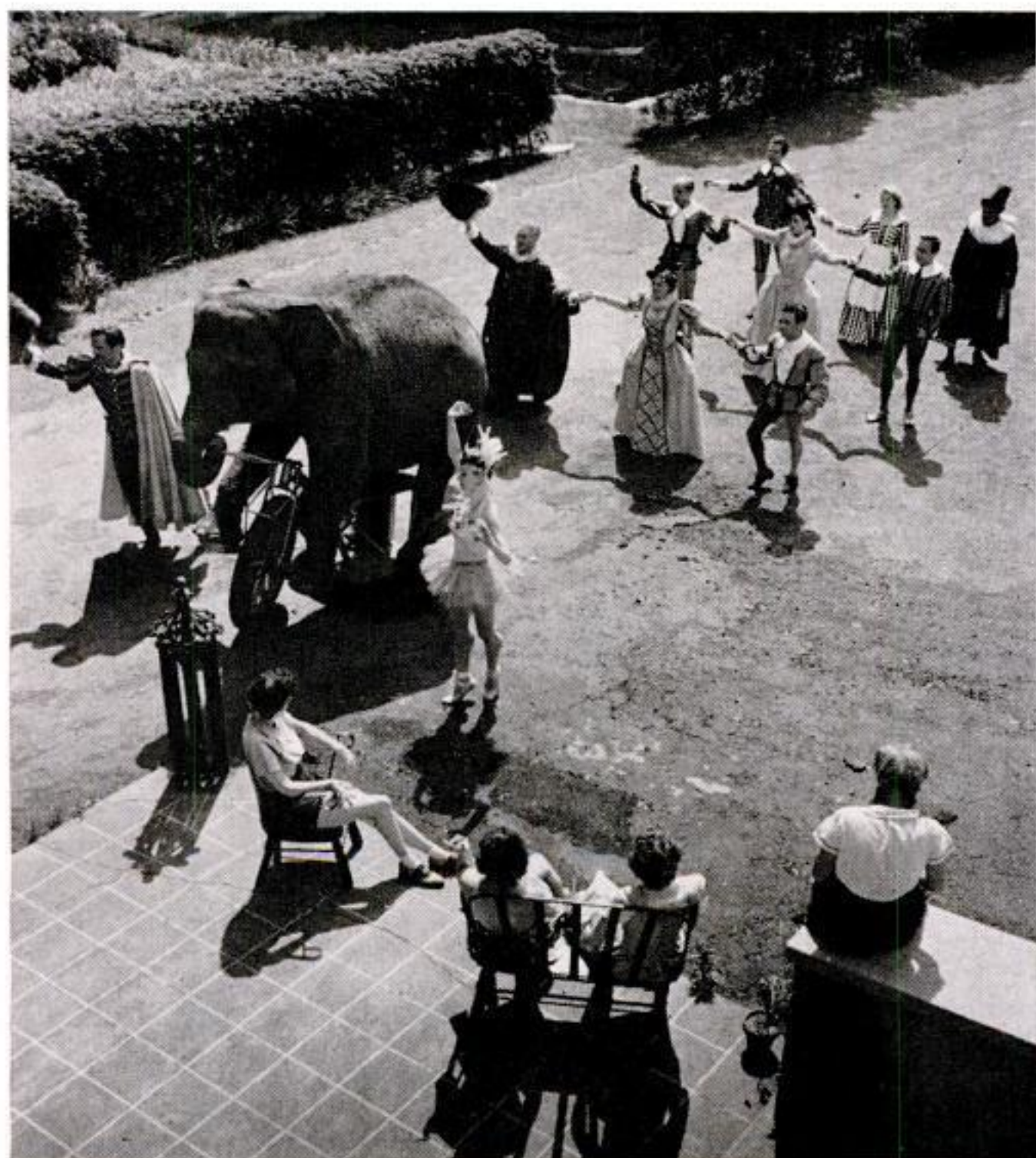
Yoga exercises as practiced by Dr. Bernard interested players, who tried them out. Here, led by Producer Joseph Haworth, they attempt one of the simpler medita-



Outdoor stage used cliff for sounding board and trees for backdrop. This is scene from comedy, *The Servant of Two Masters*, with lanky lead actor, Will Geer, in center.



tive postures. Although about 70, Dr. Bernard can still do wonderful Yoga things with his stomach muscles, can turn a complete front flip from standing position.



Elephant on a tricycle was to be attraction of parade through Nyack streets. Project was abandoned because actors were afraid to trust Juno, the elephant, in traffic.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

There's a World of Enjoyment in **CLARK'S** Chewing Gum



CLARK'S Teaberry GUM
is flavored with crisp, fresh mountain-grown teaberry leaves—a different, delightful flavor—full of tang and zest and satisfaction. "A different flavor, mountain fresh."

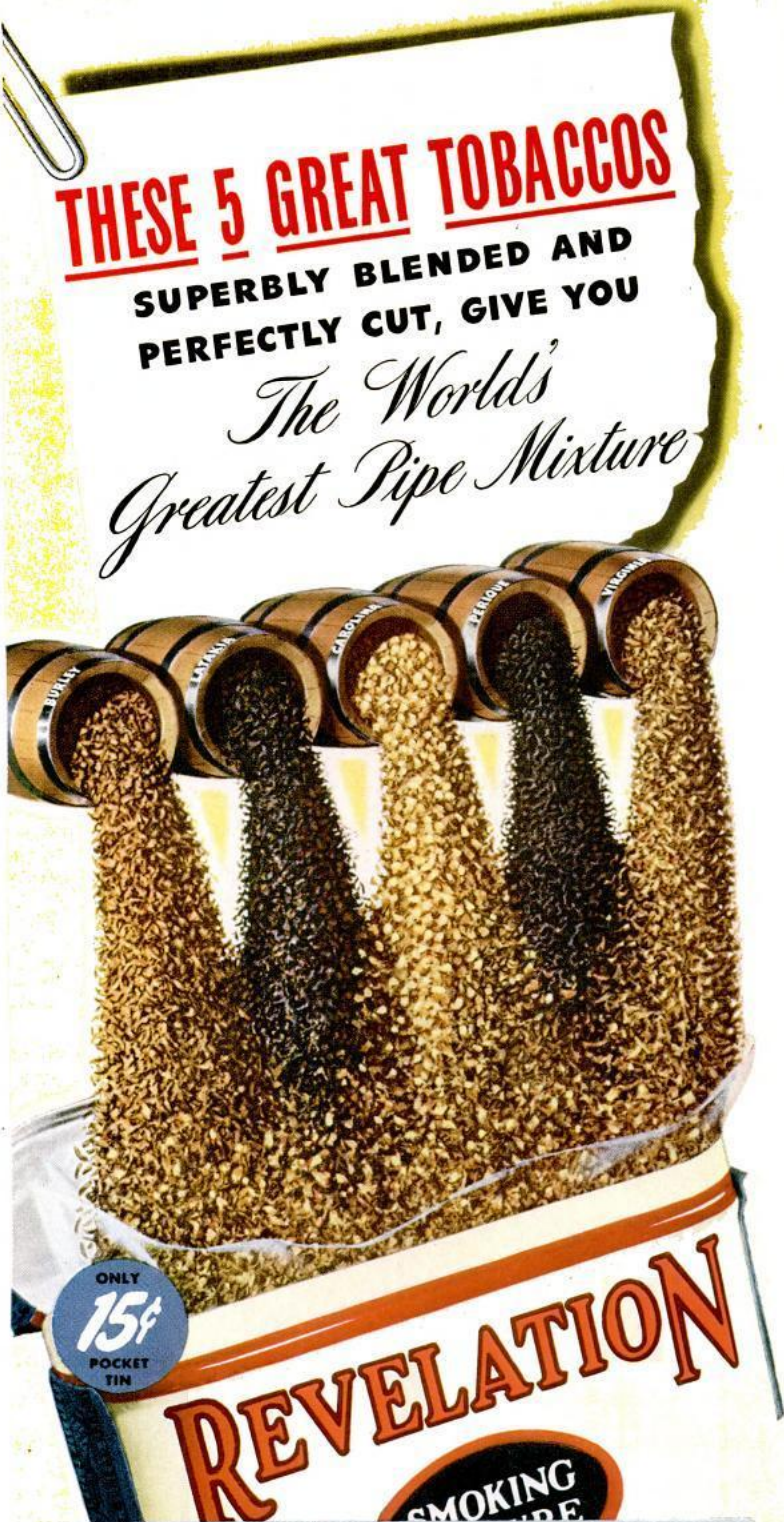


CLARK'S Tendermint GUM
Choice mint leaves, the pick of the crop—give to this delicious gum its delightful taste and fragrant flavor. Have you tried it? "It's different—naturally."

ask for—
reach for **CLARK'S**
Chewing Gum

PRODUCTS OF CLARK BROS. CHEWING GUM COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
© 1942, C. B. C. G. Co.

Copyrighted material



It is impossible for so-called mixtures of only 1 or 2 tobaccos to give you the sheer Goodness, Flavor and Coolness of Revelation!

From rim to heel of your pipe bowl—REVELATION smokes sweet, even and gentle. There's no "bite" in this wonderfully balanced blend! Just try a tin of REVELATION today—only 15¢!



LEFT: Ordinary mixture... 1-cut tobacco mats down... keeps heat — causes soggy heel.

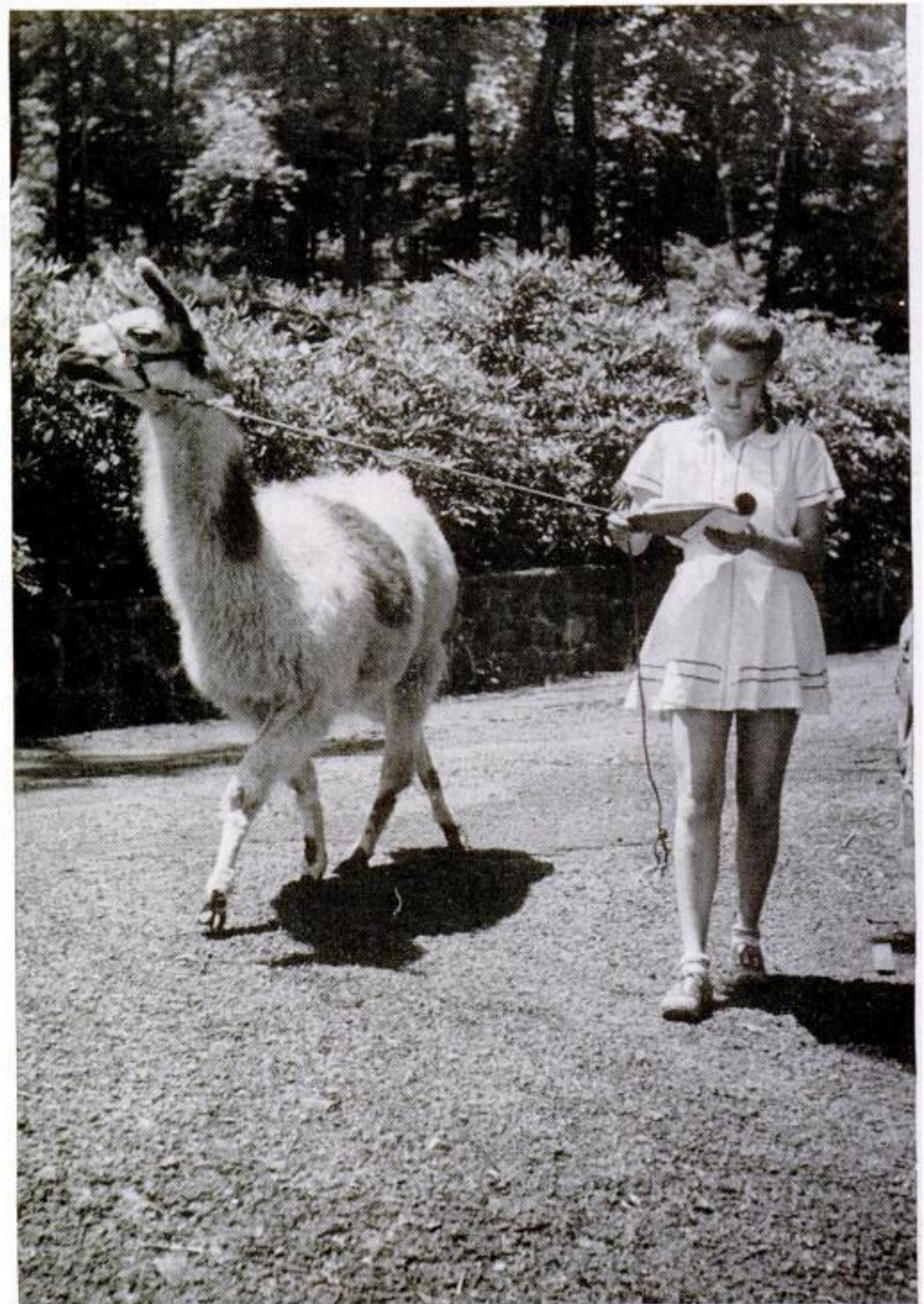


RIGHT: REVELATION. Five different cuts pack perfectly—pipe "breathes"—burns cool!

BURLEY (cool burning) CAROLINA (adds sparkle) VIRGINIA (rich body)
LATAKIA (spicily aromatic flavor) PERIQUE (champagne of tobaccos)

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Oom's Animals (continued)



Alice the llama made friends with Actress Pat Magee and trotted around with her. Alice disliked the other actresses, spat fiercely at them. Llama spit has an awful odor.



Ricki the spider monkey walked with Virginia Vogel, waitress at Mike's Nyack Diner, who got a part in one play. A pest, Ricki would steal scripts and tear them up.

1942?

—We'll be ready—

SIDE BY SIDE in the plants of Minneapolis-Honeywell and its subsidiary, The Brown Instrument Company of Philadelphia, control research for war and control research for peace go on twenty-four hours a day. Our present job is to provide the nation with the necessary equipment for combat, for military and defense housing and for essential war industry. Out of this experience are coming developments in automatic controls for American industry and American homes that

will provide an effortless, scientific comfort and efficiency, for post-war living and working. To all who own or sell heating and air conditioning equipment, or who use industrial instruments, we say: "M-H and Brown Engineers are building, every day, every hour, for the war and for the future." Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2719 Fourth Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. In Europe: London, England and Stockholm, Sweden.

Listen: ALIAS JOHN FREEDOM, Blue Network Coast to Coast, every Monday, 10:15 to 10:45 PM Eastern War Time; on Pacific Coast, 8:30 to 9:00 PM Pacific War Time.

Instruments by **BROWN** *and*
Controls by **MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL**



FRANCES LANGFORD SINGS MELANCHOLY REFRAIN OF "NIGHT AND DAY" FOR MEN ON ALERT IN PACIFIC. IN BACKGROUND, STANDING, IS GLENN WHEATON, SHOW'S WRITER

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Radio salutes fighting men

To homesick soldiers huddled about a stove in Iceland, crouched in desert sands, or standing watch on distant Pacific outposts goes each week by short-wave radio the talent-richest program in the world: *Command Performance*. The whole show is ordered by them and for them, the fulfilment of nostalgic requests received in Hollywood from soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guardsmen all over the globe.

Sponsored by War Department's radio branch of public relations, the program is recorded each Tuesday night in Hollywood in NBC or CBS auditoriums, and discs are sent out to 13 short-wave sta-

tions for broadcast on following Sunday. Petrillo's musicians union puts no ban on recordings for *Command Performance*, only radio show of major importance in this country which the public does not hear.

Command Performance has priority over all other service programs on stars' time and talents. They, in turn, fall all over themselves granting their listeners' most fanciful petitions. To get Virtuoso Heifetz and Funnyman Benny together (*below*), program makers sped the great violinist to the microphone by jeep from his fishing boat in Balboa Bay. For pictures of other "command" performances, turn page.

JASCHA HEIFETZ (RIGHT) AND JACK BENNY PLAY DUET "TO A WILD ROSE" IN REPLY TO APPEAL THAT "WORLD'S BEST AND WORST VIOLINISTS" APPEAR ON SAME PROGRAM





"I Think It Gives Too Much Light"

ROMANCE may have languished a little under its rays—but their first electric light was sheer magic to most people of the Eighteen Eighties . . . a marvel not even to be matched by electricity's later wonders of comfort and convenience.

Electric light brought a bright new face to all America after dark. Living became easier . . . immeasurably more pleasant. Homes, once dim with wick-light, glowed and shone. Streets and highways grew clear and safe.

Now, when . . . even in the remotest villages . . . nightfall is a signal for a day's second inning, it might be well to reflect on the immense initiative, investment and enterprise that have gone into the development of present-day public utilities.

Before the first switch was snapped in the first home with electric light, powerhouses had to be built . . . generators made and installed, lines strung, houses wired, lamps manufactured. These are not possible without capital. And before funds are invested there must be the security of dependable insurance . . . there must be protection against the inevitable

hazards of fire, explosion, windstorm and accident.

The history of America has been a story of great industrial and commercial achievement. And with this progress there has been, too, the record of an insurance company devoted to providing sound protection for commerce, industry and the home for 150 years . . . since the very early days of the nation.

Insurance Company of North America was founded in Independence Hall in 1792 . . . the first capital stock insurance company on this continent. Its original purpose was to insure ships and their cargoes. Soon the service was extended to include houses *against fire*. As the needs of the nation grew, so did the Company's service and facilities. For a full century and a half, "North America" has been a partner in American progress, until today, with its affiliates, it writes practically every form of insurance except life.

Since insurance is so frequently a matter of individual requirements, this Company long ago began the

system of serving the property-owner better through the personal contact of authorized local Agents. In 1807, it established the method by which "standard protection" is prepared

today . . . through the close cooperation of client, local agent and company. Now, the North America has taken another forward, pioneering step.

By projecting its "head office" facilities to Company Service Offices in key cities, it makes the complete scope of North America service quickly available through all its Agents and all Brokers.

★ ★ ★

Specify North America protection . . . there is in your section a North America Agent, or a Broker, who, with the facilities of a nearby Company Service Office, is better equipped to serve you.

North America Agents are listed in Classified Telephone Directories under the name and "Eagle" emblem of Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia. Founded 1792. Capital: \$12,000,000. Losses Paid: Over \$476,000,000.

Other Companies of the North America Group: Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America • The Alliance Insurance Co. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia Fire & Marine Insurance Co. • National Security Insurance Co. • Central Insurance Company of Baltimore.



NO FORCE CAN STOP THE PROGRESS OF OUR COUNTRY

"Command Performance" (continued)



Fourteen Pennsylvania Irishmen in North Ireland hear "call of the red-bellied gudgeon" given by Richard Haydn, radio's "illustrious ichthyologist" and eminent mimic.



Letters poured in from Africa to Aruba, Iceland to Australia, demanding Ethel Waters and the *St. Louis Blues*, the song she made famous 25 years ago in Baltimore.



Slot-machine rains nickels into Adolph Menjou's hands for one of South Pacific mine-planter's black gang who "played those bandits for years and never hit the jackpot."



"Indiana songbirds" trill sweetly for homesick Hoosier in Alaska. Shirley Temple as M. C. granted request from her brother in Marine Corps to "hear my kid sister's voice."



Edward Arnold, as master of ceremonies, urges listeners to "just tear off the top of a Stuka or a Mitsubishi and tell us what you want on your show. We'll do it for you."



"My Hero" is sung by Rise Stevens for boy in Australia. He said: "If my buddies would remember that each is 'my hero' to his mother, they might write home more often."



Carole Landis grants shortest request on record from Pearl Harbor sailor who entreated: "If you could have her step up and SIGH... just sigh..." Henry Fonda stands by.



"Sidewalks of New York" is ground out by Bob Hope for private "somewhere in Australia" longing for "the sound of hurdy-gurdy man in Delancey Street at home."



Queenie speaks from arms of Dinah Shore to her master in Iceland who scribbled: "She may not be a sweater girl... but she's the only female who never gave me trouble."

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE AND WASTED GAS!

CARELESS TODAY



DON'T DRIVE NEEDLESSLY! DON'T SPEED! . . . IT WASTES GAS, OIL, TIRES!

CAR-LESS TOMORROW



Save your motor! Save gas and oil! Save your tires!

Want to keep *your* car running till the war's won? Then don't let it begin to smoke. Smoke is a sure sign of wasted gas—and a symptom of excess wear.

Better stop trouble *before* it starts!

Let your Texaco man help you save precious gas and needless wear with *Insulated* Havoline Motor Oil. Especially processed to stand up in the extreme heat of modern, high-speed motors,

Insulated Havoline protects your engine at any operating temperature.

Let the Texaco man take care of your tires and battery, too—by checking them every week.

And let him guard all vital parts of your chassis with *regular* Marfak lubrication service.

Don't wait until it's too late! Drive into your nearest Texaco Dealer's today!



Tune in the **TEXACO STAR THEATRE** every Sunday night—CBS

You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

We can't win this war in our bare feet!

- With freedom and decency at stake all over the world, the subject of shoes may seem pretty unimportant.
- But the fact remains, we can't win this war in our bare feet!
- That's why your Uncle Sam provides his Soldiers, Sailors and Marines with the finest footwear fighting men ever wore.
- You, too, on the home front, should select *your* shoes with more care than ever before.
- Regal Stores don't have a *monopoly* on good shoes for civilians.
- But Regal Stores *do* offer more honest, long-wearing quality and authentic style, for less money, than you'll find in *most* shoe stores.
- The entire output of the great Regal Shoe factory at Whitman, Mass., is sold direct to you through Regal Shoe Stores

Style Number 1376
In Black King Calf, or
Brown Calf. 203 sizes —
4 to 18 — AA to EE — in
stock or on order in
every Regal Store.



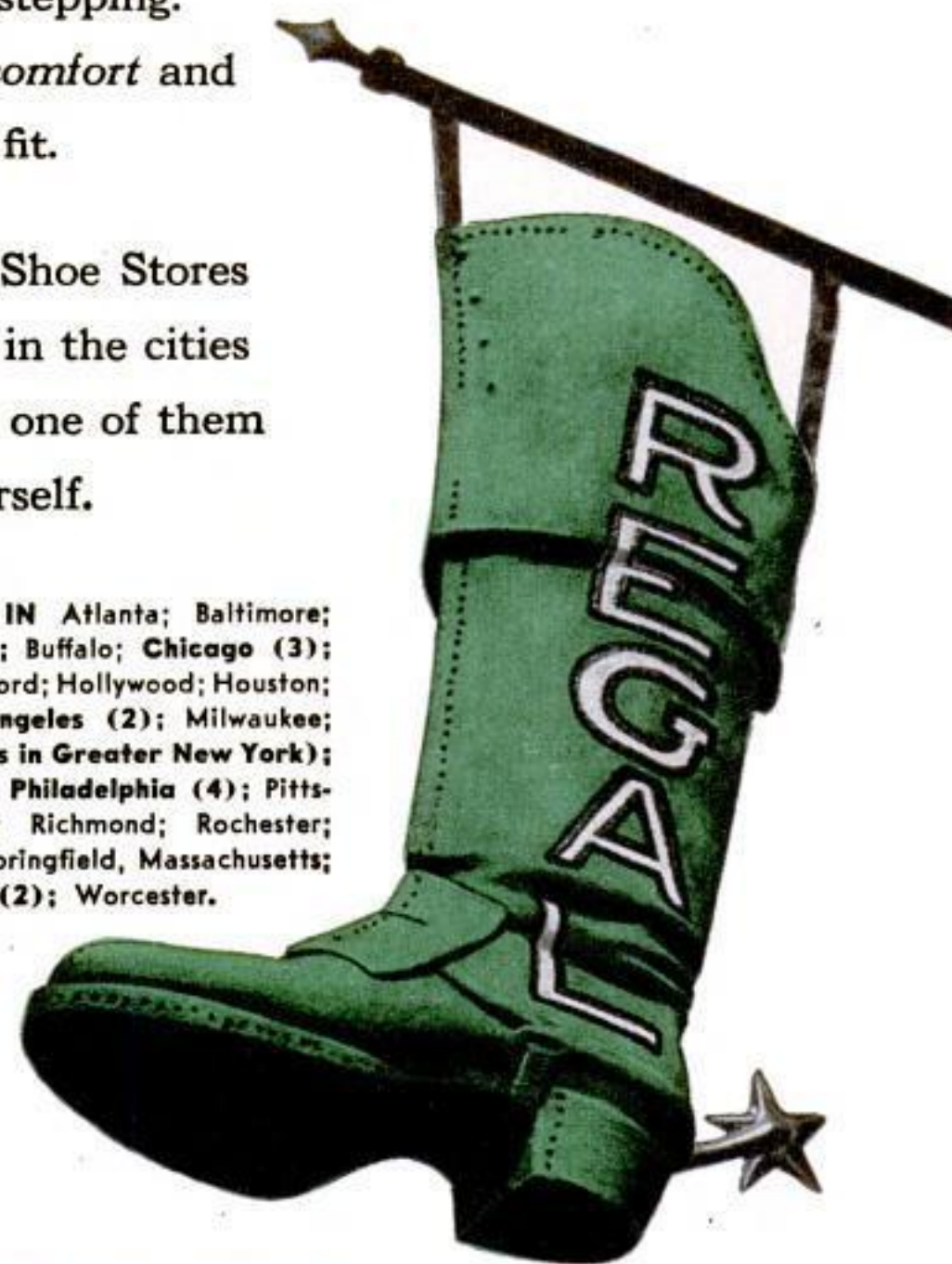
All Styles, All Sizes, One Low Price
● SOLD ONLY IN REGAL SHOE STORES*

\$6.60
COAST TO COAST

in principal cities — with only one modest profit in the coast-to-coast price of \$6.60. This means *outstanding value*.

- The finest available leathers are used in Regal Shoes. Regal workers are proud of the New England tradition of fine craftsmanship. Every Regal Shoe is kept on the last from six to ten days. This means *longer life* and *more enduring style*.
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- You'll find Regal Shoe Stores conveniently located in the cities listed below. Stop in one of them soon, and see for yourself.

* 79 REGAL-OWNED RETAIL STORES IN Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; Boston (4); Brooklyn (8); Buffalo; Chicago (3); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Detroit (7); Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; Jersey City (2); Kansas City; Los Angeles (2); Milwaukee; Newark; New Haven; New York (29 stores in Greater New York); Norfolk; Oakland; Paterson, New Jersey; Philadelphia (4); Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; San Francisco (2); Seattle; Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; Utica; Washington (2); Worcester.



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FACTORIES AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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MOUNTBATTEN FACES A STORM ON DECK OF FIRST COMMAND, THE DESTROYER "KELLY." SAILORS WORSHIP HIM, SAY "WE'D PADDLE LORD LOUIS UP THE RHINE ON A RAFT"

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Once famed as a palace playboy,
he makes Britain's Commandos a
forerunner of the second front

Best example the British have of an all-round military leader in this war is a tall, lean, royal-blooded naval officer, Lord Louis Mountbatten. Starting the war at 39 as a captain in command of a destroyer flotilla, Mountbatten has fought his way through the war's toughest spots at Norway, the Mediterranean and Crete. Four times his ships have been bombed, mined or torpedoed from under him. Three of those times he doggedly brought his severely wounded ships back to port, their decks awash.

Now Lord Mountbatten is Chief of Combined Operations, *i.e.*, boss of the Commandos. As such, he holds top rank in all three services: vice admiral, honorary lieutenant general, honorary air marshal. He is responsible for the Commandos' quick, vicious stabs at vital Nazi positions. His Commandos keep the door wedged open for the second front and when the time comes they will lead the way in.

Lord Louis, born Prince Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas of Battenberg, comes from a Navy fam-

ily. His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, joined the Royal Navy at 14, rose to be First Sea Lord. In 1914 he was forced, because of anti-German sentiment and because his brother-in-law, Prince Henry of Prussia, was Grand Admiral of the German Fleet, to retire from the Navy.

Young Louis joined the Fleet as a midshipman at 16, and by war's end was a sublieutenant in submarines.

Known in the '20's and '30's as a member of the gay "Palace Gang" that collected around his cousin, the Prince of Wales, Lord Louis was treated by the press as a playboy and a polo player. At the same time he was quietly making a name for himself in the Navy as a good sailor, a capable leader and an inventive communications man who had devised a new and more efficient ship-to-ship call system. But he kept this career modestly hidden. Only when war came did he emerge from the playboy guise, at first as a brilliant officer at sea, then as chief of the Commandos.

HER DECKS AWASH, THE GALLANT LITTLE "KELLY" STAGGERS HOME AFTER HARD TORPEDO HIT IN NORTH SEA. REBUILT, SHE WAS LATER SUNK UNDER MOUNTBATTEN AT CRETE





1 Paternal grandparents of Lord Louis Mountbatten were Prince Alexander & Princess Julie of Hesse.



2 Maternal grandparents were another Prince of Hesse, Louis IV, and Princess Alice, the second daughter of Queen Victoria.



3 At Frogmore House, Mountbatten was born on June 25, 1900. Named Nicholas after his uncle, Czar of Russia, he was first called "Nicky." Later the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent and other friends corrupted it to "Dickie." Educated at Dartmouth Naval College, he entered the Navy as a cadet at 13.



7 Lord Louis went big-game hunting on elephant back when he visited India in 1921 with the Prince of Wales.



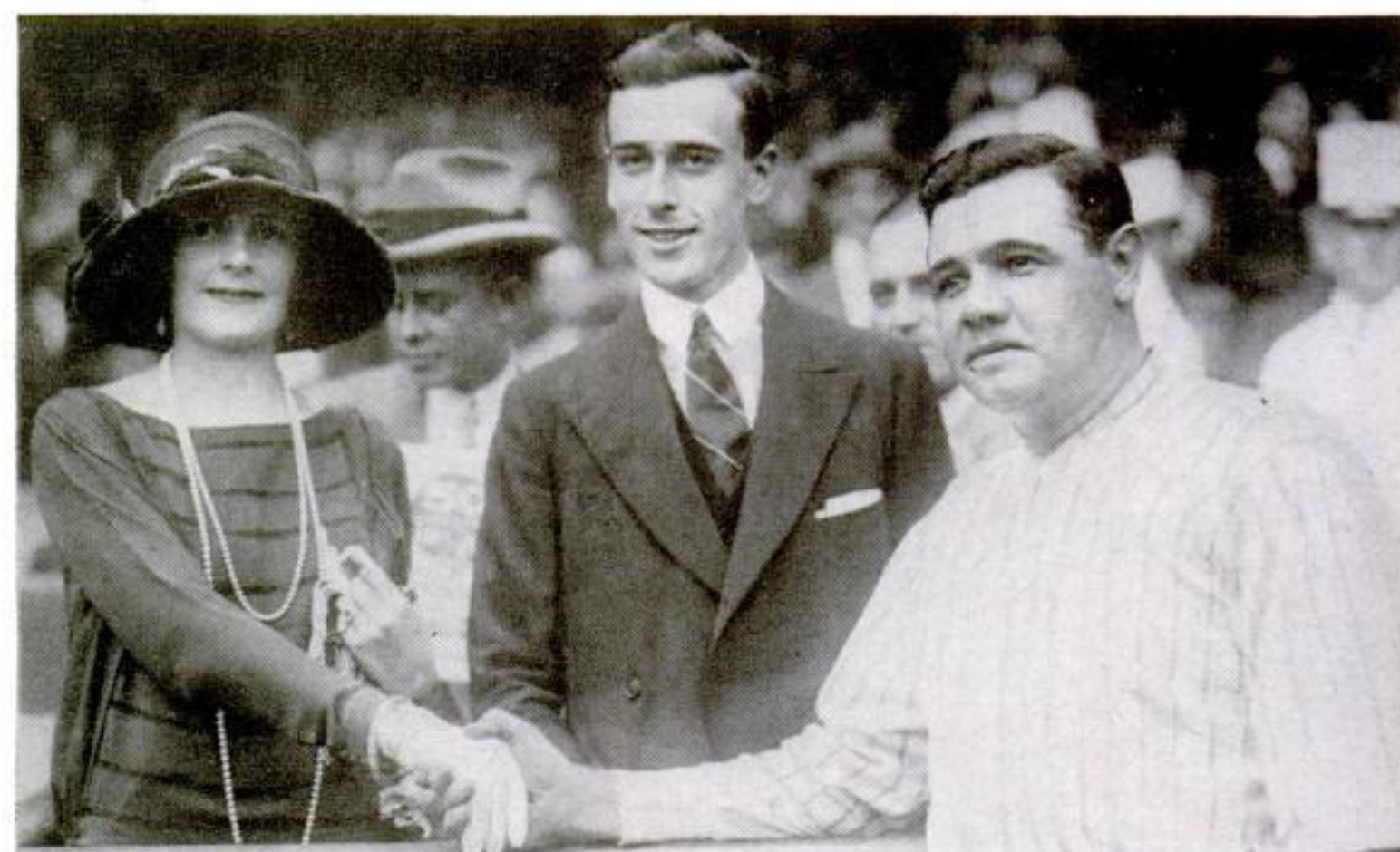
8 Mountbatten's fortune comes chiefly from wife's grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, rich Jewish banker. Cassel's daughter married Lord Mount Temple.



9 Wedding of Lord Mountbatten and Edwina Ashley, the daughter of Lord Mount Temple, was the great social event in London of the 1922 season. King George and Queen Mary attended and the Prince of Wales was best man. The ceremony was held at Westminster Abbey.



13 The Mountbattens: Crown Prince of Sweden; Lord Louis; his late brother, Marquess of Milford Haven; Prince Andrew of Greece; sister, the Crown Princess; Lady Louis; mother, Dowager Marchioness; sister-in-law, Marchioness of Milford Haven; sister, Princess Andrew.



14 On honeymoon, the Mountbattens took a 10,000-mile trip through U. S. in a private railroad car. They visited Hollywood, the Grand Canyon, met Babe Ruth at a World Series game (above), went to Niagara Falls when they learned "all honeymooners went there."



15 Lord Louis introduced polo to the Royal Navy in the 1920's. He learned the game from books and by outlining plays with billiard balls. By 1939 he was rated at five goals, and had written a book on the game. Here he receives a cup from the Prince of Wales at Biarritz.



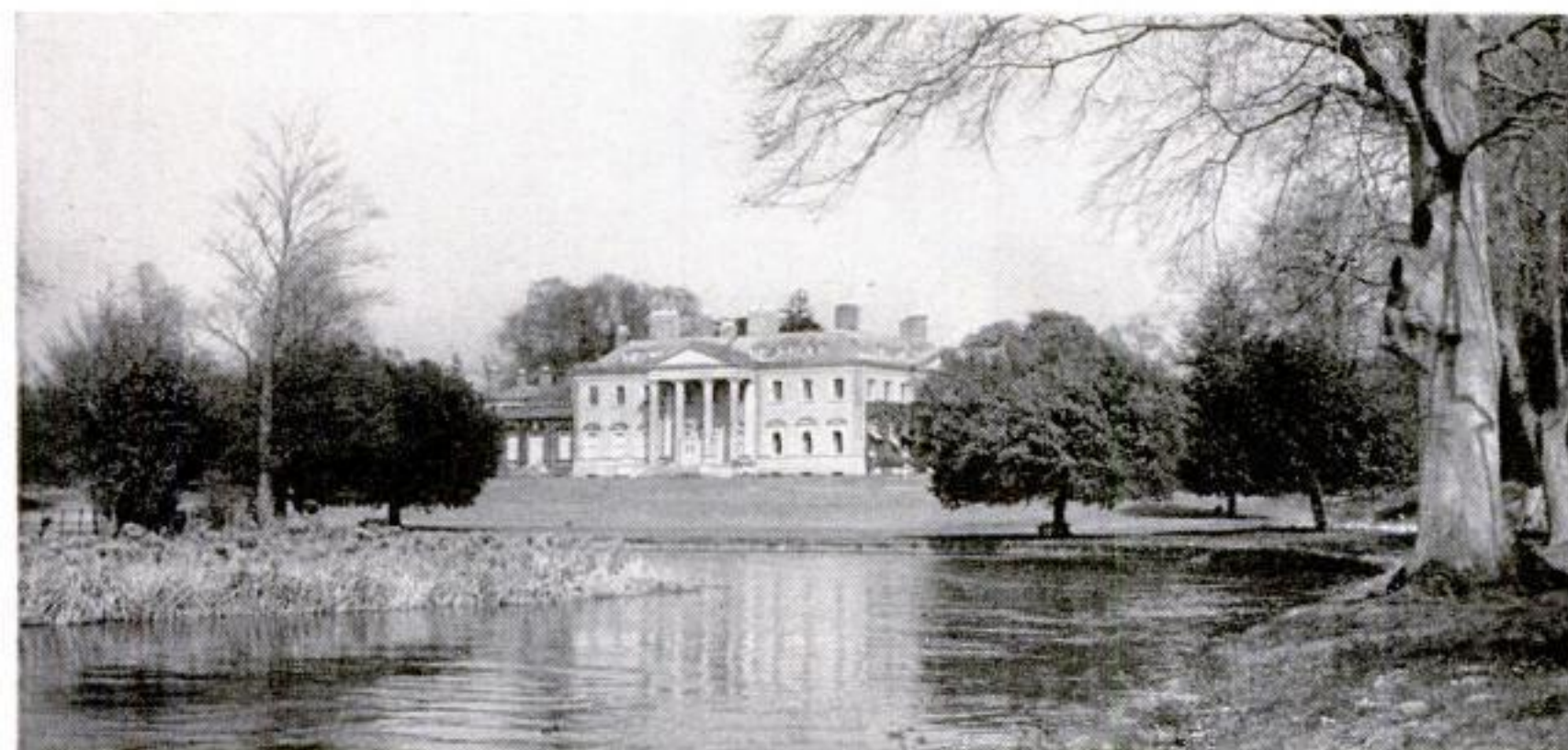
4 Lord Louis' father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, was First Sea Lord of Britain in 1914. Pressure forced him to resign from Navy.



5 Father's brother-in-law, Prince Henry of Prussia, was Grand Admiral of German Fleet. They looked alike, even to cut of beard.



6 Lord Louis met his bride-to-be, Edwina Ashley, on a cruise on General Vanderbilt's yacht. During war, Louis' father, German-born though a naturalized Englishman, had anglicized family name from Battenberg to Mountbatten. He was created first Marquess of Milford Haven.



10 Broadlands, Mountbattens' 6,000-acre estate, was inherited from Lady Mountbatten's family. Since the war it has been converted into a hospital. For her war effort, Lady Mountbatten is deputy superintendent-in-chief of the St. John Nursing Divisions, has worked through great London bombings.



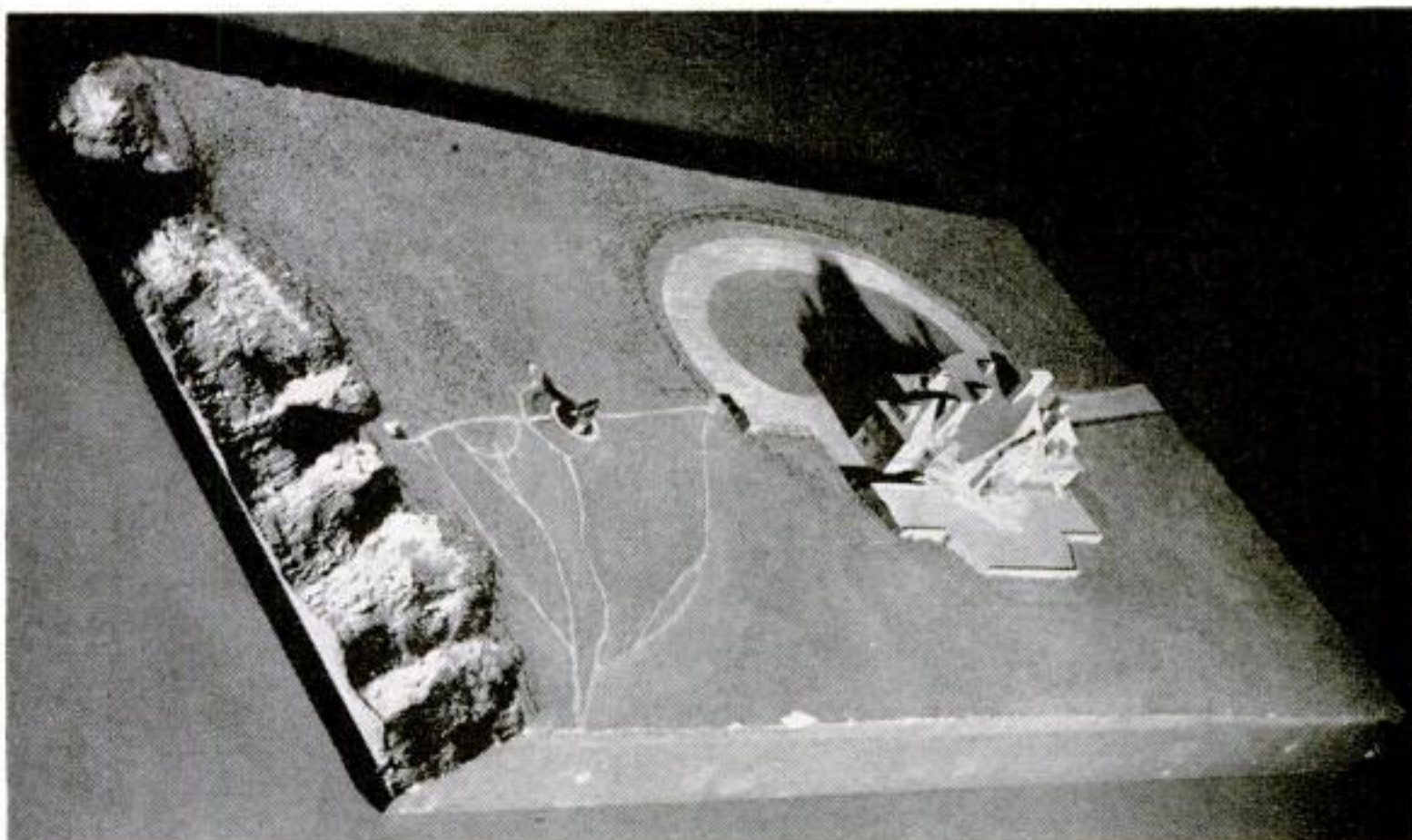
11 Their London home before war was famous for its undersea bathroom, gay parties. They now live in a small house.



12 When traveling Lady Mountbatten was noted for her luggage, sometimes carrying as many as 54 trunks.



16 His robes for King's Coronation were dark blue of Royal Victorian Order. In 1937 he was made personal aide-de-camp to his cousin, George VI. Though royal family overlooked his playboy background, Lord Louis was blackballed by Royal Yacht Squadron in 1926.



17 On models, Mountbatten works out every Commando raid, putting himself in the place of each raiding Commando, each defending Nazi. When every move is planned, he approves it as "all tickety boo." Above is model of Bruneval where the Commandos raided last February.



18 Ready for a raid on the French coast, Mountbatten inspects his trim and hard-bitten night fighters. Though no "spit and polish" officer, he demands perfection in performance, guts in line of duty. These he gets as well as the complete devotion of the men who serve under him.



On the steps of an 18th Century summerhouse at their country estate, Broadlands, Lord and Lady Mountbatten sit with their younger daughter Pamela, 13, and two of their three Sealy-

hams, Mizzen and Tops'l. Patricia, the other Mountbatten daughter, now 18, attended finishing school in the U.S., returned to England in June to help her mother with her war work.



DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS

WHO ACTUALLY BUILD WINGS FOR THE EAGLE

To the workers of America's fighting aircraft industry...men and women devoted to the new gospel—"We can! We must! We will!"...Warner Brothers respectfully dedicate "Wings for the Eagle."

"Wings for the Eagle" is the dramatic, deeply human story of the people of the production lines. All their toil and tears and hard-won joy are in this mightily moving picture.

We are deeply grateful to the War Department, to Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, and to all the men and women of Lockheed for their help in making this picture. Behind sentry-barred gates much of it was filmed, without the loss of a single production hour on Lockheed P-38's and Hudsons.

WARNER BROS. HAVE THE HONOR TO OFFER AS THEIR NEWEST CONTRIBUTION TO THE AMERICAN SCREEN AND WAR EFFORT



INGS FOR THE EAGLE

WITH ANN SHERIDAN ★ DENNIS MORGAN ★ Jack Carson ★ Geo. Tobias ★ Directed by Lloyd Bacon

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



SYNTHETIC TIRE—1938 MODEL

LONG before Pearl Harbor, in January 1938, Goodyear produced the first tires entirely built of our synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

In road tests these tires delivered longer treadwear than tires made of the much-publicized German synthetic Buna-S. More significant still, they excelled the natural rubber product by a slight margin.

Back of this achievement was more than a decade of pioneering. Goodyear's first patent on synthetic rubber manufacture dates from 1927.

Goodyear also built the first complete plant in this country for processing this type of synthetic rubber, after exploring the possibilities of more than 300 different chemical compounds.

Despite the proved excellence of our 1938 Chemigum tires, few were made for other than test purposes because of their much higher cost.

Instead, between 1938 and 1941, our entire Chemigum production was utilized in applications where its impermeability to oil and gasoline justified its price—in gasoline and fuel oil hose, gaskets, printers' supplies and bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks for airplanes.

Now that war has made rubber priceless, Goodyear has pooled with the government 65 different synthetic processes covered by patents and applications, so that other manufacturers may have the benefit of our experience.

Today, in cooperation with the government program, our technicians have developed mass production methods to the point where

we are making Chemigum tires for military vehicles as well as many other Army and Navy needs—at a cost which promises that synthetic tires

may be eventually sold competitively with those made from natural rubber.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

All-Weather, Airwheel, Chemigum—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



ARRIVING AT LEAVENWORTH, students have their luggage checked over at the station. Next they will register, be assigned quarters and then will begin the nine-week grind of

classes in the grim gray building below. The lessons they learn in Grant Hall will soon be put to test in the field. On them depend future American battles and the outcome of the war.



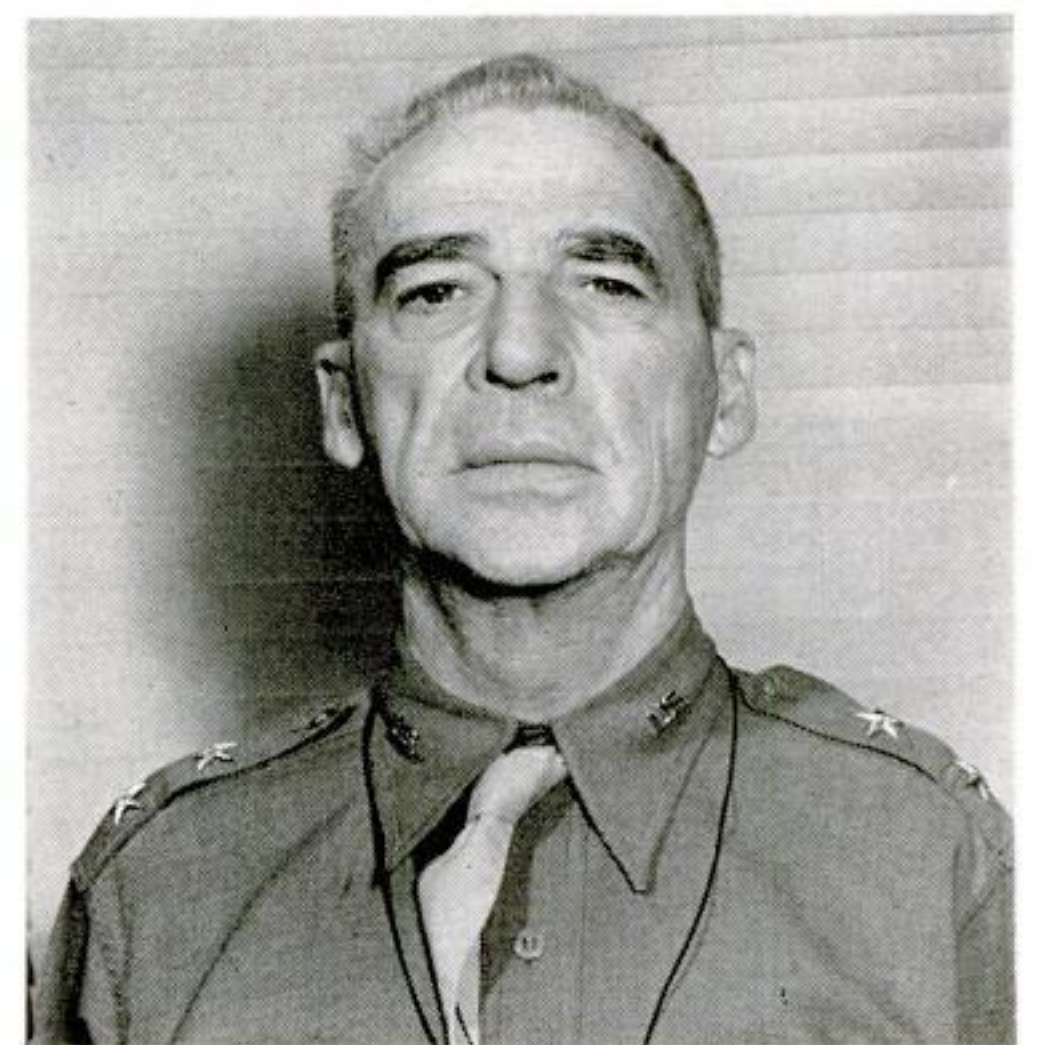
COMMAND SCHOOL

IT TRAINS GENERAL STAFFS FOR ATTACK

Most battles and all wars are won by brains. The army that combines daring initiative with a maximum of careful planning is unbeatable, even though it is outnumbered 3 to 1 by an ill-organized and unimaginative enemy. The brains of an army is its general staff—an anonymous group of officers who insure the supply of men and material, gather information about the enemy, make suggestions to the commanding general and then after he has decided on a plan of operations, carry out his decisions in the field.

Most staff officers of the U. S. Army are trained at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Here for nine grueling weeks they study during every waking hour, working over maps, manuals and problems that their predecessors had two years' time to master. No school in the world is tougher. A rookie's basic training or a new officer's indoctrination course is kindergarten compared to this university of war. When an officer graduates he is fit to assume responsibilities that involve thousands of lives, millions of dollars worth of equipment and the future course of the world. For the school, the Army picks the cream of its command. The students must not be below the rank of captain and must be serving, or selected to serve, on the staffs of armies, corps, divisions, brigades, regiments or battalions. If a student flunks the course his military career is seriously handicapped.

It was the staff work of Leavenworth graduates at command posts in France that won the American battles of World War I. Victory or defeat in World War II is directly dependent on the men studying at the Command and General Staff School today. The most encouraging thing about their present-day course is that problems of defense are being reduced and the new emphasis is entirely on the concrete elements of attack.



GENERAL TRUESDELL IS SCHOOL'S COMMANDANT



LATE AT NIGHT, officers work in their bare rooms on problems which must be complete and perfect for morning classes.

OFFICERS ARE MADE TO MASTER ONE OF STAFF'S FOUR G'S

A staff is divided into four sections—G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4. Each G of a staff has his own specialized work to do. G-1 has complete charge of his unit's personnel. He gets replacements, keeps service records, supervises sanitation and government of the troops, and has charge of prisoners. G-2, the military information section, collects, coordinates and distributes all data about the enemy. G-3 recommends plans of operations, prepares field orders and executes his commanding officer's plan of attack or retreat. G-4 must procure, store and distribute all supplies, furnish transportation, control traffic, take care of the wounded and bury the dead.

For the first six weeks of the Leavenworth course, students study the problems of all the G's. Then they specialize in the work of one. None of the work is theoretical. They work out a specific problem each day, complete with maps, plans of operations and tables of organization. The simplified form of each G's homework on one problem is shown on the following pages.



SHOPTALK ABOUT SCHOOLWORK goes on during every leisure moment. Here two officers discuss attack over coffee.



A LECTURE ON TACTICS is absorbed by one section of the school's 400 students. Large classes like this are held for the

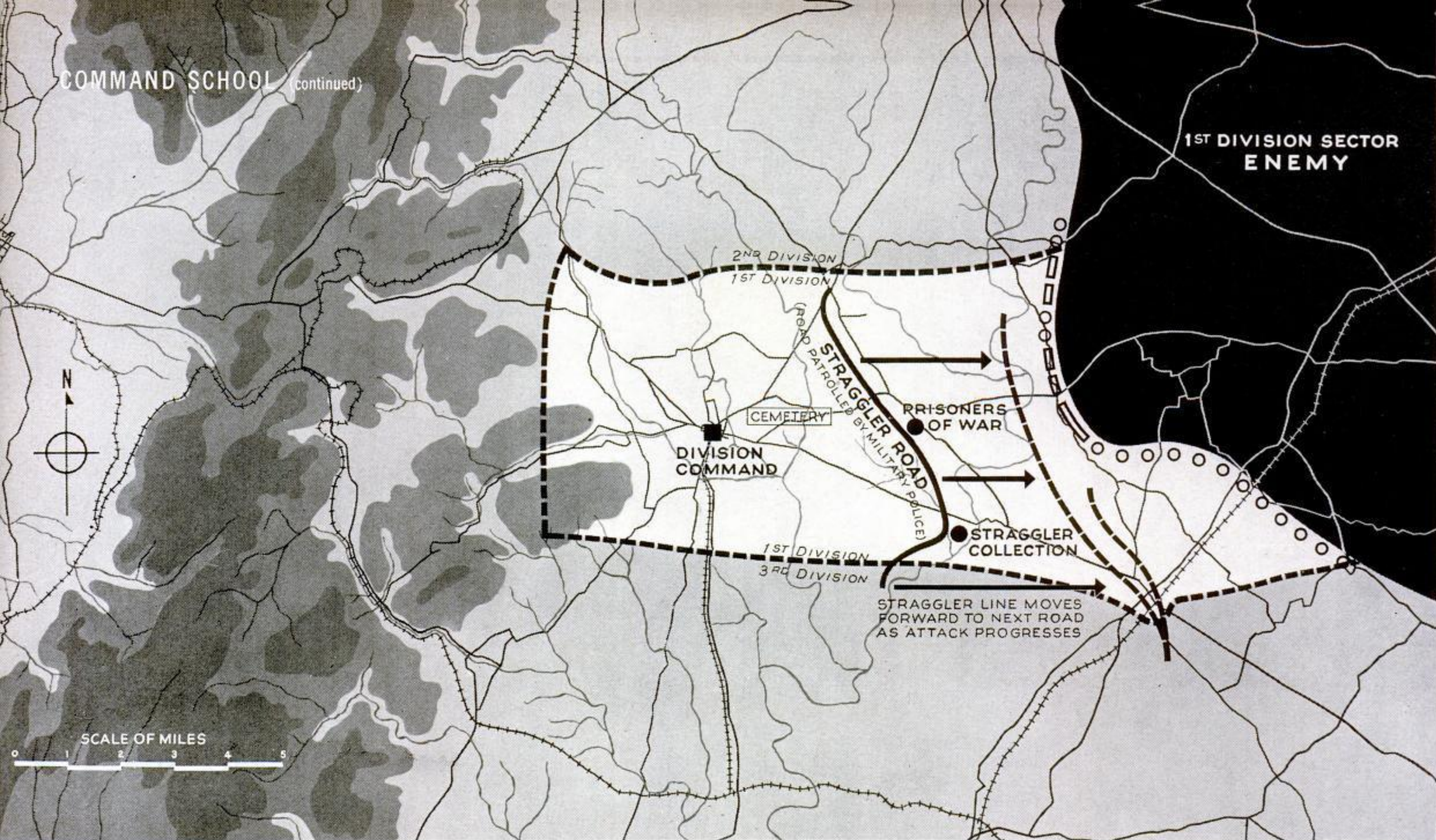
first six weeks of the course, when the students break up into small units and study the work of a single G. Later they form



mimic general staffs and concentrate their combined learning on problems to qualify for graduation. They are kept up-to-

date on the latest military developments in China, Russia and Egypt, and have access to confidential attachés' reports and

the finest military library in the country. Some textbooks are so subject to change that they are mimeographed, not printed.



G-1 This officer and his assistants are concerned with personnel—the soldiers that make up the “First Division.” Therefore, when his commanding general tells him that he plans to attack, G-1 must be sure that all the soldiers of the First Division who are scheduled to advance get to the right place at the right time. In the noise and confusion of battle, many soldiers lose their way and have to be directed. These men are called “stragglers.”

G-1 picks a straggler road a little behind the front and details military police (who are under his jurisdiction) to patrol it and send men who have lost their direction back to the front.

Next he decides on a station to which prisoners of war will be brought as the attack progresses. He picks the site of the division’s cemetery, for he must keep a record of all the dead. When the attack is over he will make out casualty lists, send

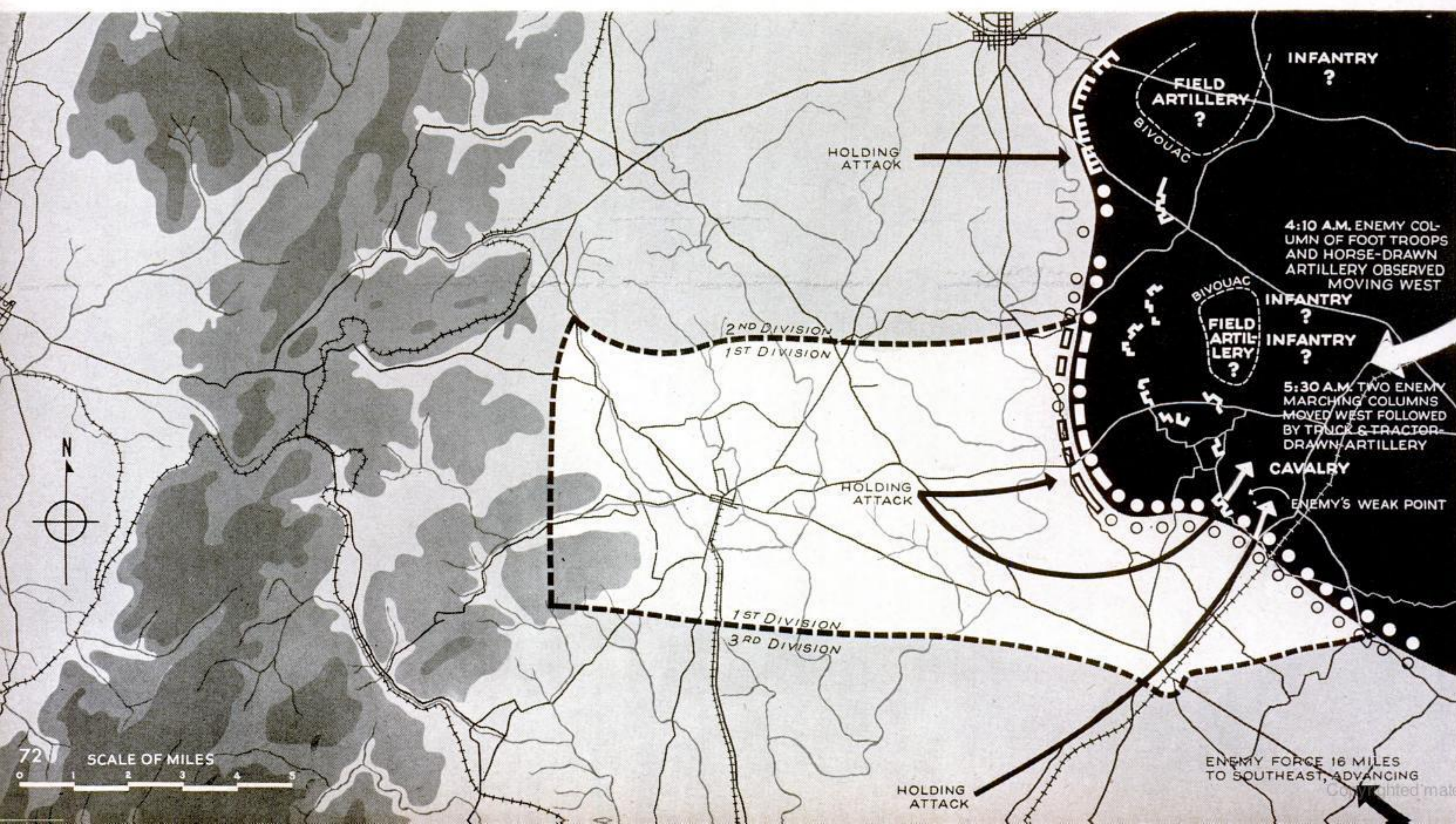
back recommendations for decorations and citations to the Army’s headquarters, inspect the sanitary facilities of the new camp site, distribute mail, give out furloughs, and see that new troops come up from the rear to replace casualties. Then he will report to his general on the personnel status and strength of the division. The maps on this page are simplified versions of the student staff officers’. Theirs are more complete and show the terrain of the battle area in much greater detail.

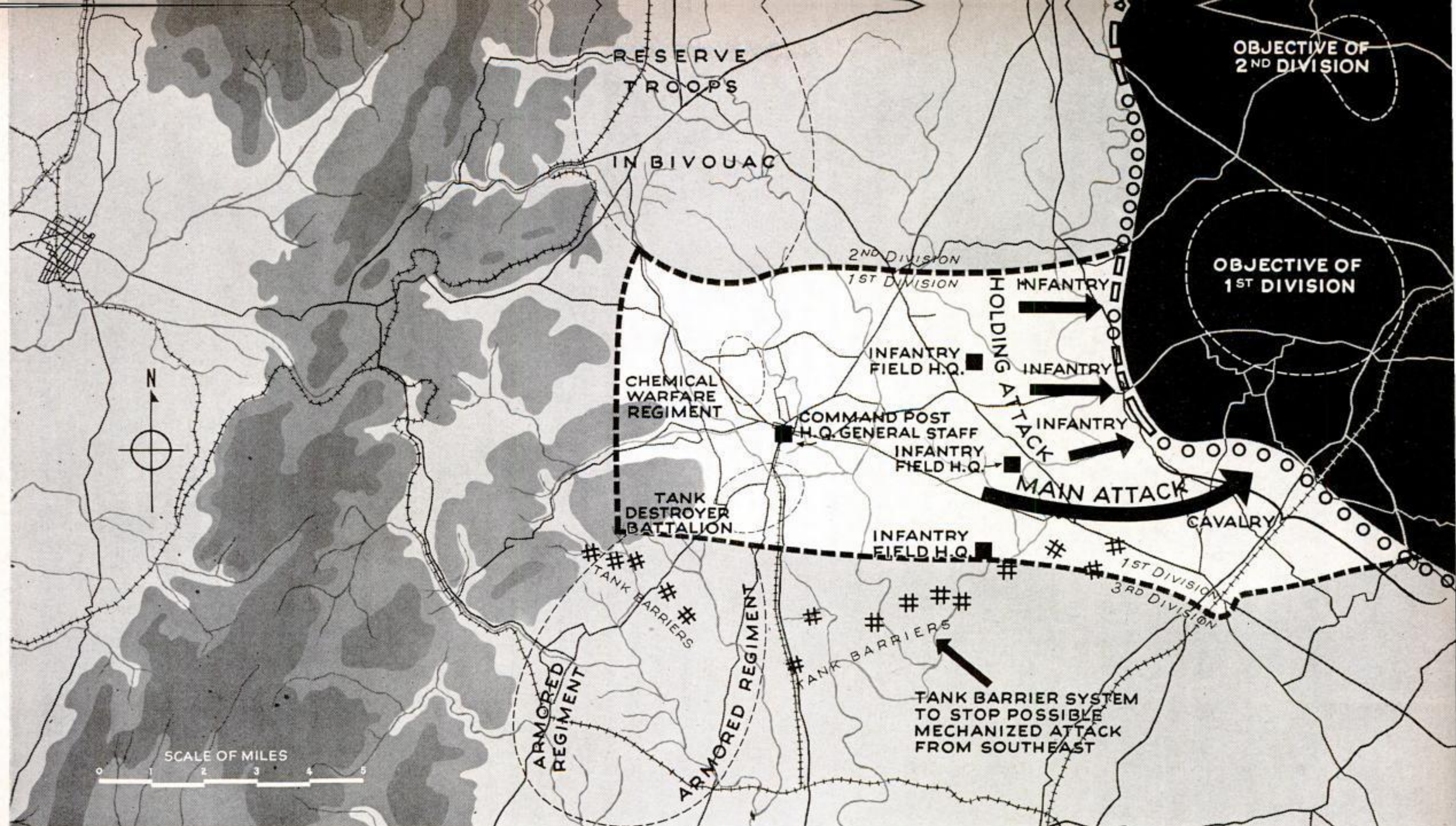
G-2 This officer is interested in the strength and movements of the enemy. He sends out reconnaissance planes to take pictures of the enemy defenses and terrain and studies the pictures when they have been taken. He talks to spies and refugees who have been in enemy territory. He orders scouting parties beyond the advance lines for more information. When he knows everything possible about the enemy, G-2 makes out comprehensive maps

and reports for the commanding general. From these, the First Division’s attack will be planned.

In the map below, G-2 has marked enemy movements behind the enemy’s line. He has found out just what kind of troops are in the enemy’s front line, indicating the cavalry with circles, the infantry with rectangles, and fortified positions with heavy, irregular lines. The question marks indicate that he is uncertain about the number of a particular type

of troops in an area. The most important thing G-2 has discovered is that a large number of enemy troops are bivouacked, behind fortified positions, opposite the First Division. And also that there is a weak spot in the enemy’s line. Through this weak spot the commanding general decides to smash with his mobile troops, while the rest of the division makes holding attacks to divert the enemy. Once through the weak spot, the mobile troops will turn and destroy the enemy in bivouac.





G-3 The work of this branch of the General Staff is to execute the commanding officer's decisions. After the chief has decided to attack, on the basis of G-2's report and the advice of his staff, he turns the mechanical details over to G-3. G-3, who knows the location, effective strength and state of equipment of the division's combat troops, begins to move units to new positions. He concentrates the mobile troops near the enemy's weak spot and

distributes infantry, who will make diverting attacks, along the line. Then he orders field headquarters to be set up near the troops. Next he talks to the G-3's of the neighboring Second and Third Divisions to be sure that their plans do not conflict with his. When all this is done the troops will be ready to attack.

But G-3 must prepare for all contingencies. Military Intelligence (G-2) has told him that a mechanized enemy column

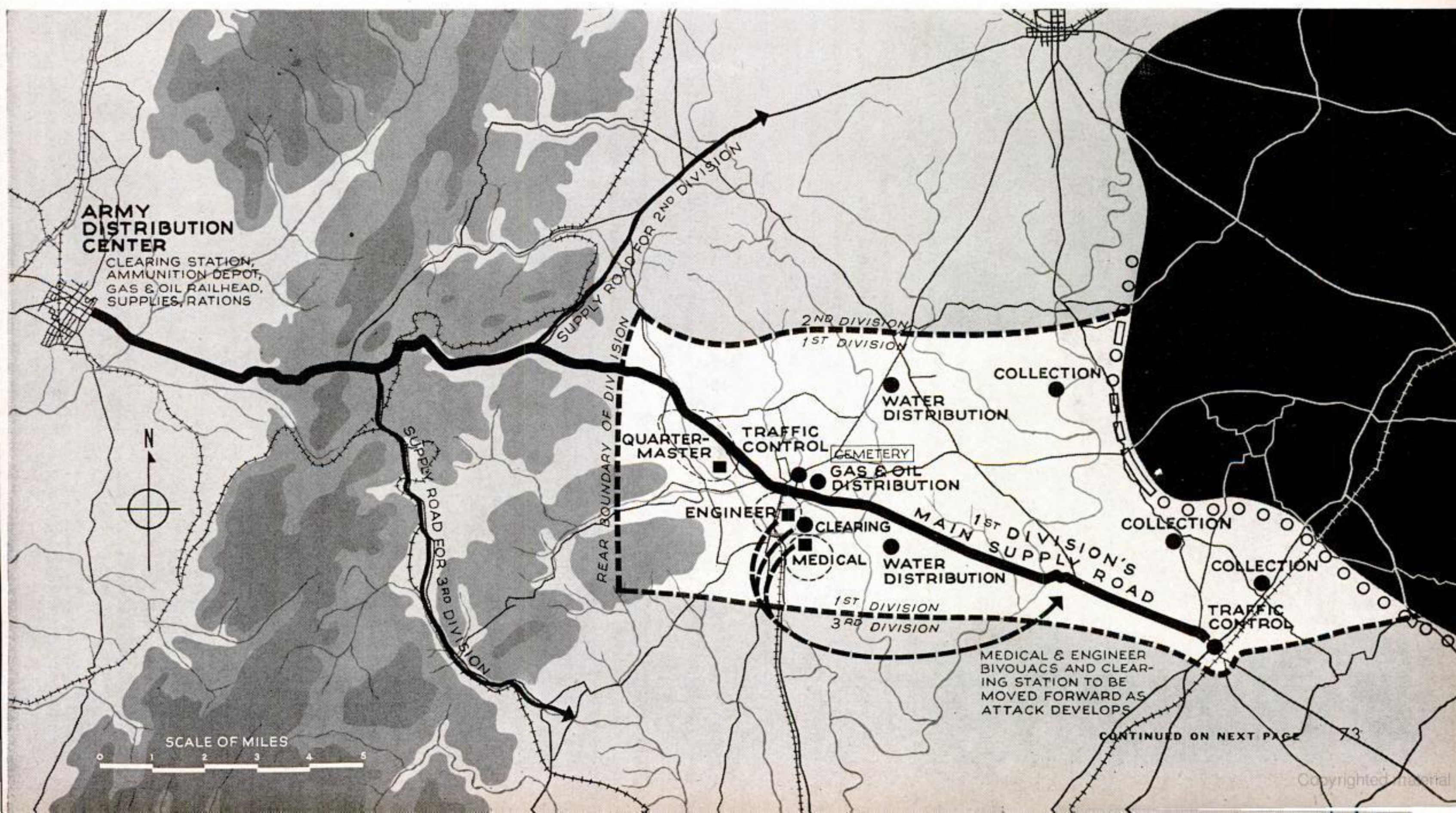
is advancing from the southeast. It might break into his flank during the attack if it is not stopped. So he orders tank barriers constructed at all the critical points on the division's flank and places an armored regiment near them for a counterattack. Behind the barriers is a tank destroyer battalion, with self-propelled guns, to stop any enemy tanks that might get through. Behind that are chemical warfare troops with flame throwers. The First Division can now attack in safety.

G-4 All the headaches of supply belong to G-4. This officer must furnish all water, food, equipment, ammunition, medicine and transportation for the troops. He is told when the attack will commence and where it will take place. Then it is his responsibility to see that the troops have everything they need, when and where they want it.

First he checks with the Army Distribution Center, far in

the rear, which is the supply center for all the divisions. He makes sure that it has plenty of food, fuel and ammunition and tells it to prepare for casualties which he will be bringing back from the front. Then he sets up stations to distribute supplies in his own sector. These stations must be moved as the attack develops, to be kept near the troops, so G-4 has to assign trucks to move them. Another of his responsibilities is to tend and move the wounded and to bury the dead, so

he selects spots for collection stations near the front. The control of all vehicles is another of his jobs, and complicated traffic systems must be worked out to make sure that trucks will keep moving and not snarl up communication lines. Then, after the attack is nearly over, he will see that salvage and work troops are sent out after the combat men. They will repair all damaged equipment, salvage things that cannot be repaired, and get the roads ready to move the division once more.





FUTURE G-3'S SIT ON SITE OF OBSERVATION POST AND STUDY THE BATTLEFIELD. THIS IS A GOOD SPOT FOR POST BECAUSE IT GIVES UNHAMPERED VIEW

STAFF MEN DISCOVER THEIR BEST FRIEND IS BATTLE TERRAIN

Not all of the Command and General Staff School's problems are worked out in the classroom. Because the success of each G depends on his knowledge and use of terrain, the school frequently adjourns to the nearby rolling Kansas hills to work things out at first hand. The G-1 section studies the roads that it would have to patrol to pick up stragglers from the advance forces. It selects the best position for cemeteries and prisoner-of-war posts. G-2 scouts the enemy. G-3 places the theo-

retical forces for the attack. G-4 looks over the railroads and supply lines.

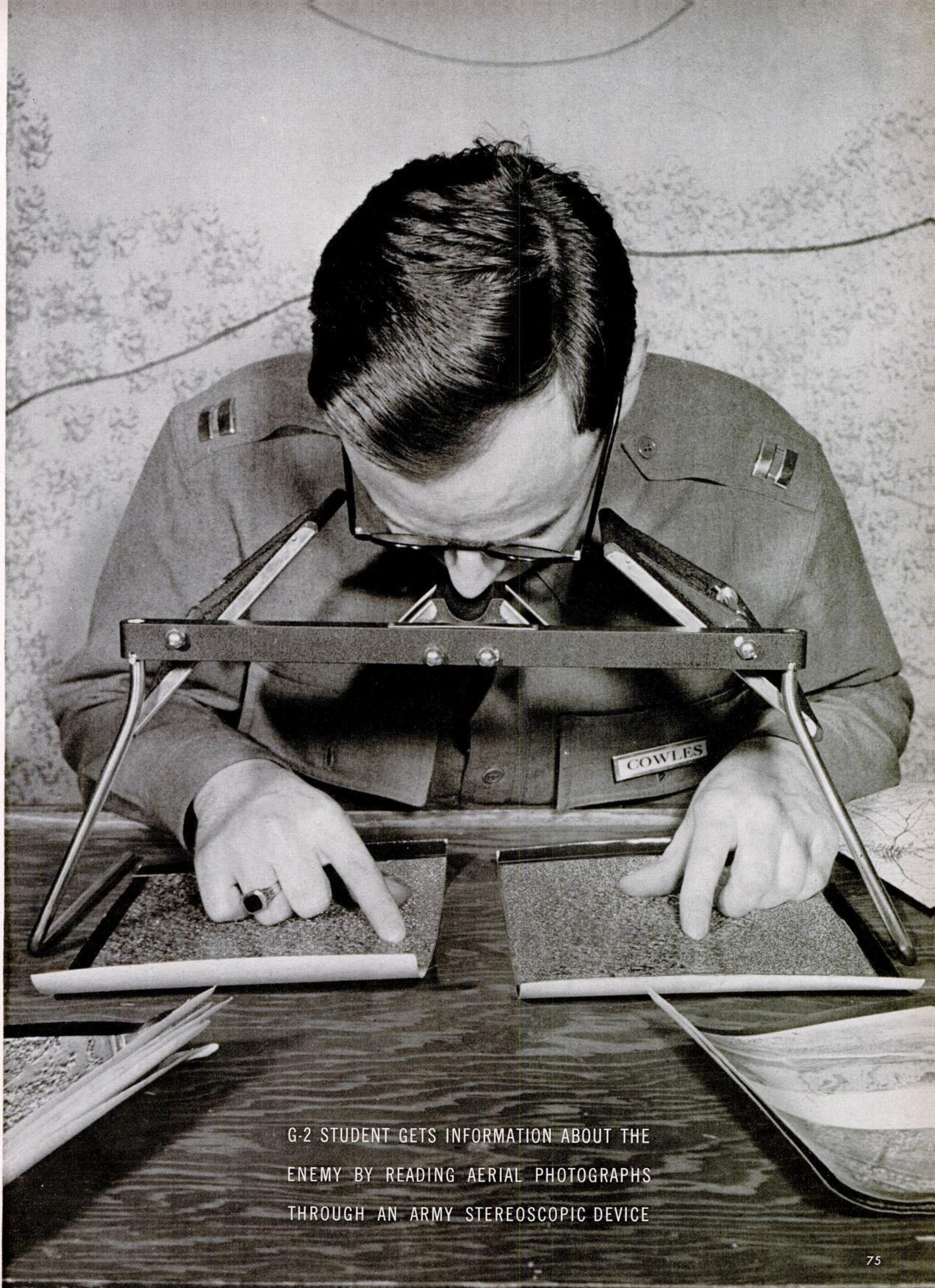
This field work is vital in the thorough training of staff officers. Battles are won or lost through the proper use of hills, rivers and roads. Someday soon, the officers who are now engaged in moving imaginary men and supplies over a Kansas landscape will be moving the real things over the terrain of China, Russia or Western Europe. It will be too late then for mistakes.



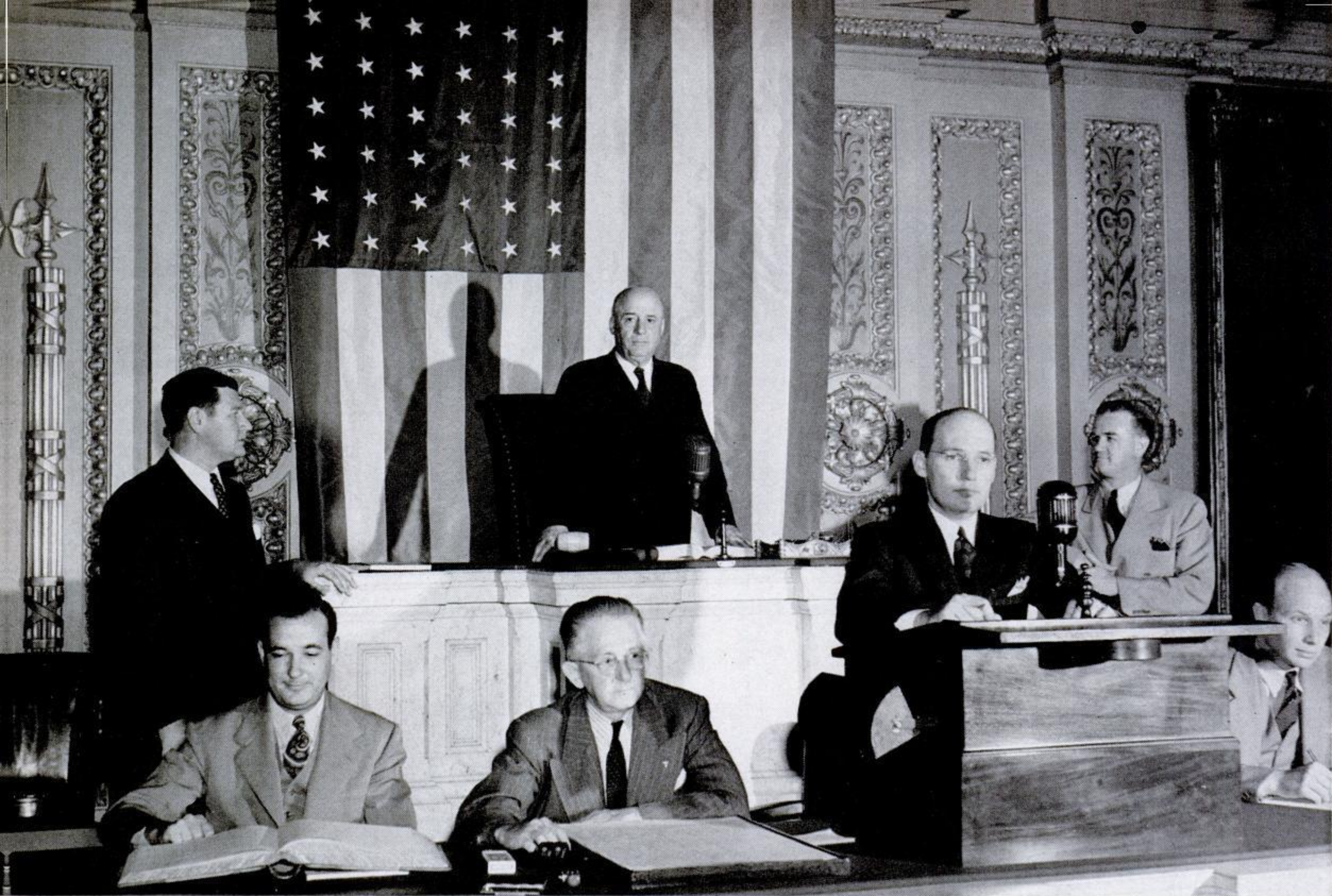
NETWORK OF ROADS behind the advance lines is very carefully studied. Over these during an attack must move men and supplies; dead, wounded and prisoners must be taken to rear.



RAILHEADS are important to G-4's. Here a group of G-4 students plan where they would set up fuel, ammunition and food dumps; where they would place clearing stations for wounded.



G-2 STUDENT GETS INFORMATION ABOUT THE
ENEMY BY READING AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
THROUGH AN ARMY STEREOSCOPIC DEVICE



↑ **The House of Representatives** is ruled with moderate firmness by its speaker, Sam Rayburn of Texas, shown here behind his white marble dais surrounded by parliamentarians and clerks. The House is the half of Congress which directly represents the people.

The Senate is ruled by nobody. It loves to sprawl and spraddle in debate. Senators do the filibustering in Congress. They are elected by States and have a feeling of superiority over Representatives. This is one of few photographs ever taken of Senate in session.



IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT CONGRESS?

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

They are saying, in this year of war and elections, that the Congress of the United States is a worn-out institution that is log-rolling itself into its grave. They are saying it is losing the war or doing nothing to win it; that it talks too much or not enough; that it should be composed of statesmen and, instead, is made up of political hacks. They are saying it ought to be abolished or it ought to be reformed or it ought to adjourn and get out of Washington or it ought to stay in session and do some work.

The people on the streets are saying these things and so are the people who write letters to Congressmen. The letters have been downright savage: "You can't kill a Jap with your yap;" "Not one thing that is worth a tinker's damn comes out of Washington; in other words, our leadership is punk. . . ."

The columnists and editors have been saying the same things. Westbrook Pegler delivered his verdict that Congress "is a miserable, timid, fumbling aggregation of political trimmers and panhandlers." Raymond Clapper, who has a plain man's way of thinking and writing, said that "what you hear in Congress is 99% tripe, ignorance and demagoguery and not to be relied upon." The *New York Times*, getting overheated for once, made the accusation that "Congress is making the war more expensive for the country and more difficult to win." According to *Time*, the people of the U. S. no longer look to Congress for leadership, for advice, even for debates or oratory—"they watch Congress mainly for laughs."

Perhaps the worst thing to be said of Congress is true of all Washington in the summer of 1942. Publisher J. David Stern's *Philadelphia Record* used to print a slogan: "Fight the depression as we fought the war." Today Congress (and the rest of Washington) is still trying to fight the war as it fought the depression.

In view of all this it would astonish a visitor from Mars or even from Nazi Germany, where the Reichstag situation is well in hand, to observe that the American people are going right ahead to elect another Congress this year. Such a visitor might conclude that it would save trouble and promote national morale to round up the 435 Representatives and 96 Senators in their air-cooled Washington offices, load them on a train and rush them off to a barbed-wire prison camp in, say, the mountains of Montana. Instead of even dreaming of such a scheme as this, the mere hint of which would be enough to raise an army of 50,000,000 howling-mad American revolutionaries overnight, the voters on Nov. 3, 1942 will simply elect 435 more Representatives and 32 Senators to serve in a new Congress. The 77th Congress, which is the present one, will die on Jan. 2, 1943. The 78th Congress will take over on Jan. 3.

The experts and the people seem to agree that the 77th Congress is terrible. They also seem to agree, rather strongly, that they want a 78th.

Now it is an established fact in American Government that there is no such thing as a popular Congress. And when the American people feel disillusioned and angry—as they do now over their defeats in the war—they show it by cussing Congress more violently than usual. Making allowances for this principle, the truth about the 77th Congress is:

1) It is the best war Congress the U. S. has had yet. It has passed the necessary war bills quickly and with very little fuss.

2) Except for necessary war bills, it has played politics-as-usual, wasted the nation's valuable time and bungled almost everything it had to do.

3) It still contains many Isolationists who did all they could to defeat President Roosevelt's anti-Axis policy before Pearl Harbor.

Congress at war

Only Congress can declare war for the U. S.—a fact which still leads many U. S. citizens to suppose that Congress should do something about running the war after it has been declared. This is a dangerous mistake. Congress cannot direct a war and whenever it has tried it has made an unholy mess. The Continental Congress almost lost our Revolution and all but abandoned Washington and his army. The "War Hawks" of Congress stampeded the country into the War of 1812-14 with England and then could not even pass bills raising men and money for the fighting. During the Mexican War of 1846-48 Congress was a hotbed of dissension that constantly threatened to upset everything the armies were doing. One Whig Congressman, Abraham Lincoln by name, plagued the Administration with his famous "Spot Resolutions"—demanding that Congress be informed as to the exact "spot" where hostilities began and whether that "spot" was not in Mexican instead of American territory. The Civil War Congress with its Committee on the Conduct of the War called in generals from the field and quizzed them about their battle plans before the battles were fought. The Congress which declared war on Spain in 1898 kept hands off the war itself but got deeply involved in the embalmed-beef and camp-building scandals that killed thousands of American soldiers. The World War Congress of 1917-18 took nearly two months to pass a draft law after war had been declared and moved generally with such confusion and delay that not a single American airplane or American piece of artillery reached the battle line in the 18 months we were at war.

The case for Congress

Against this background the present War Congress has been almost a model of speedy and effective action. Its declaration of war against Japan, with only one dissenting vote, and its unanimous declarations against Germany and Italy are unprecedented in U. S. history. It passed with almost no debate two war-powers bills giving the President vast special powers to reorganize the Government and wage war. It promptly enlarged the draft and authorized a mammoth mobilization of all U. S. manpower between the ages of 18 and 65. Most important of all it has kept doggedly to the backbreaking job of shoveling out colossal sums of money for military purposes. Since January the Congress has passed, in addition to several regular appropriations, seven appropriation bills for war totaling \$135,500,000,000, which in itself is more money than was ever appropriated by all the Congresses in U. S. history from 1789 to 1940.

No dictatorship could ask more than that.

Besides actual cash the Congress has quickly authorized all the expansion that the Army and Navy felt like asking. Just one example of this: on June 17 Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee presented a bill authorizing the eventual construction of a "Five-Ocean Navy"

totaling 1,900,000 tons of warships, which will be piled on top of the vast "Two-Ocean Navy" now being built. A Navy like that means, in simple words, that the U. S. will be powerful enough practically to run the world for decades to come. But Congress took no time to discuss the ifs and ands. It passed the bill in nine days and sent it to the President, who held it 13 days before signing it into law.

Even before Pearl Harbor the present Congress and its predecessor had an extraordinary record on preparedness. It might have done more, just as the whole nation might have done more. But in cold fact it did pass the first peacetime draft law in U. S. history in 1940, and when war came the U. S. had a sizeable army of trained men ready, also for the first time in history. It did pass President Roosevelt's lease-lend bill, an act without parallel in U. S. history. It amended the neutrality laws and authorized the seizure of Axis ships and appropriated nearly \$50,000,000,000 for defense before the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

On some things Congress even took the ball and made short gains entirely on its own. It was Congress that got the Two-Ocean Navy started in 1940. It was Congress that took the initiative on the draft, through the foresighted action of Representative James Wadsworth of New York and former Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska. Last year Congress even authorized the building of oil pipelines that would have relieved the present Eastern oil shortage, and the building of synthetic rubber plants that would be very useful now. The pipelines and the rubber plants were not built in time but Congress can't be blamed for that.

Through some of its committees Congress is keeping a cold eye on the hordes of lobbyists, contractors, Army and Navy suppliers, dollar-a-year men and assorted bureaucrats that have flocked to Washington to help fight the war in their own—usually profitable—way. The Truman Committee of the Senate has exposed a lot of profiteering and inefficiency and has probably prevented even more. Its investigations forced the renegotiation of contracts that will save the War Department no less than \$1,137,000,000. The House Naval Affairs Committee saved \$700,000,000 on warship contracts. Recently this committee dug up and exposed to the contempt of the nation a nest of Washington "business representatives" who have been raking off 10% commissions on Army and Navy contracts. One family of profiteers was found to have collected more than \$700,000 in fees in the past year on this public business. Within a few hours after these cases were exposed Congress was working on bills to outlaw this practice and to get the money back.

As of Aug. 15, 1942, the present Congress had been in continuous session for 588 days—longer than any Congress in U. S. history. Three per cent of its members have died since it convened in January 1941. This month many of the members are away from Washington, but Congress remains in formal session. Whatever else may be said of it, Congress is working hard at its job.

The case against Congress

On measures not directly related to the war the performance of the 77th Congress has ranged from mediocre to very bad. Congress is continually griping that it does not have enough to do with running the Government. But in the past few months

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PAST



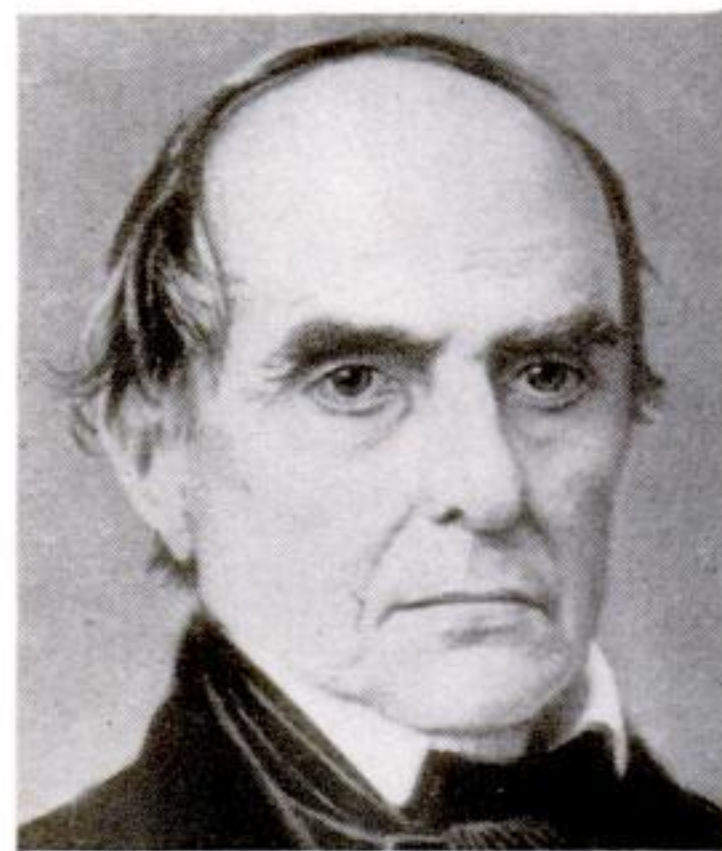
Fisher Ames of Massachusetts saved the Jay Treaty of 1796 with his silver tongue.



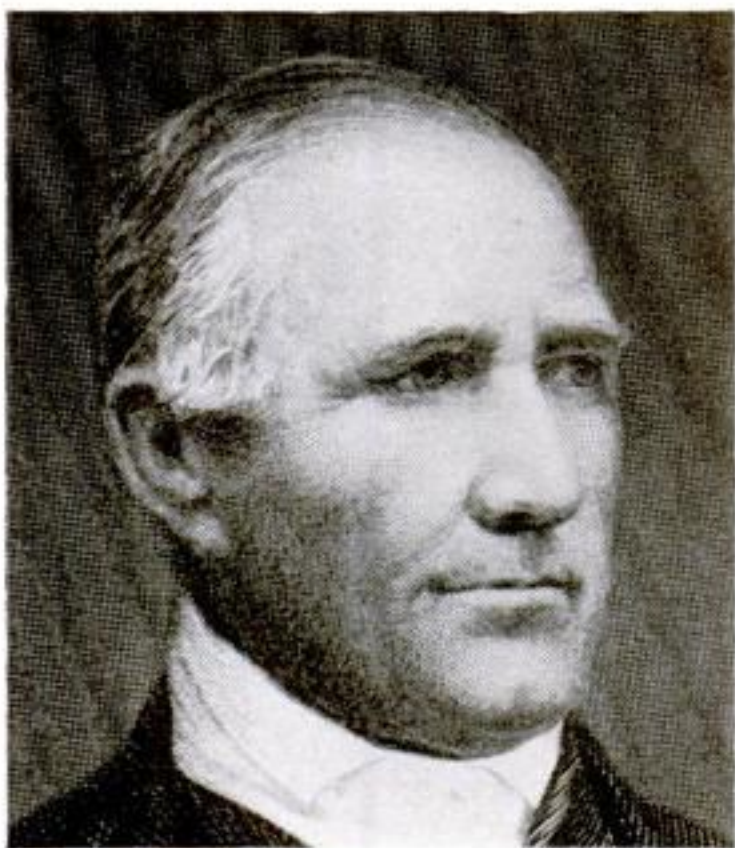
John Randolph of Virginia sponsored a bill in 1810 to sell most of the U. S. Navy.



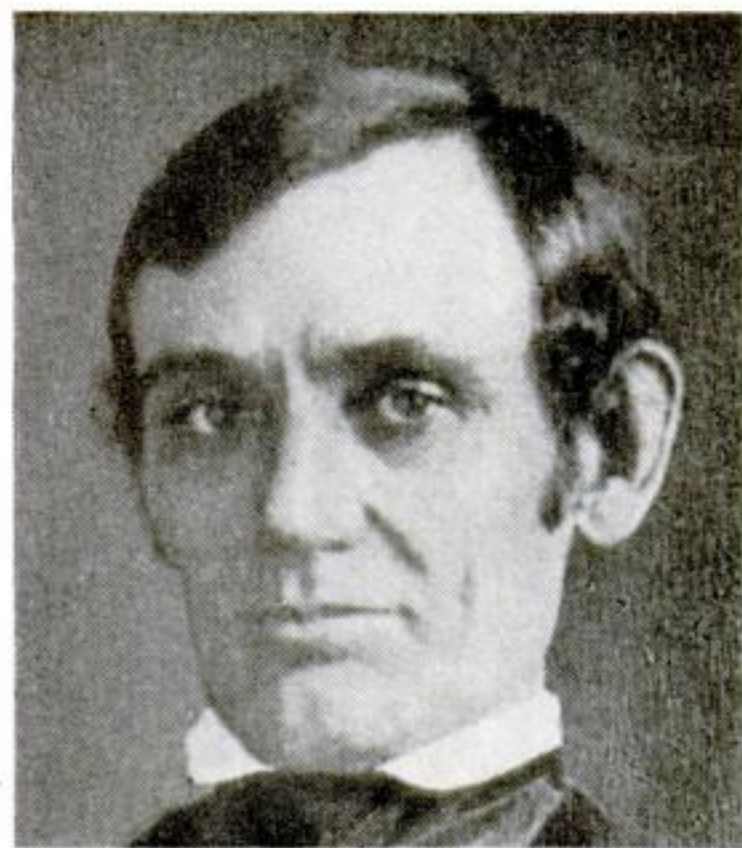
Henry Clay, the "Great Compromiser," led the Congressional "War Hawks" of 1812.



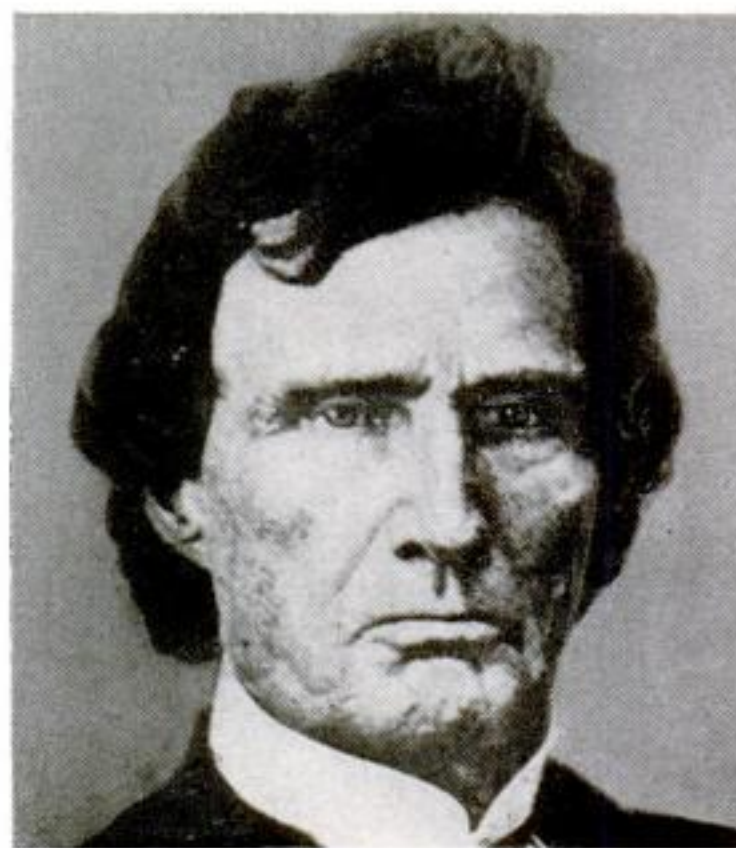
Daniel Webster as a young Congressman made President Madison's life miserable.



Sam Houston was a Congressman from Tennessee many years before he liberated Texas.



Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was an "obstructionist" Whig in Congress of 1846-48.



Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania made Congress a dictator over the White House.



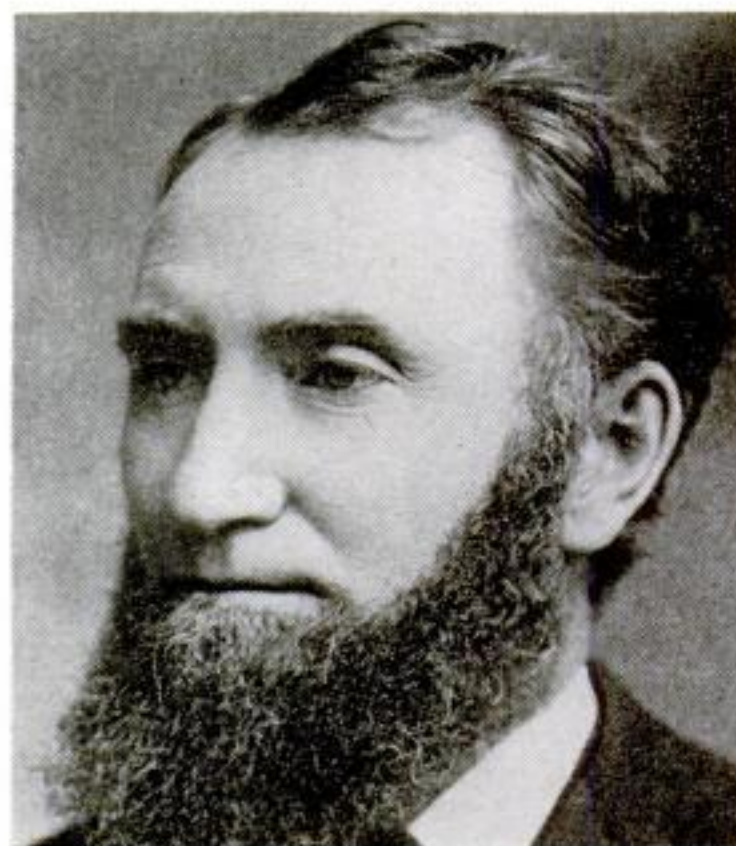
Clement Vallandigham of Ohio was leading Congress Copperhead during Civil War.



James G. Blaine fathered Pan-Americanism but got mixed up in a bond graft scandal.



William J. Bryan made anti-Wall Street speeches as a Congressman from Nebraska.



Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois was head of the ruthless Republican tyranny in Congress.



Nicholas Longworth of Ohio was Speaker of the House during Coolidge-Hoover era.

CONGRESS (continued)

it has showed itself incapable of real leadership on such vital matters as:

Taxes. The 1942 tax bill as passed by the House is in fact the largest tax bill in U. S. history. But it is still too little and much too late, although taxes are Congress' special job and responsibility. After Pearl Harbor, last Dec. 7, everyone knew the nation would have to pay enormous sums in new taxes. Everyone knew too that a bill should be passed and signed by June 30 because a new fiscal year begins then, and excise taxes are computed by the fiscal year. But the House Ways and Means Committee, which draws up tax bills, did not start its work until March 3. It did not report any bill to the House until July 16.

Then came a debate on the House floor which offered an interesting cross-section of Congressional

thinking in wartime. On one July afternoon, for instance, the following subjects were brought up and discussed by speakers on the tax bill: the Boston Tea Party, President Lincoln's greenbacks, the Biblical story of Pharaoh and Joseph, American womanhood, the thoughts of U. S. housewives during the canning season, the shipping worries of Idaho potato growers, the ditto of Oregon lumbermen, rubber rationing, whether President Roosevelt was an isolationist from 1933 to 1937, the advertising troubles of small-town publishers in South Dakota, State Socialism, and sweating "as a fine art." Meanwhile the U. S. was losing \$2,500,000 a day in excise taxes alone.

As passed in the House the bill provided only 6.25 billions in new revenue against the 8.7 billions estimated by the Treasury as the nation's minimum need. The problem of writing a real tax bill—and particularly of facing the sales-tax issue

—was put off until after the November elections. Congress simply bogged down on its own special job.

Inflation. A year ago Congress could have taken the lead in passing an all-out anti-inflation bill controlling prices, wages and profits for the duration of the emergency. Such a bill was introduced by an able young Representative, Albert Gore of Tennessee. But the Roosevelt Administration did not have the courage to endorse the bill (because labor is opposed to wage control) and Congress, blaming it on the Administration, did not have the courage either. This summer Congress and the White House are again talking about some kind of wage stabilization law, but already it may be too late to stop serious inflation.

Price Control. Instead of the Gore bill the Administration proposed and Congress passed a bill to control prices alone. This measure created OPA

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESENT



Clarence Cannon of Missouri helps to run farm bloc, is an expert on Congress red tape.



Adolph Sabath of Illinois has served longer (35 years) than any other Representative.



John McCormack of Massachusetts is the Democratic leader and 100% for Roosevelt.



Earl Wilson of Indiana thinks Washington working girls should be in bed by 10 p.m.



Eugene Cox of Georgia is foe of labor and a strong supporter of President's war policy.



Thomas Eliot of Massachusetts led praiseworthy fight against the Dies committee.



Mike Monroney of Oklahoma is in small group of young, able, serious Congressmen.



Andrew May of Kentucky is a thick-headed beneficiary of Congressional seniority.



James W. Wadsworth of New York, an able Republican, is the only ex-Senator in House.



Jerry Voorhis of California is a super-serious young liberal who worries a great deal.



Joe Martin of Massachusetts is leader of House Republicans and plays politics hard.



Joseph Bryson of South Carolina is one of the leading prohibitionists in Congress.

and gave Leon Henderson his job. But even this halfway measure was weakened by the persistent efforts of the Congressional farm bloc, which wrote into it the extraordinary proposition that Henderson could set prices for everything but farm products. This typical bit of Congressional log-rolling in behalf of special interests went on both before and after Pearl Harbor.

Labor. Much public wrath has descended on Congress because it failed to "do something" about wartime strikes and union racketeering. Most members of Congress would be delighted to pass some good resounding laws aimed at labor unions, but, in the face of Administration opposition, Congress as a whole does not have the courage of its convictions. The "labor bloc" in Congress is actually the Administration majority, so long as the White House holds it in line.

Economy. Here again Congress has not shown

real courage, though individual members have tried hard. Most Congressmen believe that WPA, NYA and other New Deal agencies set up for relief purposes should now be disbanded. But so far they have only got rid of CCC, at a piddling saving of \$76,000,000.

Leon Henderson. The running feud between Congress and the good-natured price boss of the U. S. is one of the serio-comic episodes of the war in Washington. Every day the halls of the Capitol ring with vindictive oratory aimed at Henderson the "bureaucrat," Henderson and his "army of snoopers," Henderson and his sugar rationing, Henderson and the shortage of gasoline. Members who face opposition in their home districts this year even blame that on Henderson—they argue that voters who can't vote against Henderson are voting instead against their Congressmen.

The hottest fight in Congress this year was over

Henderson's request for \$210,000,000 to enforce rationing and price ceilings all over the U. S. The mere thought of Henderson taking such a sum and organizing a nationwide force of agents turned Congress into a seething mass of waving arms and loud tongues. The House Appropriations Committee gave him a rough raking over the coals and cut him to \$95,000,000. Then the whole House made the girders tremble with anti-Henderson speeches, and slashed him to \$75,000,000. Then the Senate, which fancies itself as more generous, raised the ante to \$125,000,000. Eventually both houses agreed on \$120,000,000 with the tacit understanding that Henderson could come back for more "after the elections" if necessary. Meanwhile inflation marched ahead and black markets sprang up across the land.

Pensions for Congressmen. The most ill-timed piece of legislation ever passed by any Congress was the

THE ISOLATIONISTS



Robert F. Rich of Pennsylvania charged in House debate that President Roosevelt maneuvered the U.S. into the war.



John M. Vorys of Ohio (left) and Karl Mundt of South Dakota keep Isolationism alive as Republican party issue.



Roy Woodruff of Michigan has 100% Isolationist record—on every measure from arming Guam to draft extension.



Stephen Day of Illinois (right) wrote a book for Flanders Hall, publishing firm that issued Nazi propaganda.

CONGRESS (continued)

Civil Service Retirement Act, better known as the Congressional retirement plan, of Jan. 21, 1942. American soldiers were dying in the grim siege of Bataan and Singapore was soon to fall. The nation was awaiting the truth about Pearl Harbor from the Roberts report, issued Jan. 23. The people were heartsick and badly hurt. And then they read in their newspapers that Congress had voted itself pensions out of the public treasury.

That was just too much. The whole country exploded with righteous anger. In Spokane thousands of voters joined a freakish "Bundles for Congress" campaign, contributing old dental plates, wooden legs and razor blades for "the relief of indigent Congressmen." The New York Times called the bill an illustration "of Congress' apparent complacency and willingness to put self-interest above the nation's interest." President Roosevelt signed the bill on Jan. 24 but Congress got it back and repealed it in a hurry.

Some day, probably, Congressmen will get pensions just as many Government officials, including Supreme Court judges, do. It might be a good thing. It might be that Congressmen would vote more often according to their convictions and less often with an eye toward re-election if they could count on modest financial security after their terms are over. But the people are in no mood to listen to such arguments now.

"X" Cards for Congressmen. The great Congressional "X"-card scandal is a different matter. When gasoline rationing went into effect in the Eastern States May 15, members of Congress were invited by their old foe, Leon Henderson, to register for cards in the Capitol rotunda. There each one was handed a fresh new "X" card—permitting unlimited rations of gas—and no questions asked about it. Some said they didn't want "X" cards and were told there were no others available, according to the stories they told later. The really stubborn ones went elsewhere and got fixed up with "A" and "B" cards.

Within a few hours the newspaper barrage began and continued for weeks thereafter. The theme of all news stories and editorials was that Congressmen were demanding and using "X" cards while ordinary citizens were not. That simply was not true. Tens of thousands of "X" cards were issued—to farmers, doctors, dentists, war workers, Government workers, truck drivers, etc., etc. In Washington alone 15,000 "X" cards were issued, of which Congressmen took only 260 (212 Representatives and 48 Senators, less than half of the members). But the mere thought of Congressmen using "X" cards to carry on their business drove the newspapers and the people into hysterics.

For once the sorely tried Congressmen fought back. "It is about time we Members of Congress . . . let this Nation know whether we are men or mice," shouted the Hon. F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana. "It is unfair to tar Congress with the stick of odium and hate," cried the Hon. Thomas D'Alesandro Jr., of Maryland. "Every little doctor with a stomach-ache to tend to has an 'X' card, while we get all the stomach-aches in the country here," said the Hon. Clarence Cannon, of Missouri. So Congress—at least part of it—kept its "X" cards, and under permanent rationing Congressmen get all the gasoline they ask for, even for campaigning.

Demagogues as usual

Fair or not, the people are inclined to judge Congress by its worst members. A Congressman who does a good deed or says a sensible word usually goes unnoticed. But when some Congressman makes a fool of himself, as the Hon. Andrew Jackson May of Kentucky did recently, with his flat prediction that the war would be over "probably

in 1942 and unquestionably in 1943," everyone hears about it.

The kind of politics that is being played every day in Congress has not changed a bit since Pearl Harbor. Not a day goes by without bickering exchanges between Republicans and Democrats. The Roosevelt-haters are as active as ever. The Hon. Clare Hoffman of Michigan, in fact, was the first to break the wartime political truce, on Jan. 27, when he declared on the floor of the House: "The Commander in Chief (Roosevelt) got us into this thing." The Hon. William T. Pheiffer of New York even attacked Lieut. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. for taking a month's shore leave from the Navy to have his appendix removed. A month's leave for a major operation, said Demagogue Pheiffer, was an example of the "favored treatment" given sons of prominent men in the armed forces.

Congress played politics with the soldiers' pay bill, when it raised the base pay for privates from \$21 a month to \$50, instead of the \$42 which the Army and Navy had asked for. A few extra dollars, thought Congressmen, might give them a few extra votes. Congress is playing politics every hour on rubber, on gasoline, on all the petty little local woes of the nation. The pages of the *Congressional Record* are crammed with appeals for special consideration for the motorists of the East, for the motorists of the South, for the motorists of the Midwest and of the Pacific Coast. Senators and Representatives have shed oceans of printed tears over oil producers and oil shippers and oil distributors and would-be oil buyers. A future historian might conclude that all the U. S. had to think about in the summer of 1942 was how to burn up its oil and gasoline on the home front.

More recently a great new political theme has appeared in the Congressional debates—subsidies. Congressmen want Federal subsidies for oil transportation, for coal transportation, for lumber and grain and potatoes and everything else. The theory behind subsidies, as expressed by such statesmen as the Hon. Richard Russell of Georgia, the Hon. Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania, the Hon. Claude Pepper of Florida and the Hon. George Aiken of Vermont, Senators all, is that nobody at home should suffer any extra expense because the country is at war.

Subsidies, in other words, are to provide a big new opportunity for pocketbook draft-dodging.

This kind of thinking is proof enough that Washington is still trying to fight the war as it fought the depression—by simply handing out large sums of money to everybody who has troubles. Of course a great many speeches are being made in Congress about the number of American soldiers who must die before the war is won. But on the home front, if Congress has its way, nobody is even going to pay more for gasoline.

Isolationists as usual

The great issue before the 77th Congress and the nation during most of 1941 was whether the U. S. would fight the Axis for the freedom of the world—the issue of Isolationism vs. Interventionism. On this issue history will record that the Isolationists were wrong. The only way they could ever be right, in fact, would be for the U. S. to lose the war, or having won it, to write the kind of a peace that will bring on other worldwide wars. And the U. S. is committed against both these things.

Now it is possible to be wrong on a great issue and still be an honest man and a good Congressman. It is possible to be wrong and admit one's mistakes. Most of the Isolationists in Congress have done this. But some of them still think of Isolationism as a political issue. They know there will be grief and bitterness and war-weariness before the war is won. They would take advantage of these feelings,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



If you followed in their footsteps



"HALF THE
FUN OF HAVING
FEET"

... YOU'D NEED SHOES WITH **"EXTRA VALUE"** FEATURES—INSIDE AND OUT!

EVER follow an active youngster? No? Then don't! You'd be worn to a frazzle in no time.

You'd travel the long way, of course—taking "short cuts" off the beaten path... kicking an occasional tin can. And you'd wonder how *any* shoes could retain their fit under such pounding.

Red Goose and Friedman-Shelby boys' and girls' shoes *can* "take it." Why? Because "Extra Value" features—*inside and out*—give them strength to hold their fit *longer*, wear *longer*, and keep their good looks *longer*!

How do *you* judge a shoe? By looks alone? Even an expert can't tell in that way what a shoe is really worth. Know the facts *before you buy*!

Every pair of Red Goose and Friedman-Shelby shoes for boys and girls of all ages embodies these important "Extra Value" features:

1. Honest construction with *finer* materials.
2. Leathers carefully selected to provide *utmost* value.
3. Painstaking and *detailed* workmanship.
4. Added *reinforcements* to help assure extra wear and lasting fit.

Demand "EXTRA VALUE" Features!

Go to the dealer who features Red Goose and Friedman-Shelby shoes for boys and girls. The Red Goose or Friedman-Shelby trade-mark *on the shoe* has meant the highest of manufacturing standards for more than a quarter of a century.



Red Goose Style No. 3542, Boys' wing-tip oxford. Black or brown. Shark-skin tip.

Red Goose Style No. 3662, Misses' walled-last brogue. Two-tone antique finish.

RED GOOSE SHOES

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY SHOES

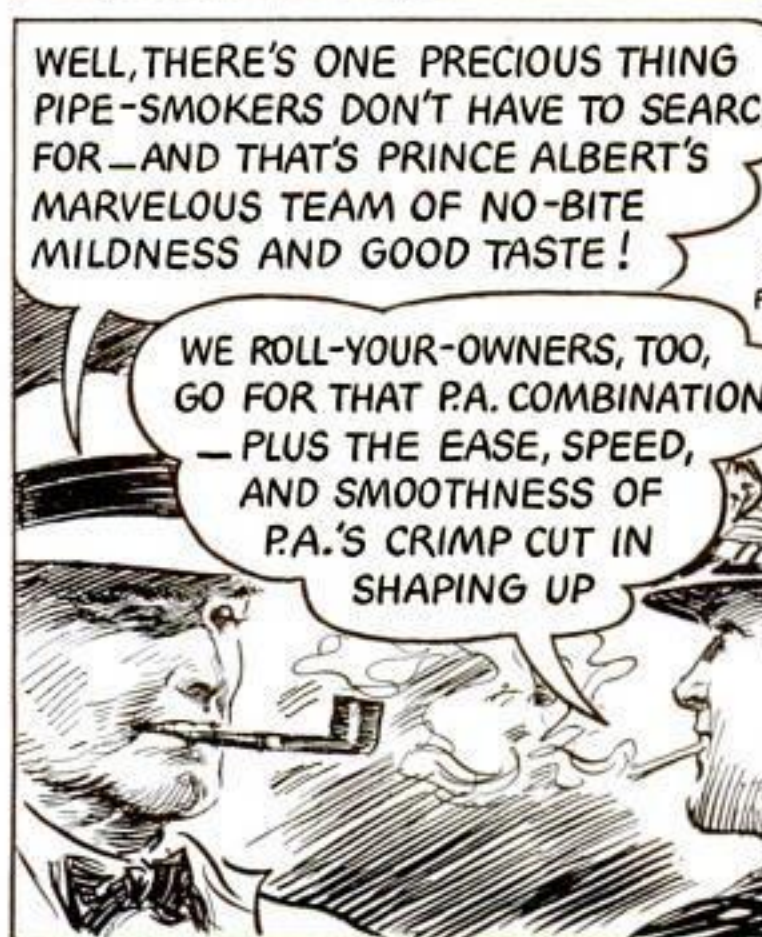
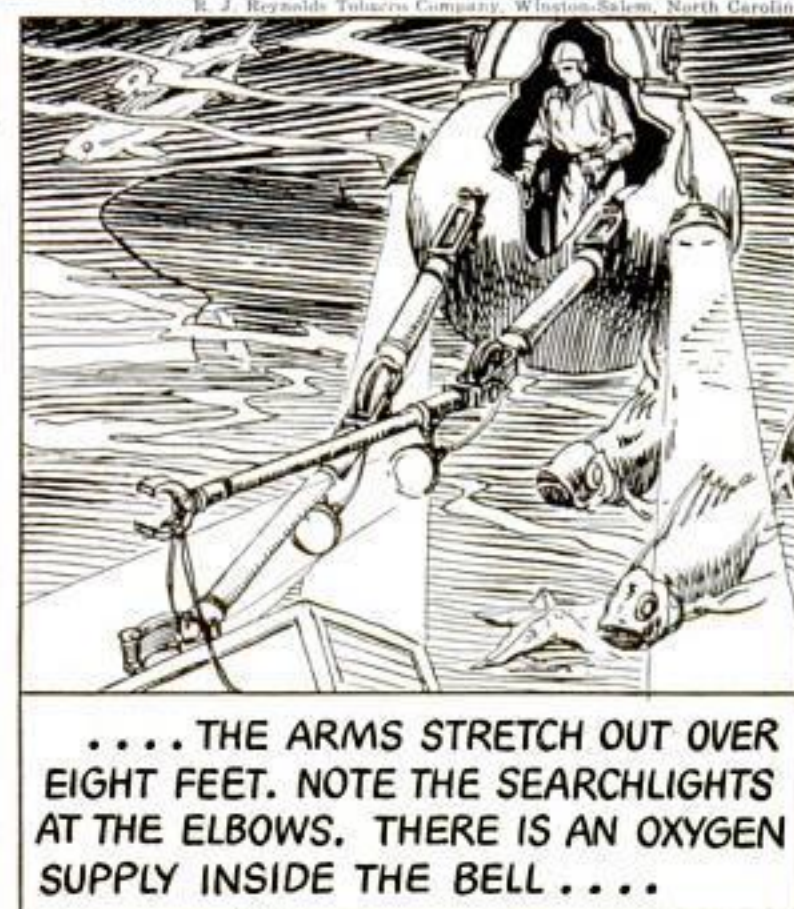
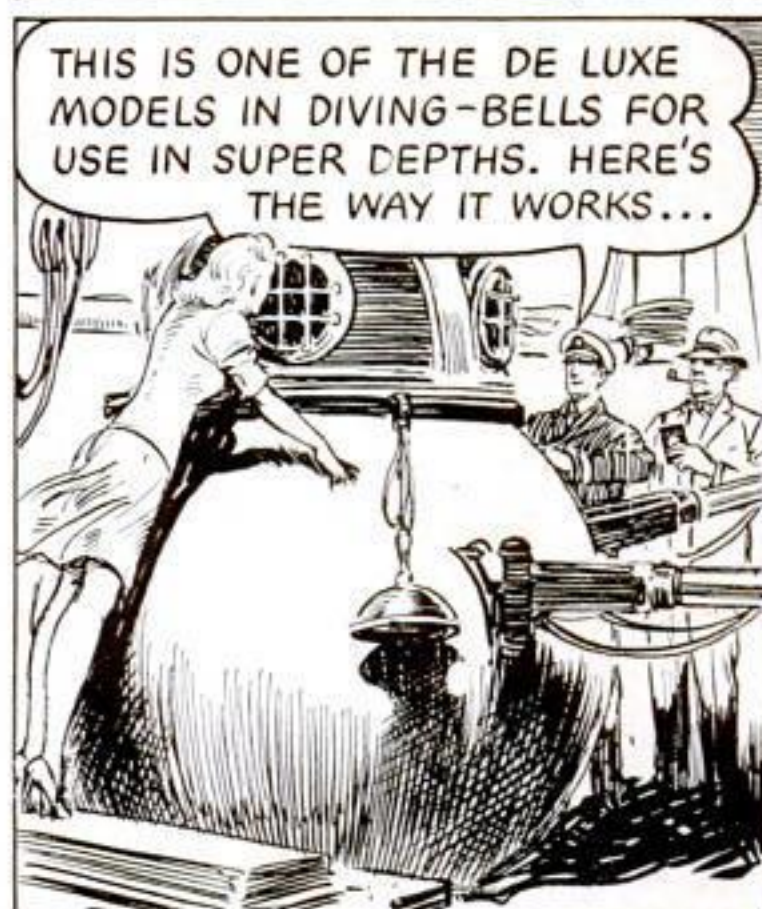
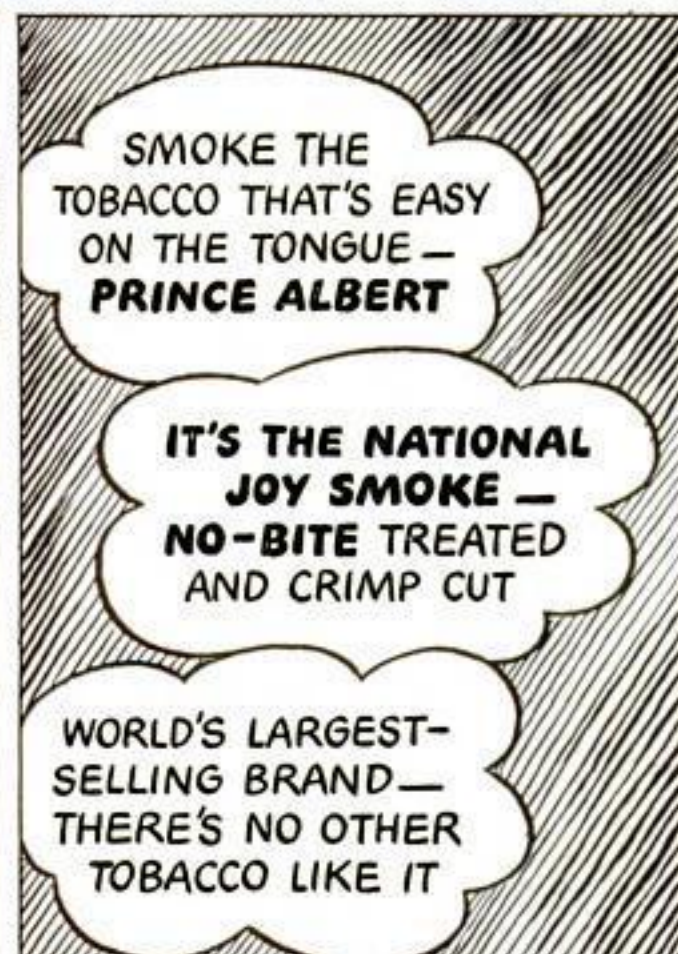
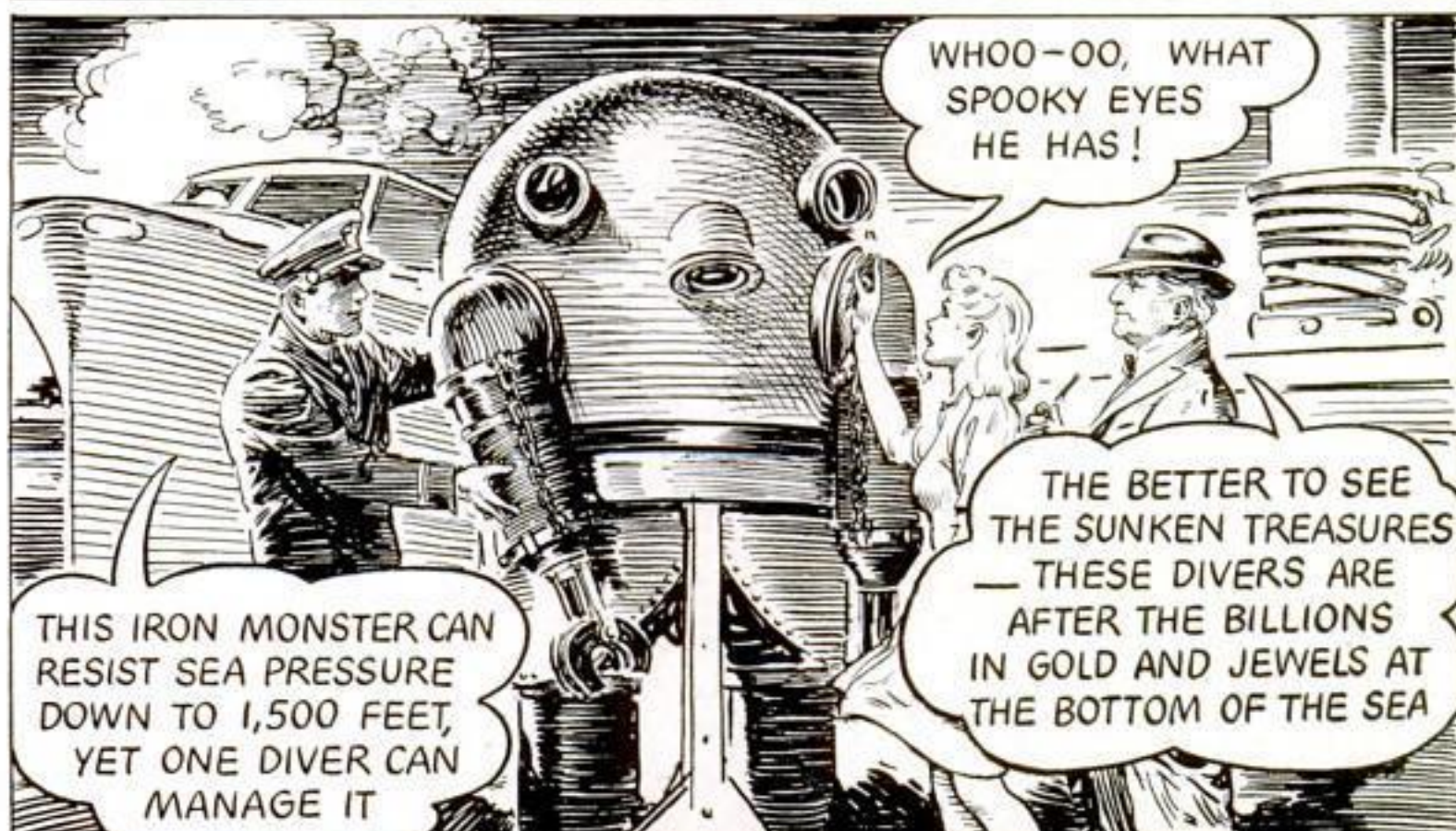
Help Uncle Sam. Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

WONDERS OF AMERICA

On the Treasure Trail!



CONGRESS (continued)

and turn them into future votes and offices—for themselves and for their political parties.

Before Pearl Harbor the so-called Isolationist bloc in the House numbered about 180 out of 435, and in the Senate about 34 out of 96. Even if it were possible to throw all of these men out of Congress in November, it would not be a good idea. Many are loyally behind the Administration's war effort. And the real leaders of Isolationism—Senators like Wheeler, Nye, Walsh and Bennett Clark—are not up for re-election this year.

But there are ten Representatives and two Senators running for re-election or re-nomination who can be rated as exploiters of political Isolationism. If the people really mean what they say—if they want a better, more intelligent Congress—they can make a good start by defeating all or any of these men:

Hamilton Fish, 26th Congressional District, New York.
Stephen Day, Representative-at-large from Illinois.
C. Wayland ("Curly") Brooks, Senator from Illinois.
W. Lee ("Pappy") O'Daniel, Senator from Texas.
Karl Mundt, 1st Congressional District, South Dakota.
Clare Hoffman, 4th District, Michigan.
Walter C. Ploeser, 12th District, Missouri.
William P. Lambertson, 1st District, Kansas.
Dewey Short, 7th District, Missouri.
Roy Woodruff, 10th District, Michigan.
John M. Vorys, 12th District, Ohio.
Harold Knutson, 6th District, Minnesota.

Some of the last-ditch Isolationists have already been eliminated. Rep. James C. Oliver of Maine was defeated for renomination on the isolation issue alone. Rep. Jeanette Rankin of Montana, the frizzle-haired Congresswoman who cast the only vote against war with Japan Dec. 8—How do you know it isn't propaganda? she asked reporters, after Pearl Harbor—is quitting her seat in the House. So are two male Isolationists—rich, garrulous, bearded old George Tinkham of Massachusetts, and cantankerous, terrible-tempered Robert F. Rich of Pennsylvania.

So much about the current Congress. Now what about Congress as an institution? What is it supposed to be and do?

The Founding Fathers had very exalted ideas about Congress. It was to be composed of representatives of the people (the House) and the States (the Senate). It was to supervise the general policies of the Government, pass all laws, declare wars, hold the nation's purse. It was to watch the President, the executive departments and the courts, and hold them strictly accountable for doing their specified duties. It was to be, in other words, the most important branch of the Government.

Congress has never lived up to this high concept. And it never can.

It is too big, for one thing. There are 531 men and women in Congress, and they simply cannot make quick decisions and act decisively on most of the issues that come up. The mere fact that Congress is representative makes it confused and slow. Its 531 members speak for every section, every class, every political and economic interest in a nation of 3,000,000 square miles and 131,000,000 people. When they all say something the result is chaos.

So Congress has come to have a different but still necessary place in the U. S. scheme. It does not make policies—the President does that. It does not initiate important laws. These come from the President and his aides in the form of proposals. Congress passes on these



Representative Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota is a mail-order dealer in rare books in his spare time and has a fine personal collection of Edgar Allan Poe first editions.

proposals and—usually—enacts them into law. It can revise them, amend them, debate them, smother them in committee, or reject them. It is the people's check on the executive.

And that, in an age of dictatorships, is a big and important job. Because Congress occupies this rather negative position it is always being criticized—by the people, by the President, by the press. The unpopularity of Congress during all American history has been simply enormous. This was true of the earliest Congresses, which set out at once to obstruct President George Washington and wreck his foreign policy toward France and England. It was true of the "great" Congresses of ante-bellum years, when there were "giants" in Congress—men like Clay and Webster and Benton and Calhoun—men whose speeches made political revolutions. But these same "giants" sold out their principles, wrote one compromise bill after another, and finally left the nation at the brink of civil war.

The general opinion of Congress was very low in the 1860's, when a Cabinet member told young Henry Adams: "A Congressman is a hog! You must take a stick and hit him on the snout!" It had not improved in the 1920's, when Speaker Nicholas Longworth told a reporter: "I have been a member of the House of Representatives ten terms. That is 20 years. During the whole of that time we have been attacked, denounced, despised, hunted, harried, blamed, looked down upon, excoriated and flayed. . . . We have no chance [to be popular]—just absolutely no chance. The only way for a Congressman to be happy is to realize that he has no chance."

When Congress works fast it is called a "rubber-stamp." When it works slow and takes a lot of time for debate it is the reason France fell. Only once in recent years was Congress popular for a short time. That was when it defied President Roosevelt and refused to pass the Supreme Court packing bill. Generally speaking, the people don't want Congress to be too subservient to the President. And generally speaking, Congressional "independence" simply means Congressional inaction.

It is behind the People

One big reason Congress often seems futile is that it invariably lags behind public opinion. On the lease-lend bill and neutrality revision last year the people voted Yes, long before Congress made up its mind. A Gallup Poll this summer showed that a majority of the people are in favor of 1) an income tax on every U. S. earner, no matter how small; 2) a Federal sales tax of 2% or 3% on everything; 3) wage-fixing as well as price-fixing; and 4) nationwide pay deductions of 10% for war bonds. But Congress so far has shown no inclination to pass any of these all-out war measures.

There was a time, of course, when the people elected representatives to Congress and then waited patiently to read what they said when they got there. Today the newspapers and the radio won't let them wait. When something important happens the people know it as soon as their Congressmen, if not sooner. The Dorothy Thompsons and Walter Lippmanns and Raymond Gram Swings are ready with their opinions in a few hours. The people hear all the arguments and make up their minds long before Congress, in its old-fashioned way, gets ready to debate the matter. And when the Congressmen do open their mouths, it all seems very boring and a waste of time.

In the course of 152 years Congress has developed a set of rules that fills 258 pages, a code of procedure that fills another 430 pages, a list of precedents totaling 6,000 pages—all in addition to Thomas Jefferson's original manual of 281 pages. The author of the Procedure and the Precedents is the Hon. Clarence Cannon of Missouri, who has been a member of the House for 20 years, and before that was parliamentarian under two speakers. Mr. Cannon is a leader of the persistent farm bloc and author of the phrase: "A bad rule is better than no rule at all."

Congress does its important business through an outmoded committee system that is as near utter confusion as anything on earth. There are nearly 100 standing, select and special committees in the House and Senate. Their names and duties have no relation to the various departments of Government or to specific problems that come up. During the present rubber controversy in Washington, for instance, eleven different Congressional committees have been holding hearings, offering conflicting statements, and getting in everybody's hair.

On its biggest job, appropriating money, Congress works in the same anachronistic way. Instead of considering a budget for the Government, as any well-organized business would, it goes at the matter piecemeal, passing one appropriation bill on top of another, for the next fiscal year, and sandwiching among them deficiency bills to catch up with expenses in the current year. This system vir-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"ME GO WITHOUT A GIRDLE?"



1. "I want a girdle...and a good one. It keeps my pride up, as well as my stockings. When you're working hard as I am on this defense job, a girdle makes you feel better!"



2. "All the talk about girdles and rubber for the war really had me worried until I bought a new 'Foundette' the other day. It certainly frames my figure...it's that perfect."

3. "Trust Munsingwear for the answer! There's far less rubber in this 'Foundette'...only the sides are power tissue. The front and back panels are a clever rayon knit that's Munsingwear's own idea. You still get the same honey of a line!"

4. "The new 'Foundettes' are so comfortable (the knit has a grand downward stretch). I'm getting this pantie-girdle, too. Then I can wash them oftener...make them last longer."



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Foundettes

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CONGRESS (continued)

tually prohibits any over-all planning or study of Governmental finances at all, so far as Congress is concerned.

The chairmen of Congressional committees are selected entirely by seniority—that is, a member who clings to his seat long enough is almost sure to wind up as chairman of a committee. Ability and common sense have nothing to do with his getting the position—and they are often sadly lacking. The chairmen of committees are beyond the reach of the Administration and even of Congress itself, and constitute a kind of senilocracy that makes as much trouble and confusion as anything in Congress. In the present war, for instance, the country has, as chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Senator Robert Reynolds of North Carolina, a slick Isolationist with fascist trimmings; as chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, Senator David Walsh of Massachusetts, a bumbling Isolationist of less than mediocre ability; and as chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, Representative Andrew Jackson May, who thinks the war may be over in 1942.

It wastes time on trivia

Few Congressmen are really capable of grappling with the complicated problems of a modern government and most of them do not try. They devote their time to local matters affecting their districts or States. They try to gauge public reactions by reading their mail and they go on the floor and talk about things that will appeal to the folks back home. Thus a visitor to Washington these days would find the House of Representatives listening to long eulogies of former Congressmen who have died in various parts of the U. S.—"Mr. Needham was born in a covered wagon near Carson City, Nev." and "Mr. Dixon's hobby was baseball. . . . In his home he proudly displayed trophies won by his teams. . . ." He could find four Senators, three Navy officers and a post-office attorney sitting down to consider what can be done about the sale of mail-order false teeth. He would hear orations like this, which the Hon. Lawrence H. Smith of Wisconsin recently made on Wisconsin sauerkraut: "This is a food that graces the tables of millions but the War Production Board has made no provision for the kraut canners to harvest and pack the 1942 crop. . . . The packing of kraut in big barrels like you used to see outside the butcher shop was all right when father was a boy but not today. . . ."

Since Pearl Harbor, Congress has put in many hours discussing such subjects as fan dancers in civilian defense, a curfew for the Washington working girl, the morals of Senator William Langer, daylight saving, and divorce laws among the Yahooskin band of the Snake Indians. But the greatest amount of Congressional nonsense does not appear on the floor of Congress at all, though it fills columns of print in the *Congressional Record* and costs the taxpayers many thousands of dollars a day. This is the printed appendix to each day's session, a curious scrapbook of speeches, clippings, poems, anecdotes, political memoranda and letters that are totally irrelevant to the nation's business. Often whole columns are printed to please a single voter back home. On one recent day the appendix contained the following: a speech of the Hon. James M. Mead to a postal clerks convention; a poem by W. H. Eller of Smelterville, Idaho, describing the bombing of Tokyo (Title: *A Pleasant Dream*); an account of the landing of shipwreck survivors in Provincetown, Mass.; a magazine article on the great Western forest fires of 1910; a letter from a Rhode Island soldier to his parents; results of the scrap-rubber drive in Presque Isle County, Mich.; a collection of sketches of the early physicians of Wayne County, Ohio, and 20 other items.

Congress works in a goldfish bowl of publicity. Every thought it has, every debate, every flight of fancy is exposed, naked and unashamed, to the scornful scrutiny of the Press Gallery. It has no corps of press agents to help defend it. The President and his aides, however unpopular they are, are entrenched in office for four solid years. But every member of the House has to go before the voters every two years, so his career is almost a perpetual campaign for reelection.

For this and other reasons there is usually a mood of frustration and fretfulness in Congress. Politically also, Congress is a frustrated body—though always full of hope. Since the Civil War only one President—Garfield—has come directly from the House and only one more—Harding—from the Senate. And neither of these was much of a President.

Right now some Congressmen have another reason to feel frustrated. President Roosevelt has clamped down on Congressmen in the armed forces and ordered them out of uniform. Some of these men have already seen active service and given a good account of



Representative Melvin Maas of Minnesota is an expert on naval affairs and keeps electric razors in his auto and office as well as at home. He is now on active Marine duty.

themselves. In other wars influential members of Congress were commissioned generals and went forth to try their luck in battles. But there will be no campaigning in uniform this fall by Congressmen, if the President can prevent it.

Congressmen are human

Since 1789, when Congress was organized, 1,406 men and women have served in the U. S. Senate. A total of 8,198 have served in the House, which is the branch that directly represents the people. The Senate has always held the spotlight, probably because its members talk more, give away more money and have longer terms in office. In theory at least, Senators stand forth on the national scene as unique and gifted individuals, while members of the House are part of a large anonymous herd. Probably few Americans could name offhand even a dozen Representatives in all the Congresses of the last 152 years.

There is one Representative for every 301,164 people in the U. S. although the actual population of districts varies from 914,053 (seventh Illinois, Representative Leonard Schuetz) to 70,307 (twelfth New York, Representative Samuel Dickstein). Of the 432 Representatives now in Congress, 251 are lawyers, 32 businessmen, 18 farmers, 17 publishers and journalists, 15 educators, twelve insurance men and nine bankers. Four Congresswomen are social-service workers. There is one veterinarian, one minister, one housewife, one union official, one retired naval officer and one football coach.

But these are only statistics and the House of Representatives is an intensely human institution. To see how human it is one must look more closely at a few of the members. The Hon. J. W. Boehne of Indiana, for instance, is an expert on taxation, a member of the House Ways and Means Committee and also an expert on fancy made needlework and *petit point*. He has made himself a needlepoint chair cover from a family coat of arms he found in the Library of Congress. The Hon. Usher Burdick of North Dakota sits at his desk in the House Office Building with a battered felt hat on his head making up catalogs of rare books which he buys and sells by mail all over the U. S. The Hon. Joseph Bryson of South Carolina, a leader of the prohibitionist bloc, has sent his constituents thousands of chunks of wood cut out of the 1940 (Third Term) Inauguration stand as souvenirs, under his Congressional frank. The Hon. C. W. ("Runt") Bishop of Illinois is an expert tailor who alters and repairs colleagues' suits in his office. The Hon. James Hardin Peterson of Florida keeps a big geological museum in his office and the Hon. Frank Crowther of New York makes and repairs violins in his. The Hon. Hatton Sumners of Texas keeps five pairs of shoes under his desk. The Hon. William Lambertson of Kansas plays golf in his bare feet.

The Hon. Louis Ludlow of Indiana is the author of a book called *Senator Solomon Spiffledink* and was the official welcomer of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to the National Press Club in 1927. The Hon. Elmer Wene of New Jersey is former president of the International Baby Chick Association. The Hon. Charles Dewey of Illinois was responsible for designing the small dollar bills now in use.

In his official biography the Hon. William Stevenson of Wisconsin records that his father was an "associate and friend" of Buffalo Bill. The Hon. Arthur W. Mitchell of Illinois notes that he served as office boy to the late Booker T. Washington. The Hon. Jerry Voorhis

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Lasting fur beauty is real thrift

★ It's good American thrift to buy a fur coat now . . . if you need one. But furs that soon lose their loveliness are poor economy. Whatever fur you buy, wherever you buy, the Hollander name is your certainty of fur that stays lovely.

For more than fifty years this name has been proof of lasting beauty in fur . . . and today, you must know that its Beauty will last.

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HOLLANDER RACCOON • HOLLANDERIZING fur cleansing and rejuvenation ★

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Cold cuts are extra good when you dress them up with Durkee's. Just a portion on each plate does the trick. It's marvelous!

14 exotic spices in the blend of Durkee's Famous Dressing give it magical taste appeal for sandwiches, salads and fish, as well as cold cuts. Keep a bottle handy to mix half-and-half with other dressings, too. For a booklet of intriguing new recipes, write Dept. 18, Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.



DURKEE'S DRESSING

CONGRESS (continued)

of California was "a factory worker, freight handler, ranch hand and automobile assembly-plant worker" and "traveled in Germany for the YMCA." The Hon. John Lesinski built 4,000 houses at the age of 26 in Hamtramck, Mich. The Hon. Nat Patton of Texas put this in the last *Congressional Directory*: "Since last biography he and Mrs. Patton are grandparents again — Martha Ruth Patton, born Feb. 21, 1942 at Crockett, Texas."

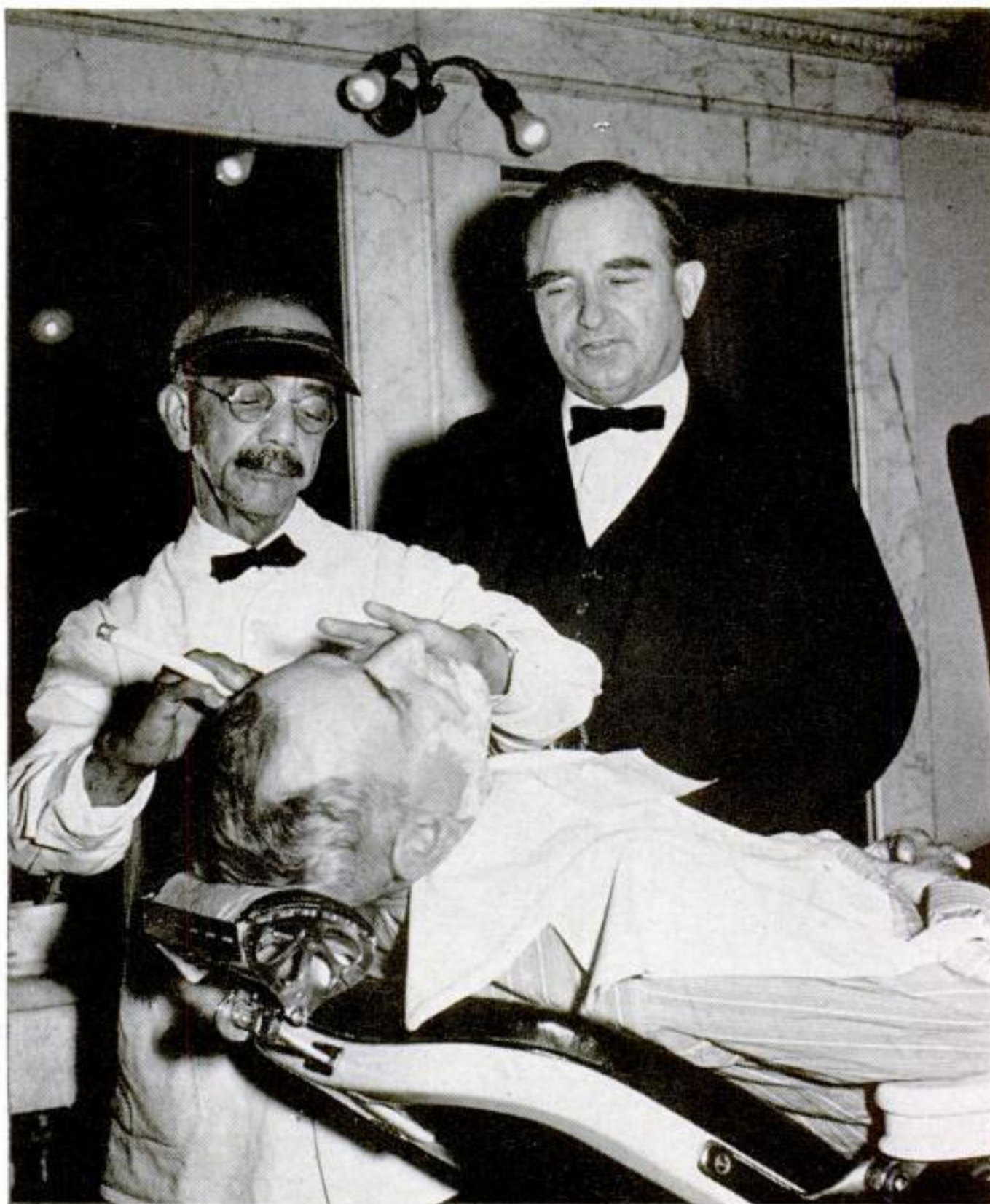
And there are five collectors of antiques, 32 of books, two of bottles, two of canes, three of firearms, four of minerals, three of old music, two of Oriental rugs, two of pipes, seven of prints, four of stamps and three of violins in the 77th House of Representatives.

The average Congressman—call him Joe for short—is between 44 and 50 years old, thick around the waist, always cleanly shaved, always ready for an argument or a joke, with a habit of slapping knees or shoulders and uttering sharp, humorless laughs. Back at home Joe has a modest law office, in a small-town county seat or near the trolley line in some big city. Sometimes he also has a small farm. Anyway he has always wanted to own land and raise animals and his favorite sport is hunting or fishing. His law practice has gone to pot since he came to Washington and he often thinks he would be better off to have stayed at home and come up gradually in his profession. Of course he gets a good salary—\$10,000 a year out of the Federal Treasury—plunked on the line each month. But this year he must spend \$2,000 or more to get re-elected—and campaign contributions are meager. His living expenses in Washington are the highest ever. He pays \$150 a month for living quarters he could get at home for \$40 or \$50. He always has visitors dropping in on him who expect him to take them to lunch at the House Office Building and pay the check.

He is pretty near broke, in fact, and he knows that about half his colleagues are the same way.

Joe likes to eat but the food in the House restaurant is getting on his nerves. When he has no luncheon date—and hardly ever does he enjoy the luxury of eating by himself—he sneaks downstairs around 3 for a glass of orange juice and graham crackers. The simmering tropic heat of Washington's sidewalks and the icebox atmosphere of the House chamber and his air-conditioned office keep his nerves and his health constantly on edge. He is tired of Washington.

He hasn't been home two months out of the last 14. People are always writing in and asking why he doesn't see them more often. Then, when he goes home, there is always someone who says, "Isn't



Representative Wright Patman of Texas looks on benevolently while a constituent is shaved in House barbershop. This is one way Congressmen entertain their visitors.

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GEE Watch any youngster's eyes light up the first time he lights into a tempting Underwood Deviled Ham sandwich. Oh boy!



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Congress in session? Why aren't you on the job?" Congress has been in session continuously since the summer of 1940, and Joe feels over-worked.

The little things he is supposed to do for his constituents always did take up a lot of time, but the war has increased them a hundred-fold. A manufacturer who can't get a ton of steel to make lawnmowers writes an indignant letter to Joe, who has to go to bat with the WPB and try to get a priority. A retailer who has had a brush with Leon Henderson's OPA writes in wanting to know how come he has to obey price ceilings when the man across the street doesn't. A mother who has had a letter from her son in Australia wants Joe to find out why the letter was signed "Private" when her boy left home a corporal. Scores of young hopefuls write in every day asking Joe to get them military commissions. And hundreds of citizens send in their complaints about tires, gasoline, sugar—an old familiar story to Joe.

Joe spends about 90% of his time, actually, tending such errands as these. He tries to do his work on committees and appear on the floor, but in an election year these demands from home are important. He takes a bundle of letters and reports and newspapers home to read after dinner and falls asleep over them around 11 or 12. Very rarely does he get time for a movie or an hour at a night club.

His wife is fed up with it all. She wishes Joe would drop the whole thing and take her home. She wouldn't stand for all the abuse he has to take, either.

Joe is no philosopher, or even a heavy thinker. By nature he is a hearty extrovert who likes to shake hands, tell stories, put on a good political show. But the hammering he and the whole country are taking this summer is making him a fuming introvert. He is on the defensive and thinks he is being made the goat of a national case of war nerves.

To a small extent, Joe is right. He is an average fellow, with average ideas and talents. He can't be blamed for everything. But this is a bad year for average men. The people of the U. S. simply are not satisfied with an average Congress made up of average Congressmen.

Many reforms that Congress badly needs will take a long time to accomplish and can only be started by members of Congress themselves. But there is one thing that every U. S. citizen can do, right now, to make Congress a more respectable branch of the Government. That is, to nominate and elect better-than-average men to Congress. That means, it is up to the people.

And that means, it is up to you.



In the lobby off the Chamber behind the Speaker's dais, Representatives going on and off the floor of House can stop to chat, lounge and read their home-town newspapers.

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cool shaves



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

NOW give your weary chin a change—a permanent vacation from shaves that smart and sting! Ride with cool Ingram's—the quick lathering, whisker-wilting cream that lets your blade coast through your beard without a drag or a detour.

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MOUNT MANSFIELD, VERMONT'S HIGHEST PEAK, LOOMS AT END OF TRACK STRAIGHTAWAY



MEETING TRAIN NO. 74 IS A FAVORITE EARLY-AFTERNOON PASTIME AT HARDWICK DEPOT.

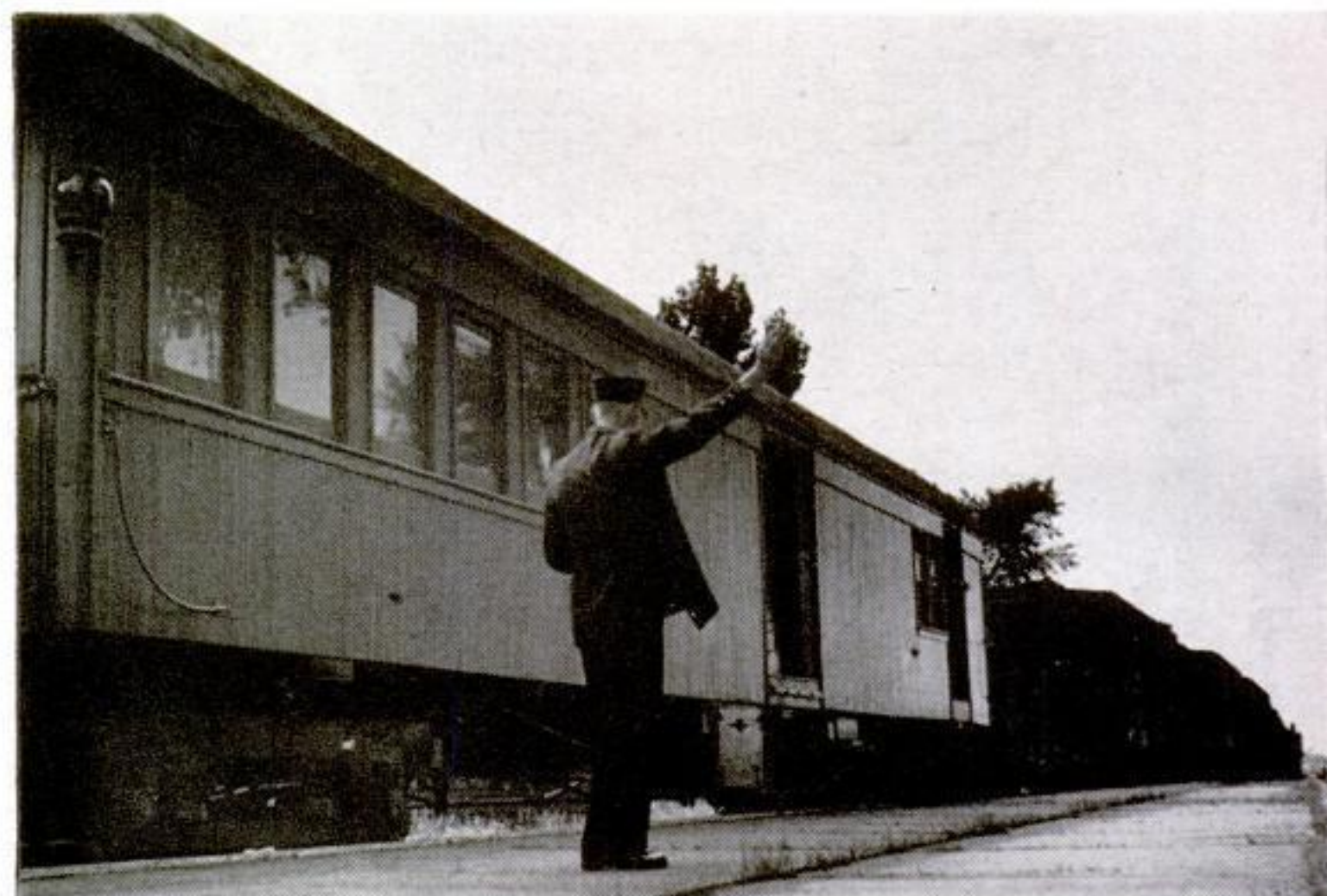


Loaded milk car at Fairfield depot. Cooled milk flows through pipe from creamery beside tracks to refrigerated glass tanks. Brakeman Ted Crandall (right) saves his milk for lunch on the train.

Life Rides a Milk

Pulling hard with a full head of steam, train No. 74, milk daily of the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad, cuts deep into the Green Mountains, winds its way through the peaceful villages and hamlets of Vermont's north country from Swanton, near the Canadian border, to the main junction at St. Johnsbury. Stopping at 20 way stations to load milk into refrigerated tank cars for Boston, Providence and Bridgeport, to pick up mail, baggage and passengers, this rattletrap "mixed" local is a part of rural living in Vermont.

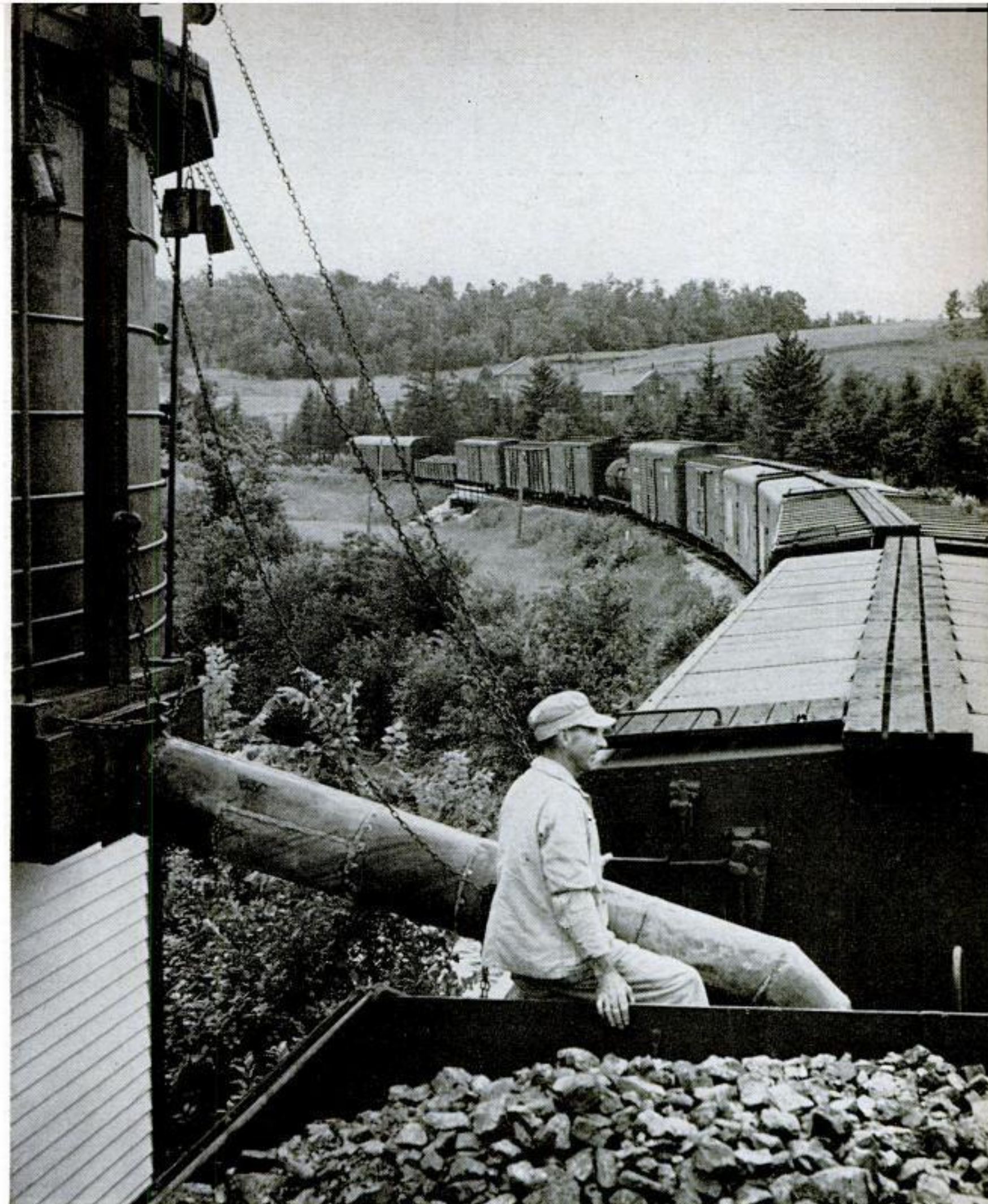
Country folk with their paper satchels ride it into town for Saturday shopping. At weathered depots, where the train's arrival is the big event of the day, youngsters climb up on platforms to help mail carriers with the sacks. In the fields that border the St. J.'s single track, straw-hatted farmers "whoa-up" their horses to wave at the engineer and fireman. In blizzard time farmers help dig St. J.'s trains out of 12-ft. snowdrifts. All through the valley ruddy-faced



"All aboard" is called by Conductor Almond ("Whip") Wheelock at 10:05 a. m. from the grass-grown station platform in Swanton. In railroad language he is "giving the highball" to engineers.



RAILROAD FANS, YOUNG AND OLD, WATCH THE LOCAL MAIL CARRIER PICKING UP MAIL



ENGINE TAKES ON WATER AT GREENSBORO AS FIREMAN COTÉ SUPERVISES FROM COAL CAR

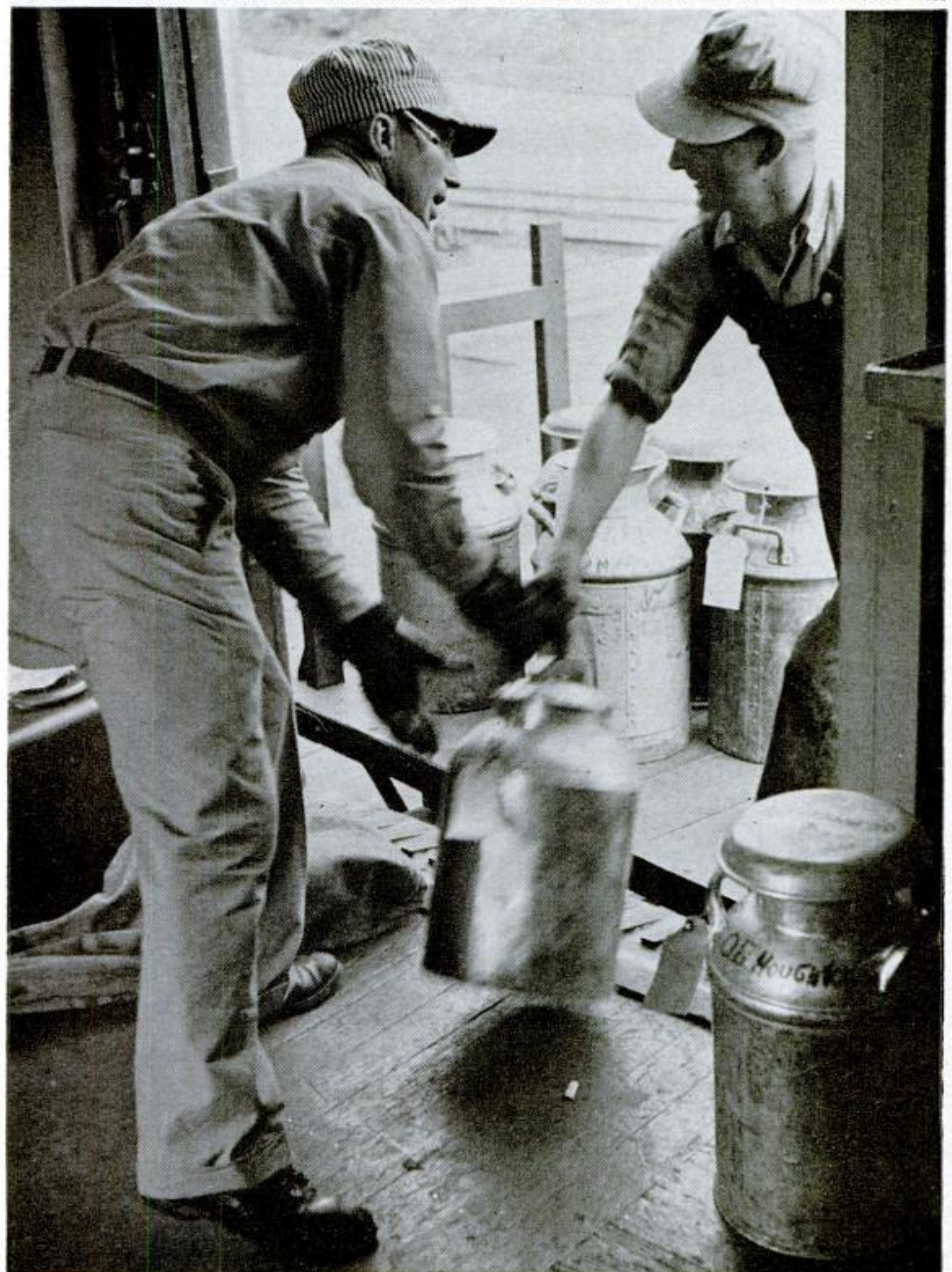
Train in Vermont

dairymen depend on this jerkwater line for marketing milk brought to the creameries backed up on railroad sidings.

Taking six and a half hours for the 96-mile run which follows meandering rivers, climbs mountains and rumbles through covered bridges, train No. 74 is affectionately known as "The Sour-Milk Limited" to its five-man train crew. On station bulletin boards anything less than an hour late is chalked up as "on time." Typical of back-country railroading is the antiquated turtle-topped "combine" that brings up the rear of the train's milk and freight cars. Part baggage car, part railway post office and part passenger coach, it has 20 worn black-leather seats and provides an atmosphere of train smoke and cinders for spinning nostalgic railroad yarns of the disastrous 1927 flood which all but destroyed the St. J. & L. C. Very few people in northern Vermont can set their watches by the milk train but almost all feel its friendly touch on their daily lives.



Old-fashioned buggy and patient horse wait in a grassy spot at side of East Highgate railroad depot as Nelda Descorie, 15, picks up the mail bags for her father who is local rural mailman.



Heaving milk cans into combine's baggage compartment at Morrisville is Ed Tremblay (left) who has been with the railroad 16 years. He serves as rear-end brakeman and baggage master.



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Better let the operation wait—if it means parting with your Schick Injector Razor! Because there *aren't* any more!

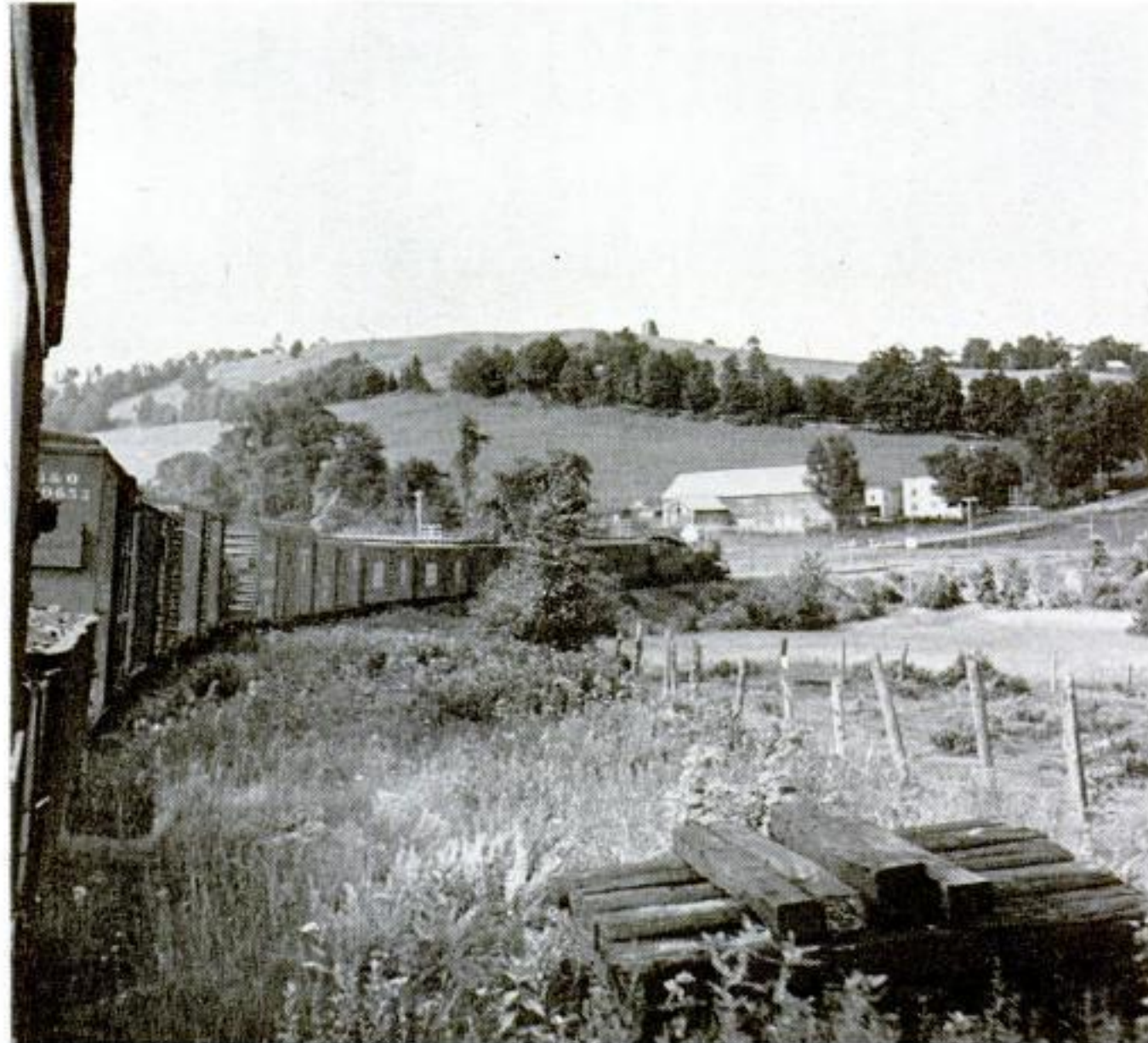
Uncle Sam's boys have taken *every* razor we are allowed to produce—but we're still making blades for Schick Injector users.

So if you're in luck and you *have* a Schick Injector Razor, hang onto it. Not until this war is won will you be able to get another razor that gives you "the comfort shave" . . . the automatic blade change . . . in fact, all the basic improvements made in safety razor design in more than 40 years.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

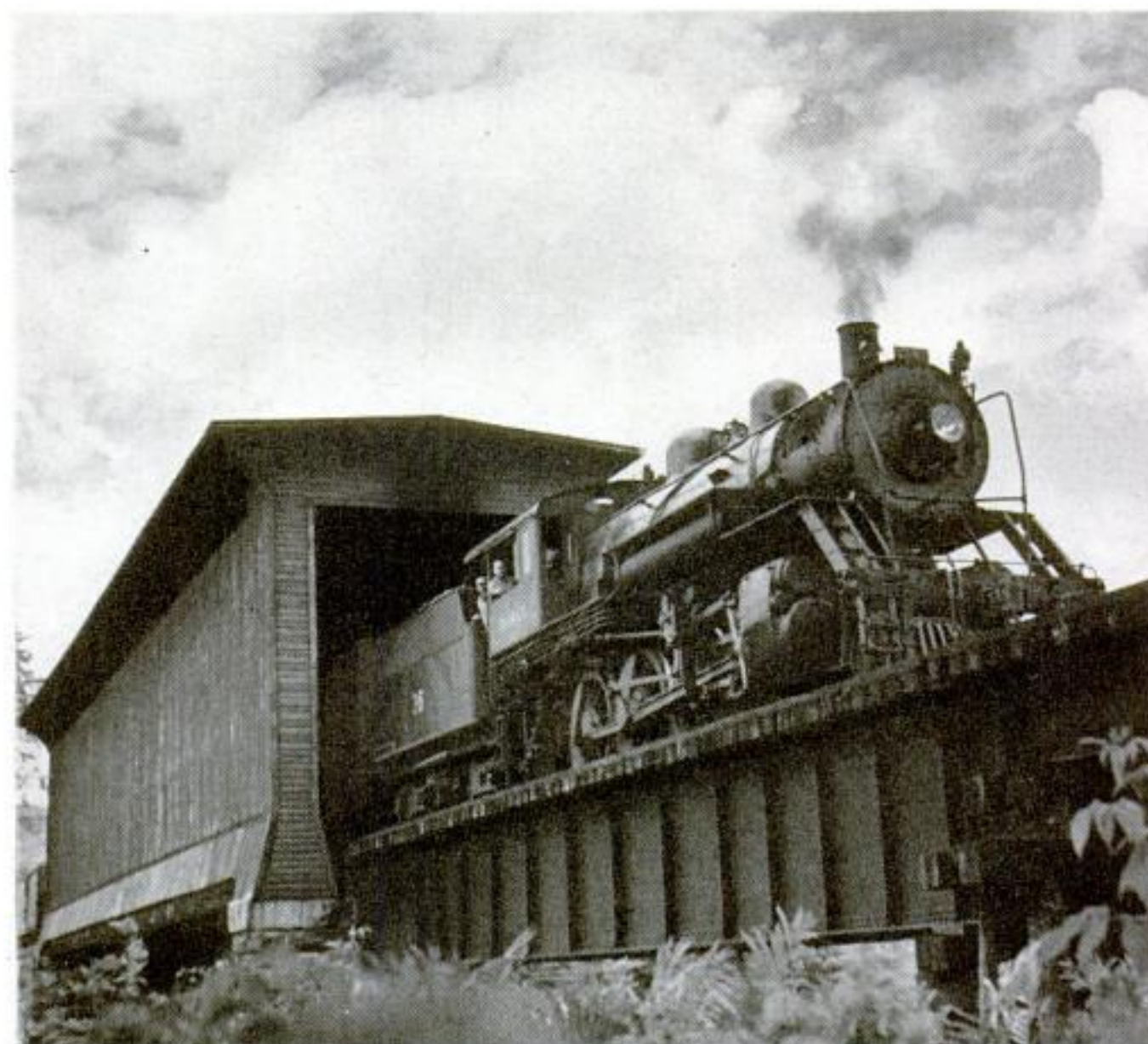
Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



Slow meandering through the valley's rich bottom land marks the course of the milk train as it passes sleepy New England villages, farm houses and way-freight stations.



Wide-eyed passengers are Thelma Thompson, her nephew and niece, riding from Hardwick to Greensboro. Retired Conductor Fred Cole sleeps peacefully in back seat.



Covered bridge between Fairfield and Cambridge Junction shudders and resounds as train No. 74 rumbles through. It is one of five on the St. J. & L.C.'s 96-mile track.



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WHAT A FLAVOR...**

The war emergency has been a break for dogs. New thousands now enjoy the delicious flavor of Miller's Kibbles . . . thrive as never before on its balanced combination of dehydrated meat meal cereals, and vitamins. For 25 years dogs have liked Miller's. Your dog will like it too.

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We want you to try Miller's. Ask your dealer or send 30¢ for 28 oz. carton postpaid East of Rockies. Miller's Dog Foods, 833 State St. Battle Creek, Michigan.

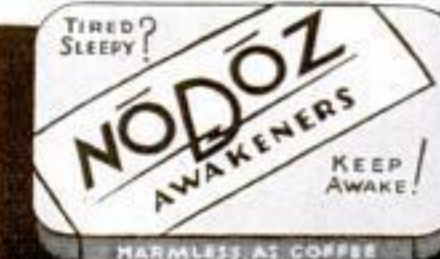


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Bait in Gator Roach Hives lures Roaches, Waterbugs, Silverfish and Crickets to feast—all die. Stops damage to Food, Clothing, Underthings, Rugs, Woodens, etc. Gets old and young. Wipes out entire colonies. Thoroughly proven. Widely used. Lasts for weeks. 35¢ pkg.—three pkgs. \$1.00 postpaid if your dealer has none. Dr. Soto Chemical Co., Oak St., Arcadia, Fla.

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Tender, tired, hot, chafed, perspiring feet are quickly relieved with soothing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Eases tight shoes. Send it to the boys in service! 35c.



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NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT

HESSON GUARD

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IT'S CUSHION SEALED

NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD

STOP GOO



Quiz on JUNK

What to save for the scrap collection campaign... how to save it... where it goes... the importance of what it makes...

Your country is calling for JUNK—rusty, old stuff you once kicked out of the way or threw onto a dump. It is now worth its weight in planes, tanks, shells, ships and other fighting materials for our armed forces.

Q. What kinds of Junk does our country especially need?

A. Scrap iron and steel; old rubber; and all scrap metals such as copper, brass, zinc and tin; rags; burlap bags and Manila rope.



Q. Why all this need to collect old Junk? Why can't we use all new materials?

A. We don't have all new materials. The Japs now control the principal sources of rubber and tin. Metals formerly used in automobiles and other converted industries do not fill the gap. Even in peacetime, scrap provided about 50% of the raw material for steel.

Q. Will my "little bit" really help?

A. Yes. That old iron bedstead stuck away under the eaves might steel-jacket enough bullets for a couple of U. S. Marines to mow down a Japanese charge. Even one old flat iron can be used to make 6 hand grenades. One useless old tire provides as much rubber as is used in 12 gas masks.

Q. What is old rubber needed for?

A. Tires for army trucks and jeeps; barrage balloons; pontoon bridges; lifeboat rafts; and supplies for military hospitals.

Q. Should I continue to collect waste paper?

A. Only in cities where it is especially called for. The patriotic response of the American people averted a serious paper shortage. Now the same kind of response is needed on scrap steel, rubber, metals, cooking fats and other materials.

Q. Would there be any difference in a bomb made entirely from new metal rather than one made from a mixture of half new metal and half scrap?

A. No. A Jap wouldn't know what hit him in either case. The so-called "scrap" which is melted with new metal in the form of pig iron, is already refined and produces highest quality steel.



Q. What about waste fats?

A. Vital because of shortage of fats and oils which formerly came from the Far East. Fats make glycerine and certain types of gunpowder. Strain cooking fats, usually wasted, into a large tin can. Sell to your meat dealer, when you get a pound or more.

Q. What about tin cans?

A. Needed only in areas near detinning plants, as announced locally.

Q. Where does Junk go when it leaves my house?

A. It goes to war production factories by way of the Junk dealer.

Q. Why should it pass through the hands of Junk dealers?

A. Scrap must be properly sorted, graded, prepared and packed, and accumulated in lots large enough to ship efficiently, before it can be used by mills. The Junk you collect is bought by industry from scrap dealers at established, government-controlled prices.

Q. How can I be sure that the Junk dealer won't hold scrap for higher prices?

A. He cannot get higher prices by holding, since ceilings have been placed by the government on prices at which he can sell to consuming mills. In case of hoarding, the government has the power of requisitioning.

Q. Does the government want gifts of scrap material?

A. The government prefers that gifts of scrap should be made to local charities, service organizations or Defense Councils. If you wish to help the government directly, sell your scrap to a Junk dealer and buy War Stamps or Bonds with the proceeds.

Q. Why don't they clean out the "automobile graveyards"?

A. Because every day cars are sold to graveyards for junking and it is desirable to keep these graveyards in business as sources of scrap and sellers of second-hand parts. You can't put a whole automobile into a steel furnace. It must be dismantled, cut into pieces and the body compressed. The graveyard operator and the Junk dealer do this. The aim of the War Production Board is to

keep this process moving, but to speed it up so that every graveyard will scrap each car it buys within 60 days.

Q. How much Junk should I have, before I turn it in?

A. Use your common sense. It all helps, but the more you have, naturally the more efficiently collectors can operate. If you don't have enough of your own, form a neighborhood pool.



Q. How do I turn it in?

A. Sell it to a Junk dealer. Or give it to a charity. Or take it yourself, in the back of your car, to the nearest collection point.

If you don't know the nearest collection point, call your Local Salvage Committee for information.

If you live on a farm, get in touch with your County War Board or your farm implement dealer.

Use your own initiative and get your Junk into action.

Throw YOUR scrap into the fight!



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★ **Food for Thought.** Fresh, balanced lunches are vital for defense workers. Plan each to have milk, meat or cheese, fruit . . . foods rich in energy and body-building nutrients.

★ **Thought for Food.** Wrap each lunch food separately in sanitary Cut-Rite. It's strong—pliable, moisture-resistant, double-waxed. Keeps flavors fresher. Avoids mingling of odors.



P. S. Help conserve paper by using Cut Rite for children's lunches. 1 thickness often does work of 2 of ordinary waxed paper. Get Cut-Rite in the handy blue and white carton. AT YOUR GROCER'S. Ask for Cut Rite by name.

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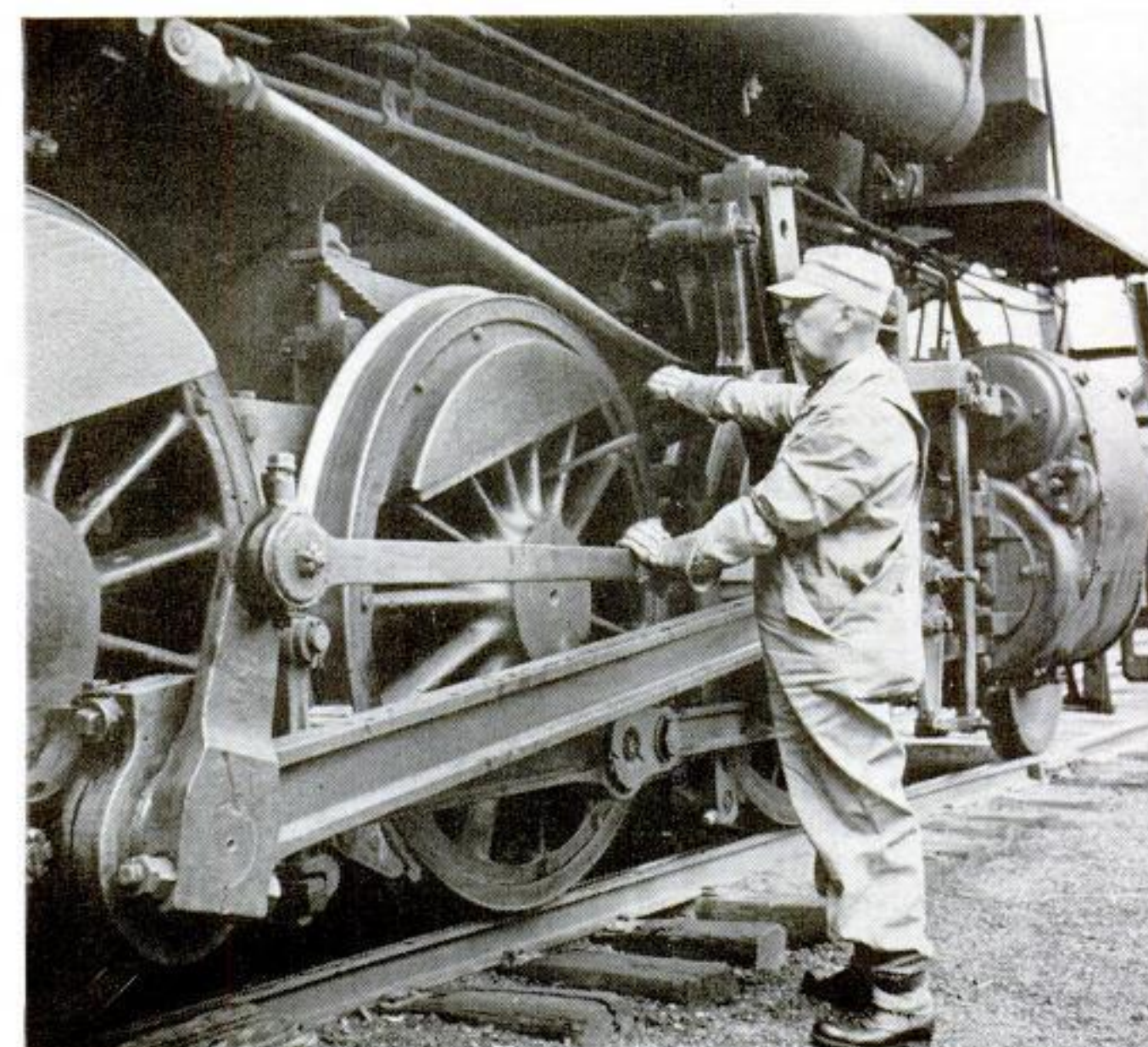
EASES STICKING WINDOWS
... also doors, drawers—things that stick or squeak. Use like a crayon. Clean—easy to apply. Door-Ease Mfrs., Muskegon, Mich.
... In metallic container at Hdw., Auto Accessory, Dept., and Dime Stores.



Conductor Whip Wheelock, who has served 35 years with the railroad, works on his "wheel charts." Entered here is a record of freight and passengers carried on the run.



Mail Clerk Wayne Stoddard looks out from the post-office compartment as the train pulls out of Hyde Park. As a U. S. mail clerk he has ridden the St. J. for 21 years.

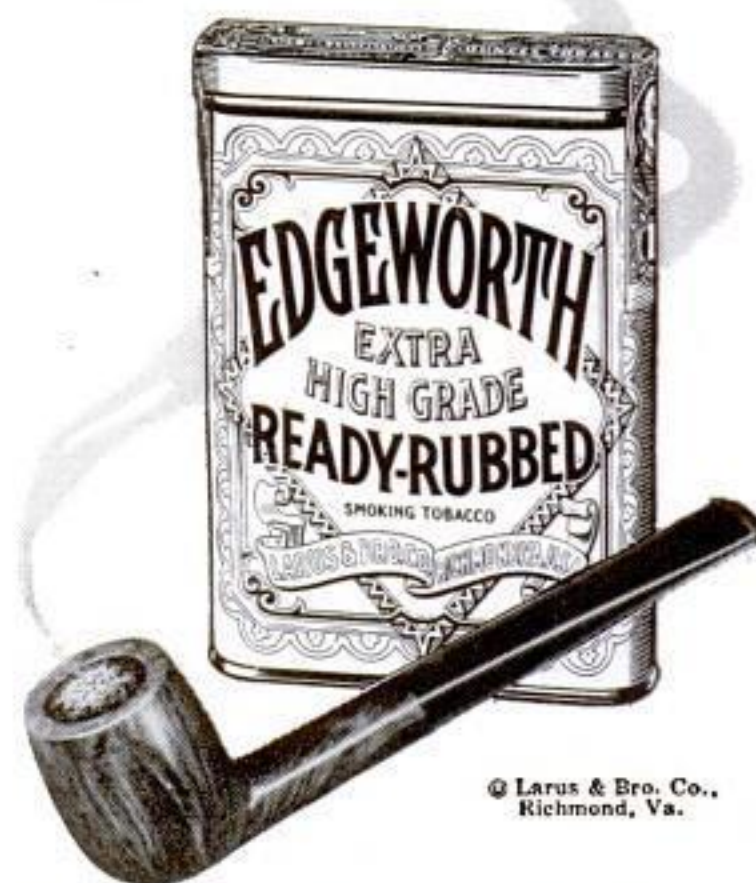


Engineer Pete LaChance applies oil can to wheel of Engine 36 at Walden. Fifty-eight years old, he joined the road as fireman in 1902, was promoted to engineer in 1906.

"Just Like You And I"...

I was browsing through
a book last night,
When, much to my surprise—
The name of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco
Flashed before my eyes;
It was Gunther's: "Inside Europe,"
Page five-hundred-thirty-two,
And it told about a famous man
Who smokes that pack of blue.

His name is known
throughout the world,
A name you'd recognize,
For he's the Chief Executive
Of one of our Allies,
And I couldn't help
but thrill with pride
To know that great men buy...
In fact, demand that *Edgeworth*
brand—
Yes, just like you and I.



© Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

What is it about Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco that would make a brilliant author pause in the middle of an important historical book—to mention it by name? Well, that's a question we think you can answer after you've smoked a pipeful of this mild, aromatic blend yourself. Edgeworth is America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

**America's Finest
Pipe Tobacco**

*for lovely
fingertips*

Although the modern
La Cross factory is now pro-
ducing war goods almost
exclusively, world-famous
La Cross Manicure Im-
plements are still available
at most leading department
and drug stores.

No. 505 Cuticle Scissors
Matched Blades—\$2.25

La Cross
America's finest Manicure Implements

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. Established 1903



*This whiskey
once had
1800 imitators...★
but only the original
Old Crow survives today.*

OLD CROW

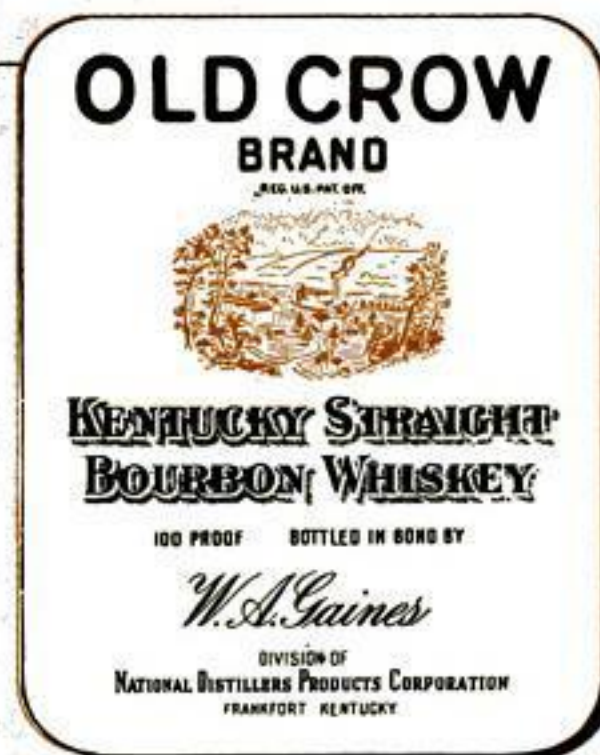


**A TRULY GREAT NAME
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

*Bottled-in-Bond
Those in the know—ask for Old Crow*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

**This is the
LABEL
to look for!**



"I hear that the government is soon going to standardize all whiskey bottles."

"All the more reason to get to know famous Old Crow's label!"



"When this great Kentucky whiskey is so moderately priced, why be satisfied with less than the best!"

★ It's a FACT

At one time in Old Crow's history, so widespread was the imitation of Old Crow's label and trademark, that there were 1800 lawsuits in process against whiskey sellers engaged in that practice

*New Way
to sparkling, clean teeth...*

DR. WEST'S *Vray*
BRAND

**THE MODERN
DENTAL CREAM**

An amazingly effective aid in cleansing the whole mouth! Its surging, foaming cleansing power goes into action the moment you begin brushing. Lifts surface stains from the teeth, even difficult-to-remove tobacco stains.

Saves You Money

One bottle of Vray (6 full oz., 231 brushings!) fills a tooth paste tube **OVER TWICE AS BIG** as the average 39¢ to 50¢ dentifrice tube.

Average size tube used by 8 most popular dentifrices selling at 39¢ to 50¢ (6½ inches long).

It takes this giant tube (13 inches long) to hold the contents of one bottle of Vray.

REGULARLY
50¢
NOW

39¢

LIMITED TIME
ONLY TO GET
NEW USERS

Copr. 1942 by
Weco Products
Company

New
Economizer
Cap

**THE FIRST DENTAL
CREAM TO BE PACKED
IN GLASS. SAVES TIN
FOR WAR NEEDS**

GUARANTEED! SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

PUZZLE PICTURE

Sirs:

As a member of the Burbank police force I am often called upon to locate missing children, but I had always been able to keep track of my own until I lost my son in an orange tree in my backyard. He was there in the branches when I snapped the picture below, but when I developed the negative he had disap-

peared. Cameras don't lie, they say, but mine produced the nicest example of natural camouflage I have ever seen. It was such a tough search I had to call on several colleagues on the police force to help me out. We finally located the boy in plain sight—more or less—among the oranges. If you look sharply you can see him.

PAUL L. STRAND
Burbank, Calif.



FISHING JUBILEE

Sirs:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anderson of Alba, Mich. are convincing proof of the oft-repeated statement that common interests help to build a happy marriage. This year they celebrated not only their golden wedding anniversary, but 50 years of fishing together. They started the sport

on an outdoors honeymoon trip half a century ago and have pursued it enthusiastically every year since then. They opened the 1942 season on Michigan's Au Sable River, where Mrs. Anderson landed a 17½-in. trout the first day, thereby claiming the family fishing title.

JACK VAN COEVERING
Plymouth, Mich.



I'm no Toilet Slave!



It used to be hard, disagreeable work to scrub and scour the unsanitary film and stains off toilet bowls. But no more! Sani-Flush does the job scientifically. Every application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

My toilets GLEAM!



Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems. Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

GOT CLOTHESPIN NOSE FROM A SUMMER COLD?



Let a Luden's go to work on that "stuffy head." As it melts in your mouth, it releases penetrating menthol vapor which rises with every breath to help relieve clogged nasal passages!



LUDEX'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Copr. 1942, Luden's, Inc.

Stop Scratching *Relieve Itch Fast or Money Back*

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35c trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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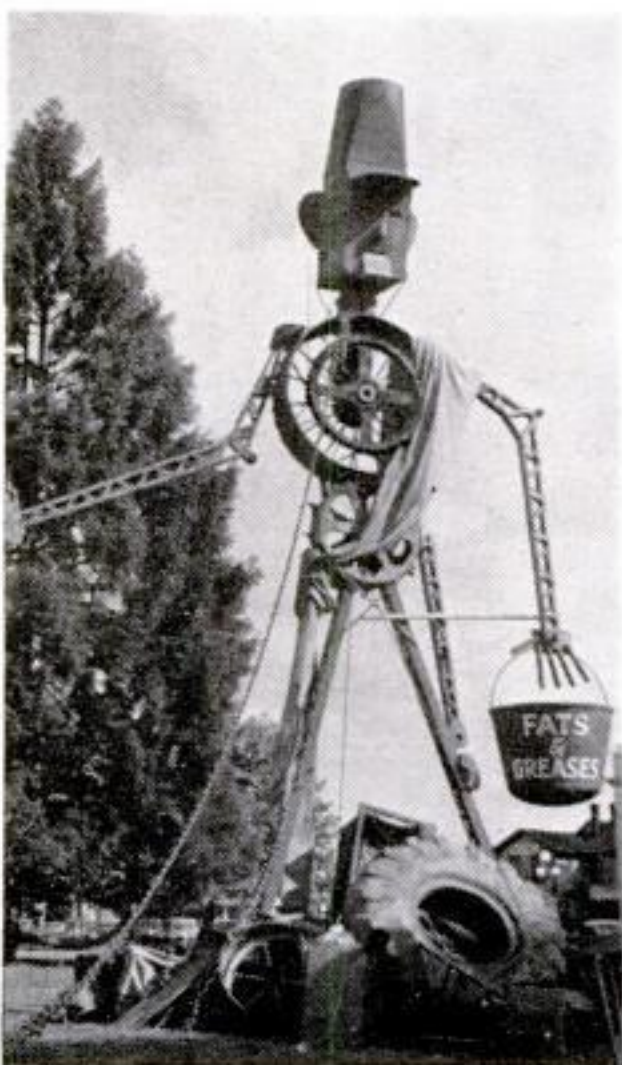
SCRAP-IRON GIANT

Sirs:

This beneficent 10-ton Frankenstein built from scrap iron appeared recently on the grounds of the Marion County courthouse in Salem, Ore. as that community's answer to the Government's plea for a roundup of waste materials to aid the war building program. He has glowing red eyes, rattles a score of heavy chains and gives guttural lectures on the need for collecting discarded metal, rubber and fats. His skeletal structure is made of iron, tractor wheels and pipe, and his head is a huge furnace flue. He holds a giant iron kettle and his feet are buried in waste rubber.

GARDNER KNAPP

Salem, Ore.



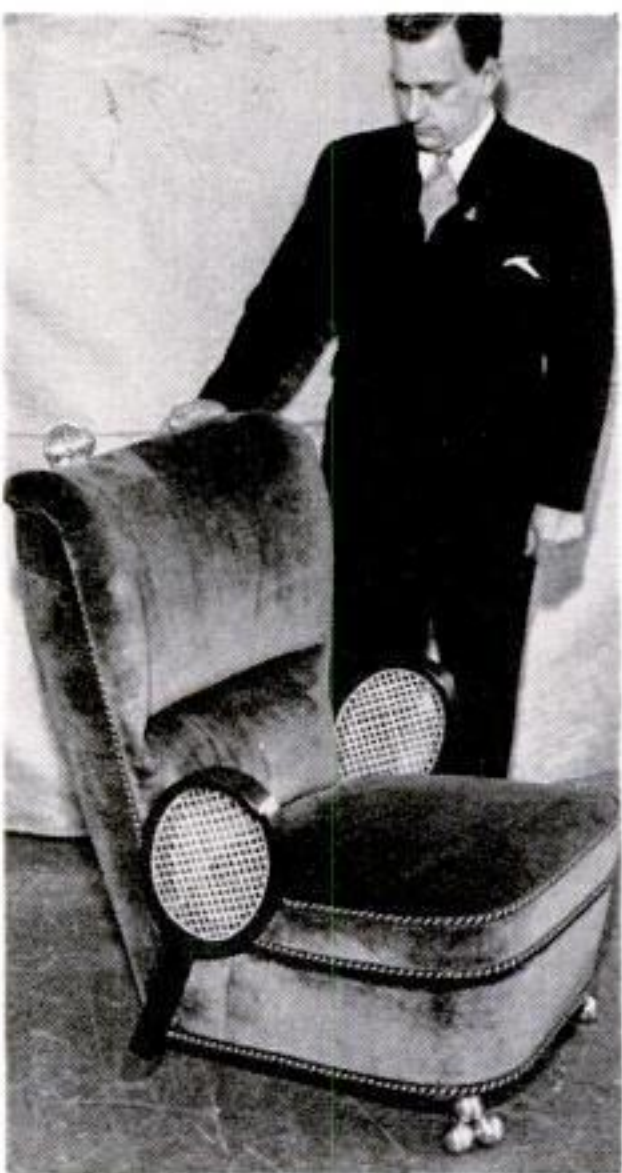
PRESENT FOR A KING

Sirs:

A loyal subject took advantage of King Gustav V's love for tennis in constructing a unique present for his 84th birthday (June 16). It is an easy chair, comfortably upholstered, with arm rests designed like tennis rackets and feet of metal tennis balls. A miniature facsimile of the royal crown surmounts the chair, which cost 1,000 kronor (approximately \$250). Bertil Elioth, Swedish upholsterer who designed and presented the gift, is shown below standing beside his handiwork.

LARS LANGLET

Stockholm, Sweden



GORILLA fighter? We wanted GUERRILLA fighters!!

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN! SO...FOR LONG CAR LIFE BE SURE YOU- SOUND YOUR Z

PENNZOIL

How to save your engine's "SKIN"!

A tissue-thin skin of metal worn from certain parts of an engine can ruin it. Saving it is your job today—and ours.

Give your car a chance to live by giving it the best oil and lubricants. On both war and home fronts, PennZoil is helping engines run better and last longer.

For your needs, just stop at the familiar yellow oval sign. Ask for PennZoil motor oil or lubricants—and be sure to sound your Z!

The 1/2 inch that's 87 feet long

A wheel 1/2 inch out of line skids the tire 87 feet every mile you drive! Learn to avoid this and dozens of other causes of wear and waste.

Write today for your FREE copy of the new, 16-page booklet, "How To Keep Your Car Alive." Address Dept. LH, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

THESE 3 EXTRA STEPS MAKE PENNZOIL

← OTHERS STOP HERE
← REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE

Stays Safe LONGER!

PennZoil is refined from Pennsylvania crude oil by 3 extra steps. It resists sludge and engine varnish, and therefore protects longer against wear and damage.

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

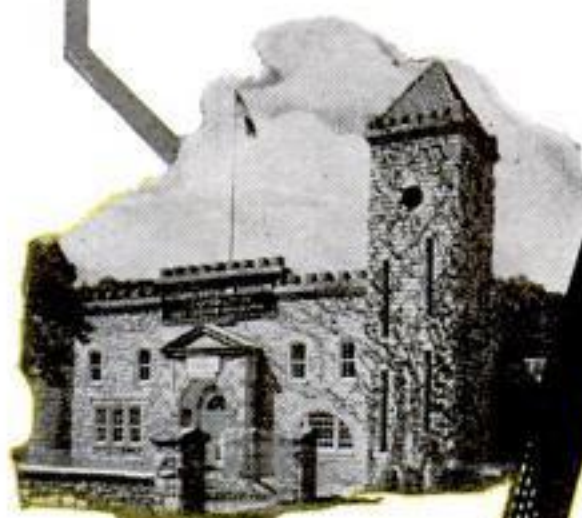
Oil is ammunition—use it wisely

It costs us more to make
OLD TAYLOR
but we mean to keep it
worthy of this signature

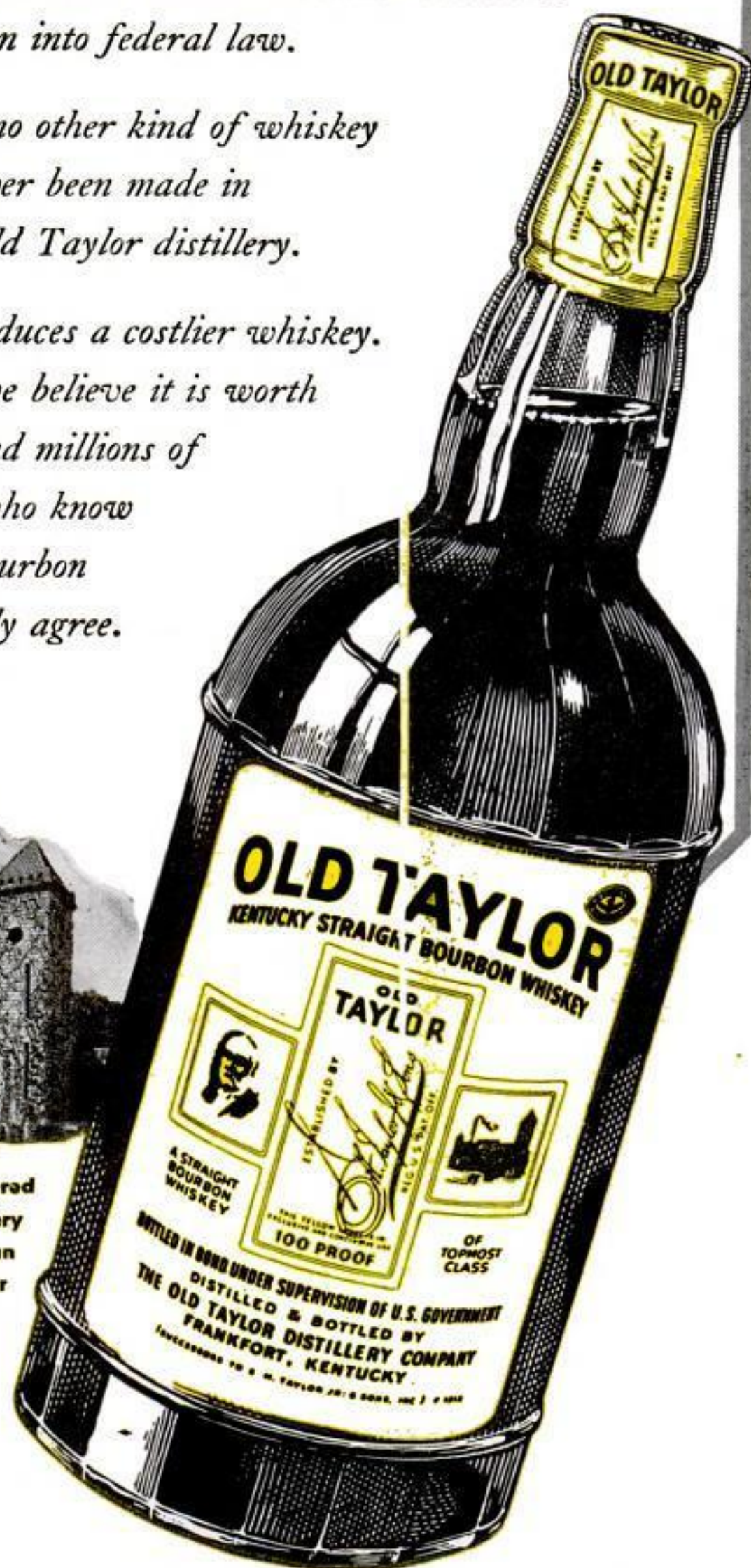
THE man who first made Old Taylor
fought to have bottled in bond standards
written into federal law.

And no other kind of whiskey
has ever been made in
the Old Taylor distillery.

It produces a costlier whiskey.
But we believe it is worth
it. And millions of
men who know
fine bourbon
heartily agree.



Within the ivy-covered
 walls of this distillery
 no whiskey other than
 Old Taylor has ever
 been made.



Copyright 1942, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

WAR DOGS

Sirs:

With their age not yet measured in years but hours, these seven black puppies, shown below in seasick poses, have volunteered for service with Uncle Sam's armed forces. Their proud mother, Dixie

Rose, a blend of Belgian police and Black Spitz, has offered them to seven U. S. Army camps as mascots through the good offices of the Dixie Rose Athletic Club here in New York. Dixie herself is mascot of the club's baseball team.

ARTHUR FELLIG

New York, N. Y.



SWEETSTAKES

Sirs:

Even Army life has its dull moments. There are long evenings that stretch endlessly from mess to taps when reading and writing letters and even bull sessions begin to pall. Playing cards for high stakes is out on Army pay, but the boys at Fort

Belvoir, Va. have solved this problem by using readily available—and cheap—stakes. By buddying up with the cook, who is shown below as dealer, they manage to put quite a little zest into a black-jack game by using cookies for cash. Incidentally, the dealer seems to be winning.

PVT. WILLIAM E. BONSOR

Fort Belvoir, Va.



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Lauritz Melchior

makes a brilliant debut on Columbia Records! Hear the greatest heroic tenor of our time in: *The Monologue* and *The Death of Othello* from Verdi's "Othello" (71389-D, \$1.05); also *Rienzi's Prayer* from Richard Wagner's "Rienzi" and "O König" from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" (71388-D, \$1.05).



Great Artists—Great Music—so much more richly yours on Columbia—the Record with the “Sensitone-Surface”

More and more, the world's greatest vocalists of opera and concert stage are exclusively recording for Columbia. Hear the full, true beauty of their superb voices—for they are “faithfully yours” on Columbia Masterworks!

● THE FINE “Sensitone-Surface” of Columbia Masterworks brings you the living reality of great artists in their greatest performances. Hear, *faithfully* recorded, Melchior in the role of Othello . . . Donizetti's “Daughter of the Regiment” brilliantly sung by Lily Pons . . . Nelson Eddy's concert-hall triumphs . . . operatic arias by the great basso buffo, Salvatore Baccaloni; lovely Risé Stevens; and all the other Metropolitan stars who now record exclusively for Columbia.

Only Columbia Records are made with an exclusive “Sensitone-Surface” of fine, highly sensitized and longer-wearing materials. This finer surface quality is an important feature of the Masterworks, now, as always! Think of tomorrow as you buy today. Remember that Columbia Masterworks bring you timeless music . . . finer, richer tone . . . longer record life!



Lily Pons records one of her most brilliant performances for Columbia—Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment*. Set X-206 \$2.63



Hear **Nelson Eddy** in Columbia's new album of *Concert Favorites*. Four records, including *Boots*, *Short'nin' Bread*, *Water Boy*. Set M-507 . . . \$3.68



Risé Stevens, lovely Metropolitan star. Hear her acclaimed Masterworks recording of *Connais-Tu le Pays* and *Habañera*. 71192-D \$1.05



Salvatore Baccaloni records one of his great triumphs for Columbia—*Ah! Pietà Signori Miei* from Mozart's “Don Giovanni.” 71048-D . . . \$1.05

Columbia **MASTERWORKS** *Records*

Trade Marks “Columbia,” “Masterworks” and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COLUMBIA RECORDING CORPORATION A SUBSIDIARY OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Unstringing Tobacco," by Aaron Bohrod. Painted from life on a Southern farm.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1



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